BELL'S EDITION

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

COWLEY VOLUME IV.

Assist me Phœbus! wit of Heav'n, whose care
So bounteously both Plants & Poets share.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.-----
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had [illegible]
They daily rock'd [illegible] on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASHWATI MAHAL.

VOL. I[illegible]

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

SIXTH BOOK OF PLANTS,	DAVIDEIS. BOOK THIRD,
DAVIDEIS. BOOK FIRST,	DITTO. BOOK FOURTH,
DITTO. BOOK SECOND,	IMITATIONS, FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c. &c.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.----

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,
Anno 1777.

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OF PLANTS.

BOOK VI. OF TREES.

Tranſlated by Mrs. A. Behn.

SYLVA.

CEASE, O my Muſe! the ſoft delights to ſing
Of flow'ry gardens in their fragrant ſpring,
And trace the rougher paths of obſcure woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'ergrown with ſhrubs,
Where Phœbus, once thy guide, can dart no ray
T' inſpire thy flight, and make the ſcene look gay.
  Courage, my Huntreſs! let us range the glades,
And ſearch the inmoſt grottos of the ſhades;
Ev'n to the lone receſſes let us paſs,
Where the green goddeſs reſts on beds of moſs:
Let looſe my Fancy, ſwift of foot to trace,
With a ſagacious ſcent, the noble chaſe,
And with a joyful cry purſue the prey;
'Tis hidden Nature we muſt rouze to-day:
Set all your gins, let ev'ry toil be plac'd,
Thro' all her tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,
And ſeize her panting with her eager haſte.
Nor yet diſdain, my Muſe! in groves to range,
Or humbler woods for nobler orchards change:

Here deities, of old, have made abode,
And once ſecur'd great Charles, our earthly god.
The royal youth, born to outbrave his fate,
Within a neighb'ring Oak maintain'd his ſtate:
The faithful boughs, in kind allegiance, ſpread
Their ſhelt'ring branches round his awful head,
Twin'd their rough arms, and thicken'd all the
ſhade.
To thee, belov'd of Heav'n! to thee we ſing
Of ſacred groves, blooming perpetual ſpring:
May'ſt thou be to my rural verſe and me
A preſent and aſſiſting deity:
Diſdain not in this leafy court to dwell,
Who its lov'd Monarch did ſecure ſo well.
Th' eternal Oak, now conſecrate to thee,
No more thy refuge, but thy throne, ſhall be.
We'll place thee conqu'ror now, and crown thy brows
With garlands made of its young gayeſt boughs,
While from our oaten pipes the world ſhall know
How much they to this ſacred ſhelter owe.
And you, the ſoft Inhabitants of the groves!
You Wood-nymphs! Hamadryades, and Loves,
Satyrs and Fauns! who in theſe arbours play,
Permit my ſong, and give my Muſe her way:
She tells of ancient woods the wondrous things,
Of groves, long veil'd in ſacred darkneſs, ſings,
And a new light into your gloom ſhe brings.
Let it be lawful for me to unfold
Divine decrees that never yet were told;

The harangues of the wood-gods to rehearſe,
And ſing of flow'ry ſenates in my verſe:
Voices unknown to man he now ſhall hear,
Who, always ignorant of what they were,
Have paſs'd 'em by with a regardleſs ear;
Thought 'em the murm'rings of the ruffled Trees,
That mov'd and wanton'd with the ſporting breeze.
But Daphne knew the myſteries of the wood,
And made diſcov'ries to her am'rous god;
Apollo me inform'd, and did inſpire
My ſoul with his divine prophetic fire;
And I, the prieſt of Plants, their ſenſe expound;
Hear, O ye Worlds! and liſten all around.
'Twas now when royal Charles, that prince of peace,
(That pious offspring of the Olive-race)
Sway'd England's ſceptre with a godlike hand,
Scattering ſoft eaſe and plenty o'er the land;
Happy 'bove all the neighb'ring kings, while yet
Unruffled by the rudeſt ſtorms of Fate;
More fortunate the people, till their pride
Diſdain'd obedience to the ſovereign guide,
And to a baſe plebeian Senate gave
The arbitrary priv'lege to enſlave;
Who thro' a ſea of nobleſt blood did wade,
To tear the diadem from the ſacred head.
Now above envy, far above the clouds,
The Martyr ſits, triumphing with the gods.
While Peace before did o'er the ocean fly,
On our bleſs'd ſhore to find ſecurity,

In Britiſh groves ſhe built her downy neſt,
No other climate could afford her reſt;
For warring winds o'er wretched Europe range,
Threat'ning deſtruction, univerſal change:
The raging tempeſt tore the aged woods,
Shook the vaſt earth, and troubled all the floods.
Nor did the fruitful goddeſs brood in vain,
But here in ſafety hatch'd her golden train:
Juſtice and Faith one cornucopia fill,
Of uſeful med'cines known to many an ill.
 Such was the Golden Age in Saturn's ſway;
Eaſy and innocent it paſs'd away;
But too much lux'ry and good fortune cloys,
And virtues ſhe ſhould cheriſh ſhe deſtroys.
What we moſt wiſh, what we moſt toil to gain,
Enjoyment palls, and turns the bliſs to pain.
Poſſeſſion makes us ſhift our happineſs
From peaceful wives to noiſy miſtreſſes.
The repetition makes the pleaſure dull;
'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
O notion falſe! O appetite deprav'd!
That has the nobler part of man enſlav'd:
Man! born to reaſon, does that ſafety quit,
To ſplit upon the dang'rous rock of wit.
Phyſicians ſay there is no ſuch danger near
As when, tho' no ſigns manifeſt appear,
Self-tir'd, and dull, man knows not what he ails,
And, without toil, his ſtrength and vigour fails.

Such was the ſtate of England, ſick with eaſe,
Too happy, if ſhe knew her happineſs.
Their crime no ign'rance for excuſe can plead,
That wretched refuge for ingratitude.
'Twas then that from the pitying gods there came
A kind admoniſhing anger to reclaim,
In dreadful prodigies*; but, alas! in vain.
So rapid thunderbolts, before the flame
Fly, the conſuming vengeance to proclaim.
I, then a boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
And ſtill thoſe horrid images I bear;
The mournful ſigns are preſent to my eyes:
I ſaw o'er all the region of the ſkies
The hiſtory of our approaching wars,
Writ in the heav'ns in wondrous characters:
The vaulted firmament with lightning burns,
And all the clouds were kindled into ſtorms,
And form'd an image of th' infernal hell;
(I ſhake with the portentous things I tell)
Like ſulph'rous waves the horrid flames did roll,
Whoſe raging tides were hurl'd from pole to pole;
Then ſuddenly the burſting clouds divide,
A fire like burning mounts on either ſide,
Diſcovering (to th' aſtoniſh'd world) within
At once a dreadful and a beauteous ſcene:
Two mighty armies clad in battle-array,
Ready, by combat, to diſpute the day;

* This relation of prodigies M. Cowley aſſures to be true. *Veram eſſe in me recipio,* in the margin of the original.

Their waving plumes and glitt'ring armour ſhone,
Mov'd by the winds, and gilded by the ſun:
So well in order ſeem'd each fearleſs rank,
As they'd been marſhall'd by our hero Monk;
Monk! born for mighty things and great command,
The glorious pillar of our falling land:
Perhaps his Genius on the royal ſide
One of thoſe heav'nly figures did deſcribe,
Here pointed out to us his noble force,
And form'd him conqu'ror on a flaming horſe.
We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
The ſignal giv'n by drum and trumpet ſound;
We ſaw the fire-wing'd horſes fiercely meet,
And with their fatal ſpears each other greet:
Here ſhining brandiſh'd pikes like lightning ſhook,
While from ethereal guns true thunder broke:
With gloomy miſts they' involv'd the plains of heav'n,
And to the cloud-begotten men was given
A memorable fate——
By the dire ſplendour which their arms diſplay'd,
And dreadful lightning that from cannons play'd,
We ſaw extended o'er the aerial plain
The wounded bodies of the numerous ſlain,
(Their faces fierce with anger underſtood)
Turning the ſky red with their guſhing blood:
At laſt that army we the juſt eſteem'd,
And which adorn'd by nobleſt figures ſeem'd

Of arms and men, alas! was put to flight;
The reſt was veil'd in the deep ſhades of night,
And fates to come ſecur'd from human ſight.
  But ſtupid England, touch'd with no remorſe,
Beholds theſe prodigies as things of courſe:
(With many more, which to the juſt appear'd
As ominous preſages) then who fear'd
The monſters of the Caledonian woods,
Or the hid ferments of ſchiſmatic crowds?
Nor had the impious Cromwell then a name,
For England's ruin, and for England's ſhame:
Nor were the gods pleas'd only to exhort
By ſigns the reſtive City and the Court:
Th' impending fates o'er all the thickets reign'd,
And ruin to the Engliſh wood proclaim'd.
We ſaw the ſturdy Oaks, of monſtrous growth,
Whoſe ſpreading roots, fix'd in their native earth,
Where for a thouſand years in peace they grew,
Torn from the ſoil, tho' none but Zeph'rus blew.
But who ſuch violent outrages could find
To be th' effects of the ſoft Weſtern wind?
The Dryads ſaw the right hand of the gods
O'erturn the nobleſt ſhelters of the woods;
Others their arms with baneful leaves were clad,
That new unuſual forms and colours had,
Whence now no aromatic moiſture flows,
Or noble Miſſeltoe enrich the boughs;
But, bow'd with galls, within thoſe boding hulls
Lurk'd flies, diviners of enſuing ills,

Whofe fetal buzz did future flaughters threat,
And confus'd murmurs, full of dread, repeat.
When no rude winds difturb'd the ambient air,
The Trees, as weary of repofe, made war;
With horrid noife grappling their knotty arms,
Like meeting tides they ruffle into ftorms;
But when the winds to rattling tempefts rife,
Inftead of warring Trees, we heard the cries
Of warring men, whofe dying groans around
The woods and mournful echoes did refound.
The difmal fhade with birds obfcene were fill'd,
Which, fpight of Phœbus, he himfelf beheld.
On the wild Afhes' tops the bats and owls,
With all night ominous and baneful fowls,
Sate brooding, while the fcreeches of thefe droves
Profan'd and violated all the groves.
If ought that poets do relate be true,
The ftrange Spinturnix * led the feather'd crew:
Of all the monfters of the earth and air,
Spinturnix bears the cruelleft character.
The barbarous bird, to mortal eyes unknown,
Is feen but by the goddeffes alone,
And then they tremble; for fhe always bodes
Some fatal difcord ev'n among the gods.
But that which gave more wonder than the reft,
Within an Afh a ferpent built her neft †,

* What this bird truly was is not known, but it was much dreaded by the Arufpices. *Plin. Servius*, &c.

† For the truth hereof take Pliny's word, l. 16, 17.

And laid her eggs, when once to come beneath
The very ſhadow of an Aſh was death;
Rather, if chance ſhould force, ſhe thro' the fire
From its fall'n leaves, ſo baneful, would retire.
But none of all the ſylvan prodigies
Did more ſurpriſe the rural deities,
Than when the lightning did the Laurel blaſt;
The lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
The Laurel! which, by Jove's divine decree,
Since ancient time from injuring tempeſts free,
No angry threats from the celeſtial powers
Could make her fear the ruin of her bowers;
But always ſhe enjoy'd a certain fate,
Which ſhe could ne'er ſecure the victor yet.
In vain theſe ſigns and monſters were not ſent
From angry Heav'n; the wiſe knew what they meant:
Their coming by conjectures underſtood,
As did the Dryads of the Britiſh wood.
 There is an ancient foreſt * known to Fame,
On this ſide ſep'rate from the Cambrian plain
By wand'ring Wye, whoſe winding current glides,
And murm'ring leaves behind its flow'ry ſides;
On that 'tis waſh'd by nobler Severn's ſtreams,
Whoſe beauties ſcarce will yield to famous Thames:
Of yore 'twas Arden call'd, but that great name,
As like herſelf, diminiſh'd into Dean:

* The foreſt of Dean.

The curſed weapons of deſtructive war
In all their cruelties have made her ſhare;
The iron has its nobleſt ſhades deſtroy'd,
Then to melt iron is its wood employ'd;
And ſo unhappy 'tis, as it preſents
Of its own death the fatal inſtruments;
With induſtry its ruin to improve,
Bears minerals below and Trees above.
Oh, Poverty! thou happineſs extreme,
(When no afflicting want can intervene)
And, oh! thou ſubtle treaſure of the earth,
From whence all rapes and miſchiefs take their birth.
And you, triumphing Woods! ſecur'd from ſpoil,
By the ſafe bleſſing of your barren ſoil,
Here, unconſum'd, how ſmall a part remains
Of that rich ſtore that once adorn'd the plains!
Yet that ſmall part that has eſcap'd the ire
Of lawleſs ſteel and avaricious fire,
By many nymphs and deities poſſeſs'd,
Of all the Britiſh ſhades continues ſtill the beſt.
Here the long reverend Dryas (who had been
Of all thoſe ſhady verdant regions queen,
To which by conqueſt ſhe had forc'd the ſea
His conſtant tributary waves to pay)
Proclaim'd a gen'ral council thro' her court,
To which the ſylvan nymphs ſhould all reſort.
  All the wood-goddeſſes do ſtraight appear,
At leaſt who could the Britiſh climate bear,

And on a ſoft aſcent of riſing ground
Their queen, their charming Dryas! they ſurround,
Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd,
And by a thouſand awful beauties grac'd.
These goddeſſes alike were dreſs'd in green,
The ornaments and liv'ries of their queen.
Had travellers at any diſtance view'd
The beauteous order of this ſtately crowd,
They would not gueſs they 'ad been divinities,
But groves all ſacred to the deities.
Such was the image of this leafy ſcene,
On one ſide water'd by a cooling ſtream,
Upon whoſe brink the Poplar took her place,
The Poplar! whom Alcides once did grace,
Whoſe double colour'd ſhadow'd leaves expreſs
The labours of our hero Hercules,
Whoſe upper ſides are black, the under white,
To repreſent his toil and his delight.
The Phaetonian Alder next took place,
Still ſenſible of the burnt youth's diſgrace;
She loves the purling ſtreams, and often laves
Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves.
Cloſe by her ſide the penſive Willows join'd,
Chaſte ſiſters all, to lovers moſt unkind,
Oleſicarpians * call'd, in youth ſevere,
Before the winter-age had ſnow'd their hair;

* That is, a tribe which early drops its ſeed; or which is an enemy to venery.

In rivers take delight, whoſe chilling ſtreams
Mix'd with the native coldneſs of their veins,
Like ſalamanders, can all heat remove,
And quite extinguiſh the quick fire of love:
Firm laſting bonds they yield to all beſide,
But take delight the lovers to divide.
 The Elders next, who, tho' they waters love,
The ſame from human bodies yet remove,
And quite diſperſe the humid moiſture thence,
And parley with the dropſy in this ſenſe:
" Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood!
" This ſoil belongs to rivulets of blood.
" Why do you men torment, when many a ſhade,
" And honeſt Trees and Plants, do want your aid?
" Be gone, from human bodies quick be gone,
" And back into your native channels run
" By every pore, by all the ways you can".
The moiſture, frighten'd, flies at the command,
And awful terror of her pow'rful wand.
 The hoſpitable Birch does next appear,
Joyful and gay in hot or frigid air;
Flowing her hair, her garments ſoft and white,
And yet in cruelty ſhe takes delight;
No wild inhabitant o' the woods can be
So quick in wrath, and in revenge, as ſhe;
In houſes great authority aſſumes,
And is the ſole puniſher of petty crimes;
But moſt of all her malice ſhe employs
In ſchools, to terrify and awe young boys:

If she chastise 'tis for the patient's good,
Tho' oft' she blushes with her tender blood.
Not so the gen'rous Maples; they present
Whate'er the city lux'ry can invent,
Who with industrious management and pains
Divide the labyrinth of their curious grains,
And many necessary things produce,
That serve at once for ornament and use.
But thou, O Pteleas *! to the swain allows
Shades to his cattle, timber for his ploughs;
Ennobled thou above the leafy race,
In that an amorous god † does thee embrace.
Next thee the Oxias ‡, of herself a grove,
Whose wide-spread shade the flocks and shepherds [love;
Whether thy murmurs do to sleep invite,
Or thy soft noise inspire the rural pipe,
Alike thou 'rt grateful, and canst always charm,
In summer cooling, and in winter warm:
Tityrus, of yore, the nymph with garlands hung,
And all his love-lays in her shadow sung.
When first the Infant-world her reign began,
Ere pride and lux'ry had corrupted man,
Before for gold the earth they did invade,
The useful household-stuff of Beech was made;
No other plate the humble sideboard dress'd,
No other bowls adorn'd the wholesome feast,

* The Elm. † Bacchus; or, the Vine.
‡ The Beech.

Which no voluptuous cookery could boaſt,
The home-bred kid or lamb was all the coſt;
The mirth, the innocence, and little care,
Surpaſs'd the loaded boards of high-priz'd fare:
There came no gueſt for int'reſt or deſign,
For guilty love, fine eating, or rich wine:
The Beechen bowl without debauch went round,
And was with harmleſs mirth and roſes crown'd:
In theſe—the Ancients in their happy ſtate
Their feaſts and banquets us'd to celebrate:
Fill'd to the brim with uncorrupted wine,
They made libations to the powers divine,
To keep 'em ſtill benign; no ſacrifice
They need perform the angry gods t' appeaſe;
They knew no crimes the deities t' offend,
But all their care was ſtill to keep 'em kind:
No poiſon ever did thoſe bowls infeſt,
Securely here the ſhepherd quench'd his thirſt;
'Twas not that any virtue in the wood
Againſt the baneful liquor was thought good,
But poverty and innocence were here
The antidotes againſt all ills and fear.
Such was the Aſh, the nymph was Melias nam'd,
For peaceful uſe and lib'ral virtues fam'd;
But when Achilles' ſpear was of her wood
Fatally form'd and drank of Hector's blood,
O wretched glory! O unhappy power!
She loves the rain and neighb'ring floods no more;

No more the falling ſhowers delight her now,
She only thirſts to drink of bloody dew.
  Philyra *, not inferior to her race,
For her bel-taille, good mien, and handſome grace,
For pious uſe and nobleſt ſtudies fit,
Minerva here might exerciſe her wit,
And on the laſting vellum which ſhe brings,
May in ſmall volumes write ſeraphic things;
'Mongſt all the nymphs and hamadryades,
None are ſo fair and ſo adorn'd as this:
All ſoft her body, innocent and white,
In her green flowing hair ſhe takes delight;
Proud of her perfum'd bloſſoms, far ſhe ſpreads
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous, ſhades:
Her native beauties even excelling art,
Her virtues many med'cines ſtill impart;
The dowry of each Plant in her does reſt,
And ſhe deſerv'dly triumphs o'er the beſt.
  Next her Orcimelis and Achras † ſtood,
Whoſe offspring is a ſharp and rigid brood;
A fruit no ſeaſon e'er could work upon,
Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening ſun.
  Hither the fair amphibious nymphs reſort,
Who both in woods and gardens keep their court;
The Ouas ‡, but of no ignoble fame,
Altho' ſhe bears a baſe and ſervile name;

* The Lime Tree. † Wood Pear and Crab Apple.
‡ Service Tree.

Sharp Oxyacantha* next the Mulberry ſtood,
The Mulberry, dy'd in hapleſs lovers' † blood.
Craneia ‡, a nymph too lean to be admir'd,
But hard-gain'd Carya || is by all deſir'd;
The pretty Corylus **, ſo neat and trim,
And Caſtanis, with rough ungrateful ſkin.
Theſe nymphs, of all their race, live rich and high,
They taſte the city golden luxury,
And woods their country villas do ſupply.
Nor was the Hawthorn abſent from this place,
All ſoils are native to her harden'd race;
Tho' her the fields and gardens do reject,
She with a thorny hedge does both protect:
Helvetia ††, rough with cold and ſtones, firſt bred
The nymph, who thence to other climates fled;
Of her a warlike ſturdy race was born,
Whoſe dreſs nor court nor city can adorn,
But with a faithful hand they both defend,
While they upon no garriſon depend;
No ſhow, or noiſy grandeur, they affect,
But to their truſt they 're conſtant and exact:
Should you behold 'em rang'd in battle-array,
All muſter'd in due order, you would ſay
That no Militia were ſo fine and gay.
Let the Ancients raſhly then reproach,
Who cut from hence the hymeneal torch,

* Barberry.
† Pyramus and Thiſbe.
‡ Cornelian-Berry.
|| Wallnuts.
** Small nuts.
†† Switzerland.

Since they fuch fafeguard were'gainft thieves and beafts,
Which with an equal force their charge molefts;
And 'twas commanded they fhould always bear
Their watchful twigs before the married pair.
With the Helvetian nymph a pretty train,
All her companions, to the circle came;
The fruitful Bullace firft, whofe offspring are,
Tho' harfh and fharp, yet moderately fair.
The prickly Bramble, neat and lovely Rofe,
So nice and coy, they never will difpofe
Their valu'd favours, but fome wounds they give
To thofe who will their guarded joys receive.
No lefs a troop of thofe gay nymphs were feen,
Who nobly flourifh in eternal green;
Unfubject to the laws o' th' changing year,
They want no aids of kindly beams or air;
But happy in their own peculiar fpring,
While the pole weeps in fhowers, they laugh and fing.
The generous Pyxias *, who a conqueft gains
O'er armed Winter, with her hofts of rains,
All ages fhe fubdues; devouring Time
In vain endeavours to deftroy her prime;
Still in her youth and beauty fhe furvives;
When all the fpring is dead fhe fmiles and lives;
Yet tho' fhe's obftinate to time and ftorms,
She's kindly pliable to all curious forms:
To artful mafters fhe obedience lends,
And to th' ingenious hand, with eafe, fhe bends;

* The Box Tree.

Into a thouſand true-love's knots ſhe twines,
And with a verdant wall the flowers confines,
Still looking up with gay and youthful love
To the triumphing flow'rs that reign above:
Or, if you pleaſe, ſhe will advance on high,
And with the lofty Trees her ſtature vie;
And cheerfully will any figure take,
Whether man, lion, or a bird you make;
Or on her trunk like a green parrot ſhow,
Or ſometimes like a Hercules ſhe'll grow:
And hence Praxiteles fair ſtatues forms,
When with green gods the gardens he adorns;
Nor yet, being dead, does of leſs uſe appear
To the induſtrious artificer:
From her the nobleſt figures do ariſe,
And almoſt are immortal deities;
Of her the Berecynthian pipe is made,
That charms its native mountain and its ſhade,
That in ſuch tuneful harmonies expreſs
The praiſes of their goddeſs Cybeles.
With this the lovely females dreſs their hair,
That not leaſt pow'rful beauty of the fair,
Their nobleſt ornament, and th' lover's ſnare.
This into form the beauteous nets ſtill lay,
That the poor heedleſs gazer does betray.
Agrias * is content with eaſier ſpoils,
Only for ſilly birds ſhe pitches toils:

* The Holly. Hereof bird-lime is made.

The wanton bird ſhe ſtops upon the wing,
And can forbid the inſolence of men :
With a defence the garden ſhe ſupplies,
And does perpetually delight the eyes;
Her ſhining leaves a lovely green produce,
And ſerve at once for ornament and uſe.
Deform'd December, by her poſy-boughs
All deck'd and dreſs'd, like joyful April ſhows :
Cold winter-days ſhe both adorns and cheers,
While ſhe her conſtant ſpringing livery wears.
  Camaris *, who in winter give their birth,
Not humbly creeping on the ſervile earth,
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whoſe ſylvan food unhappy Janus feeds;
His hungry appetite he here deſtroys,
And both his rav'nous mouths at once deſtroys.
  Phillyrea † here, and Pyracantha, riſe,
Whoſe beauty only gratifies the eyes
Of gods and men; no banquets they afford
But to the welcome, tho' unbidden, bird;
Here, gratefully, in winter they repay
For all the ſummer-ſongs that made their groves ſo gay.
  Next came the melancholy Yew, who mourns
With ſilent languor at the warrior's urns.
See, where ſhe comes! all in black ſhadow veil'd;
Ah! too unhappy nymph, on every ſide aſſail'd!

* Strawberry Tree. † Ever-green Privet, and Prickly Coral Tree.

Whom the Greek poets and hiftorians blame,
(Deceiv'd by eafy Faith and common Fame)
Thee as a guilty poifoner they prefent;
Oh! falfe afperfers of the innocent!
If poets may find credit when they fpeak,
(At leaft all thofe who are not of the Greek)
No baneful poifon, no malignant dew,
Lurks in, or hangs about, the harmlefs Yew;
No fecret mifchief dares the nymph invade,
And thofe are fafe that fleep beneath her fhade.
Nor thou, Arceuthis *! art an enemy
To the foft notes of charming harmony:
Falfely the chief of poets would perfuade
That evil's lodg'd in thy eternal fhade;
Thy aromatic fhade, whofe verdant arms
Ev'n thy own ufeful fruits fecures from harms:
Many falfe crimes to thee they attribute;
Would no falfe virtues, too, they would to thee impute.
But thou, Sabina †! my impartial Mufe
Cannot with any honefty excufe:
By thee the firft new fparks of life, not yet
Struck up to fhining flame, to mature heat,
Sprinkled by thy moift poifon fade and die;
Fatal Sabina! nymph of infamy.
For this the Cyprefs thee companion calls,
Who pioufly attends at funerals,
But thou, more barbarous, doft thy pow'r employ,
And even the unborn innocent deftroy.

* Juniper Tree. † Savin.

Like Fate deſtructive thou, without remorſe,
While ſhe the death of even the ag'd deplores.
  Such Cypariſſus was, that baſhful boy,
Who was belov'd by the bright god of Day;
Of ſuch a tender mind, ſo ſoft a breaſt,
With ſo compaſſionate a grief oppreſs'd,
For wounding his lov'd dear, that down he lay
And wept, and pin'd his ſighing ſoul away;
Apollo pitying it renew'd his fate,
And to the Cypreſs did the boy tranſlate,
And gave his hapleſs life a longer date:
Then thus decreed the god—"And thou, oh, Tree!
"Chief mourner at all funerals ſhalt be;
"And ſince ſo ſmall a cauſe ſuch grief could give,
"Be it ſtill thy talent (pitying Youth!) to grieve:
"Sacred be thou in Pluto's dark abodes,
"For ever ſacred to th' infernal gods!"
This ſaid, well'd ſkill'd in truth, he did bequeath
Eternal life to the dire Tree of death,
A ſubſtance that no worm can ere ſubdue,
Whoſe never-dying leaves each day renew,
Whoſe figures, like aſpiring flames, ſtill riſe,
And with a noble pride ſalute the ſkies.
  Next the fair nymph that Phœbus does adore,
But yet as nice and cold as heretofore;
She hates all fires, and with averſion ſtill
She chides and crackles, if the flame ſhe feel:

Yet tho' ſhe is chaſte the burning god no leſs
Adores, and makes his love his propheteſs;
And ev'n the murmurs of her ſcorn do now
For joyful ſounds and happy omens go:
Nor does the humble tho' the ſacred Tree
Fear wounds from any earthly enemy;
For ſhe beholds, when loudeſt ſtorms abound,
The flying thunder of the gods around:
Let all the flaming heav'ns threat as they will,
Unmov'd th' undaunted nymph outbraves it ſtill.
Oh, thou!—
Of all the woody nations happieſt made,
Thou greateſt princeſs of the fragrant ſhade;
But ſhould the goddeſs Dryas not allow
That royal title to thy virtue due,
At leaſt her juſtice muſt this truth confeſs,
If not a princeſs, thou'rt a propheteſs;
And all the glories of immortal fame,
Which conqu'ring monarchs ſo much ſtrive to gain,
Is but at beſt from thy triumphing boughs,
To reach a garland to adorn their brows;
And after monarchs poets claim a ſhare,
As the next worthy, thy priz'd wreaths to wear:
Among that number do not me diſdain,
Me, the moſt humble of that glorious train:
I by a double right thy bounties claim *,
Both from my ſex, and in Apollo's name:

* The Tranſlatreſs in her own perſon ſpeaks.

Let me with Sappho and Orinda be,
Oh! ever ſacred Nymph! adorn'd by thee,
And give my verſes immortality.
  The tall Elate next, and Peuce ſtood,
The ſtatelieſt ſiſter-nymphs of all the wood;
The flying winds ſport with their flowing hair,
While to the dewy clouds their lofty heads they rear.
As mighty hills above the vallies ſhow,
And look with ſcorn on the deſcent below,
So do theſe view the mountains where they grow,
So much above their humbler tops they riſe:
So ſtood the giants that beſieg'd the ſkies,
The terror of the gods! they having thrown
Huge Oſſa on the leafy Pelion,
The Fir, with the proud Pine, thus threat'ning ſtands,
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands;
In this vaſt proſpect they with eaſe ſurvey
The various figur'd land and boundleſs ſea;
With joy behold the ſhips their timber builds,
How they 'ave with cities ſtor'd once ſpacious fields.
  This grove of Engliſh nymphs, this noble train,
In a large circle compaſs in their queen,
The ſceptre-bearing Dryas——
Her throne a riſing hillock, where ſhe ſate
With all the charms of majeſty and ſtate,
With awful grace the numbers ſhe ſurvey'd,
Dealing around the favours of her ſhade.

If I the voice of the loud winds could take,
Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,
'Twould not ſuffice to celebrate thy name,
Oh! ſacred Dryas! of immortal fame.
If we a faith can give Antiquity,
That ſings of many miracles, from thee,
In the world's infant age, mankind broke forth,
From thee the noble race receiv'd their birth;
Thou then in a green tender bark waſt clad,
But in Deucalion's age a rougher covert had,
More hard and warm, with cruſted white all o'er,
As noble authors ſung in times of yore;
Approv'd by ſome, condemn'd and argu'd down
By the vain troop of ſophiſts and the gown,
The ſcoffing academy, and the ſchool
Of Pyrrho, who traditions over-rule:
But let 'em doubt, yet they muſt grant this truth,
Thoſe brawny men that then the earth brought forth
Did on thy acorns feed, and feaſt and thrive,
And with this wholeſome nouriſhment ſurvive,
In health and ſtrength an equal age with thee,
Secur'd from all the banes of luxury.
Oh! happy Age! oh! nymph divinely good!
That mak'ſt thy ſhade man's houſe, thy fruit his food.
When only apples of the wood did paſs
For noble banquets, ſpread on beds of graſs,
Tables not yet by any art debauch'd,
And fruit that ne'er the grudger's hand reproach'd,

Thy bounties, Ceres! were of little uſe,
And thy ſweet food ill manners did produce;
Unluckily they did thy virtues find
With that of the wild boar and hunted hind;
With all wild beaſts on which their lux'ry prey'd,
While new deſires their appetites invade;
The natures they partake of what they eat,
And ſalvage they become, as was their meat.
  Hence the republic of the world did ceaſe;
Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace:
The common good was now peculiar made,
A generous int'reſt now became a trade,
And men began their neighbours' rights t' invade:
For now they meaſur'd out their common ground,
And outrages commit t' enlarge their bound:
Their own ſeem'd deſpicable, poor, and ſmall;
Each wants more room, and would be lord of all:
The ploughman with diſdain his field ſurveys,
Forſakes the land, and ploughs the faithleſs ſeas:
The fool in theſe deep furrows ſeeks his gain,
Deſpiſing dangers, and enduring pain:
The ſacred Oak her peaceful manſion leaves,
Tranſplanted to the mountains of the waves.
  Oh! Dryas! patron to the induſtrious kind,
If man were wiſe, and would his ſafety find,
What perfect bliſs thy happy ſhade would give,
And houſes that their maſters would outlive?

All neceſſaries thou afford'ſt alone
For harmleſs Innocence to live upon;
Strong yokes for oxen, handles for the plough;
What huſbandry requires thou doſt allow;
But if the madneſs of deſiring gain,
Or wild ambition agitate the brain,
Straight to a wand'ring ſhip they thee transfer,
And none more fitly ſerves the mariner:
Thou cutt'ſt the air, doſt on the waves rebound,
Wild death and fury raging all around;
Diſdaining to behold the manag'd wood,
Outbrave the ſtorms, and baffle the rude flood.
To ſwine, O richeſt Oak! thy acorns leave,
And ſearch for man whate'er the earth can give,
All that the ſpacious univerſe brings forth,
What land and ſea conceals of any worth;
Bring aromatics from the diſtant Eaſt,
And gold, ſo dangerous, from the rifled Weſt;
Whate'er the boundleſs appetite can feaſt.
With thee the utmoſt bounds of earth we' invade;
By thee the unlock'd orb is common made:
By thee——
The great republic of the world revives,
And o'er the earth luxurious traffic thrives:
If Argos' ſhip were valued at that rate
Which ancient poets ſo much celebrate,
From neighb'ring Colchos only bringing home
The Golden Fleece from ſeas whoſe tracts were known;

If of the dangers they ſo much have ſpoke
(More worthy ſmiles) of the Cyanean rock,
What oceans, then, of fame ſhall thee ſuffice?
What waves of eloquence can ſing thy praiſe?
O ſacred Oak! that great Columbus bore,
Iö! thou bearer of a happier ore
Than celebrated Argo did before.
  And Drake's brave Oak that paſs'd to worlds unknown,
Whoſe toils, O Phœbus! were ſo like thy own,
Who round the earth's vaſt globe triumphant rode,
Deſerves the celebration of a god.
O let the Pegaſean ſhip no more
Be worſhipp'd on the too unworthy ſhore;
After her watry life, let her become
A fix'd ſtar ſhining equal with the Ram:
Long ſince the duty of a ſtar ſhe 'as done,
And round the earth with guiding light has ſhone.
  Oh! how has Nature bleſs'd the Britiſh land,
Who both the valu'd Indies can command!
What tho' thy banks the Cedars do not grace,
Thoſe lofty beauties of fam'd Libanus,
The Pine, or Palm of Idumean plains,
Arab's rich wood, or its ſweet-ſmelling greens,
Or lovely Plantain, whoſe large leafy boughs
A pleaſant and a noble ſhade allows?
She has thy warlike groves and mountains bleſs'd
With ſturdy Oaks, o'er all the world the beſt;

And for the happy Iſland's ſure defence,
Has wall'd it with a moat of ſeas immenſe;
While to declare her ſafety and thy pride,
With Oaken ſhips that ſea is fortify'd.
Nor was that adoration vainly made,
Which to the Oak the ancient Druids paid,
Who reaſonably believ'd a god within,
Where ſuch vaſt wonders were produc'd and ſeen:
Nor was it the dull piety alone,
And ſuperſtition of our Albion,
Nor ignorance of the future age, that paid
Honours divine to thy ſurpriſing ſhade;
But they foreſaw the empire of the ſea
Great Charles ſhould hold from the triumphant Thee.
No wonder, then, that age ſhould thee adore,
Who gav'ſt our ſacred oracles heretofore;
The hidden pleaſure of the gods was then
In a hoarſe voice deliver'd out to men.
So vapours, from Cyrrhean caverns broke,
Inſpir'd Apollo's prieſteſs when ſhe ſpoke,
Whilſt, raviſh'd, the fair enthuſiaſtic ſtood
Upon her tripos, raging with the god;
So prieſt inſpir'd with ſacred fury ſhook,
When the winds ruffled the Dodonean Oak,
And toſs'd their branches, till a dreadful ſound
Of awful horror they proclaim around,
Like frantic Bacchanals, and while they move,
Poſſeſs with trembling all the ſacred grove:

Their rifled leaves the tempeſt bore away,
And their torn boughs ſcatter'd on all ſides lay;
The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
A god triumphant in the hurricane,
Till the wing'd wind, with an amazing cry,
Deliver'd down the preſſing deity,
Whoſe thundering voice ſtrange ſecrets did unfold,
And wondrous things of worlds to come he told:
But truths ſo veil'd in obſcure eloquence,
They' amuſe the adoring crowd with double ſenſe.
But by divine decree the Oak no more
Declares ſecurity, as heretofore,
With words or voice; yet to the liſt'ning wood
Her differing murmurs ſtill are underſtood;
For ſacred divinations, while they found,
Informs all but humanity around:
Nor e'er did Dryas murmur awful truth
More clear and plain from the prophetic mouth,
Than when ſhe ſpoke to the Chaonian wood,
While all the groves with eager ſilence ſtood,
And with erected leaves themſelves diſpoſe
To liſten to the language of her boughs.
"You ſee, O my Companions! that the gods
Threaten a dire deſtruction to the woods,
And to all humankind—The black portents
Are ſeen of many ſiniſter events;
But leſt their quick approach too much ſhould preſs
(O my aſtoniſh'd Nymphs!) your tenderneſs,

The gods command me to foretel your doom,
And prepoſſeſs ye with the fate to come:
With heedful rev'rence, then, their will obſerve,
And in your bark's deep chinks my words preſerve.
Believe me, Nymphs! nor is your faith in vain,
This Oaken trunk, in which conceal'd I am,
From a long honour'd ancient lineage came,
Who in the fam'd Dodonean grove firſt ſpoke,
When with aſtoniſh'd awe the ſacred valley ſhook.
Know then that Brutus, by unlucky fate
Murd'ring his ſire, bore an immortal hate
To his own kingdom, who's ungrateful ſhore
He leaves with vows ne'er to reviſit more;
Then to Epirus a ſad exile came,
(Unhappy ſon, who haſt a father ſlain,
But happy father of the Britiſh name.)
There, by victorious arms, he did reſtore
Thoſe ſceptres, once the race of Priam bore;
In their paternal thrones his kindred plac'd,
And by that piety his fatal crime defac'd.
  There Jupiter diſdain'd not to relate
Thoro' an Oaken mouth his future fate;
Who for his grandſire's (great Æneas) ſake,
Upon the royal youth will pity take;
Whoſe toils to his ſhall this reſemblance bear,
A long and tedious wand'ring to endure.
'Tis ſaid the deity-retaining Oak,
Burſting her bark, thus to the hero ſpoke,

Whoſe voice the nymphs ſurpris'd with awful dread,
Who in Chaonian groves inhabited :"
‘ Oh ! noble Trojan ! of great Sylvia's blood,
‘ Haſte from the covert of this threat'ning wood ;
‘ A manſion here the Fates will not permit,
‘ Vaſt toils and dangers thou 'rt to conquer yet,
‘ Ere for a murder'd father thou canſt be
‘ Abſolv'd, tho' innocently ſlain by thee,
‘ But much muſt bear by land, and much by ſea.
‘ Then arm thy ſolid mind, thy virtues raiſe,
‘ And thro' thy rough adventures cut new ways,
‘ Whoſe end ſhall crown thee with immortal bays.
‘ Tho' Hercules ſo great a fame achiev'd,
‘ His conqueſts but to th' weſtern Cales arriv'd ;
‘ There finiſh'd all his glories and his toils,
‘ He wiſh'd no more, nor ſought more diſtant ſpoils :
‘ But the great labours which thou haſt begun
‘ Muſt, fearleſs of the ocean's threats, go on :
‘ And this remember, at thy lanching forth,
‘ To ſet thy full-ſpread ſails againſt the North :
‘ In Charles's Wain thy fates are born above,
‘ Bright ſtars, deſcended from thy grandſire Jove,
‘ Of motion certain, tho' they ſlowly move.
‘ The Bear, too, ſhall aſſiſt thee in thy courſe
‘ With all her conſtellations' glittering force ;
‘ And as thou goeſt thy right hand ſhall deſtroy
‘ Twice ſix Gom'ritiſh tyrants in thy way.

'Tho' exil'd from the world, disdain all fear,
'The gods another world for thee prepare,
'Which in the bosom of the deep conceal'd
'From ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd;
'Reserv'd, O Brutus! to renown thy fame,
'And shall be bless'd still with thy race and name.
'All that the air surrounds the Fates decree
'To Brutus' and Æneas' progeny,
'Æneas all the land, and Brutus all the sea.'
"This said, the god from the prophetic Oak,
Who stretching out her branches, farther spoke:"
'Here, fill thy hands with acorns from my Tree,
'Which in thy tedious toils of use shall be,
'And witnesses of all I promise thee;
'And when thy painful wand'ring shall be o'er,
'And thou arriv'd on happy Britain's shore,
'Then in her fruitful soil these acorns sow,
'Which to vast woods of mighty use shall grow;
'Not their Chaonian mother's sacred name
'Shall o'er the world be sung with greater fame.
'Then holy Druids thou shalt consecrate,
'My honour and my rites to celebrate:
'Teutates in the sacred Oak shall grow,
'To give bless'd omens to the Misseltoe.'
"Thus spake the Oak——with rev'rend awe be-
liev'd,
And in no one prediction was deceiv'd.

My Lineage from Chaonian acorns came,
I two deſcents from that firſt parent am,
And now oraculous truths to you proclaim.
My grandame Oak her blooming beauties wore,
When firſt the Daniſh fleet ſurpris'd our ſhore;
When Thor and Tuiſco, and the Saxon gods,
Were angry with their once-belov'd abodes,
Her age two hundred years, a ſmall account
To what our long-liv'd numbers do amount:
Such prodigies then ſhe ſaw as we behold,
And ſuch our ruins as their ſigns foretold.
Now from the Caledonian mountains came
New-riſen clouds that cover'd all the plain;
The quiet Tweed regards her bounds no more,
But, driv'n by popular winds, uſurps the ſhore;
In her wild courſe a horrid murmur yields,
And frightens with her ſound the Engliſh fields.
Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
Thoſe raging prologues to approaching war;
But ſilver ſhowers did ſoon the foe ſubdue,
Weapons the noble Engliſh never knew:
The people, who for peace ſo laviſh were,
Did after buy the merchandiſe more dear.
Curs'd Civil war even Peace betray'd to guilt,
And made her bluſh with the firſt blood was ſpilt.
O cruel omens of thoſe future woes,
Which now fate brooding in the Senate-houſe!

That den of miſchief, where obſcur'd ſhe lies,
And hides her purple face from human eyes.
The working furies there lay unreveal'd,
Beneath the privilege of the Houſe conceal'd;
'There, by the malice of the great and proud,
And unjuſt clamours of the frantic crowd,
The great, the learned, Strafford met his fate;
O ſacred Innocence! what can expiate
For guiltleſs blood but blood? and much muſt flow
Both from the guilty and the faultleſs too.
O Worceſter! condemn'd by Fate to be
The mournful witneſs of our miſery,
And to bewail our firſt inteſtine wars
By thy ſoft Severn's murmurs and her tears;
Wars that more formidable did appear
Ev'n at their end than their beginnings were.
Me to Kintonian hills * ſome god convey,
That I the horrid valley may ſurvey,
Which like a river ſeem'd of human blood,
Swell'd with the num'rous bodies of the dead.
What ſlaughters makes fierce Rupert round the field,
Whoſe conqueſts pious Charles with ſighs beheld?
And had not Fate the courſe of things forbade,
This day an end of all our woes had made.
But our ſucceſs the angry gods control,
And ſtopp'd our race of glory near the goal.

* Keinton-fields. Edge-hill.

Where'er the Britiſh empire did extend,
The tyrant War with barb'rous rigour reign'd;
From the remoteſt parts it rifled Peace,
From the Belerian Horn * ev'n to the Orcades.
The fields oppreſs'd, no joyful harveſts bear,
War ruin'd all the product of the year:
Unhappy Albion! by what fury ſtung?
What ſerpent of Eumenides has flung
His poiſon thro' thy veins? thou bleed'ſt all o'er,
Art all one wound, one univerſal gore.
Unhappy Newberry! (I thy fatal field,
Cover'd with mighty ſlaughters, thrice beheld,)
In horrors you Philippi's fields outvy'd,
Which twice the Civil gore of Romans dy'd.
Long mutual loſs, and the alternate weight
Of equal ſlaughters, pois'd each others' fate:
Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,
And knew not where to fix the deadly blow;
At laſt in Northern fields like lightning broke,
And Naſeby doubled ev'ry fatal ſtroke.
But, O ye Gods! permit me not to tell
The woes that after this the land befel;
O keep 'em to yourſelves, leſt they ſhould make
Humanity your rites and ſhrines forſake:
To future ages let 'em not be known,
For wretched England's credit and your own.

* S. Burien, the uttermoſt point of Cornwall.

And take from me, ye Gods! futurity,
And let my oracles all ſilent lie,
Rather than by my voice they ſhould declare
The dire events of England's Civil war.
And yet my ſight a confus'd proſpect fills,
A chaos all deform'd, a heap of ills,
Such as no mortal eyes could e'er behold,
Such as no human language can unfold.
But now——
The conqu'ring evil Genius of the wars,
The impious victor, all before him bears;
And O,—behold the Sacred vanquiſh'd flies,
And tho' in a plebeian's mean diſguiſe,
I know his godlike face; the monarch, ſure,
Did ne'er diſſemble till this fatal hour.
But, O! he flies! diſtreſs'd, forlorn he flies!
And ſeeks his ſafety 'mong his enemies:
His kingdoms all he finds hoſtile to be,
No place to the vanquiſh'd proves a ſanctu'ry.
Thus Royal Charles——
From his own people could no ſafety gain;
Alas! the King (their gueſt) implores in vain.
The pilot thus the burning veſſel leaves,
And truſts what moſt he fears, the threat'ning waves;
But, O! the cruel flood, with rude diſdain,
Throws him all ſtruggling to the flames again.
So did the Scots; alas! what ſhould they do?
That prize of war (the ſoldiers' int'reſt now)

By pray'rs and threat'nings back they ſtrive to bring,
But the wiſe Scot will yield to no ſuch thing,
And England, to retrieve him, buys her King.
O, ſhame to future worlds! who did command,
As pow'rful lord of all the ſea and land,
Is now a captive ſlave expos'd to ſale,
And Villany o'er Virtue muſt prevail.
The ſervant his bought maſter bears away,
O, ſhameful purchaſe of ſo glorious prey!
But yet, O Scotland! far be it from me
To charge thee wholly with this infamy;
Thy nation's virtues ſhall reverſe that fate,
And for the criminal few ſhall expiate;
Yet for theſe few the inn'cent reſt muſt feel
The dire effects of the avenging ſteel.
  But now, by laws to God and man unknown,
Their ſovereign, God's anointed, they dethrone,
Who to the Iſle of Wight is priſoner ſent:
What tongue, what cruel hearts, do not lament?
That thee, O Scotland! with juſt anger moves,
And Kent, who valued liberty ſo loves;
And thee, O Wales! of ſtill as noble fame,
As were the ancient Britons whence ye came.
But why ſhould I diſtinctly here relate
All I behold, the many battles fought
Under the conduct ſtill of angry ſtars,
Their new-made wounds, and old ones turn'd to ſcars;

The blood that did the trembling Ribla dye,
Stopping its frighted ſtream, that ſtrove to fly?
Or thou, O Medway! ſwell'd with ſlaughters, borne
Above the flowr'y banks that did thee once adorn?
Or why, O Colcheſter! ſhould I rehearſe
Thy brave united courage and thy force,
Or deaths of thoſe illuſtrious men relate,
Who did, with thee, deſerve a kinder fate?
Or why the miſerable murders tell
Of captives who, by cooler malice, fell?
Nor to your griefs will the addition bring
The ſad ideas of a martyr'd King;
A King who all the wounds of Fortune bore,
Nor will his mournful funerals deplore,
Leſt that celeſtial piety (of fame
O'er all the world) ſhould my ſad accents blame;
Since death he ſtill eſteem'd, howe'er 'twas given,
The greateſt good and nobleſt gift of Heaven.
But I deplore man's wretched wickedneſs,
(O horrid to be heard, or to expreſs)
Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment
With her eternal pains and puniſhment.

But, oh! what do I ſee? alas! they bring
Their ſacred maſter forth, their godlike King;
There on a ſcaffold, rais'd in ſolemn ſtate,
And plac'd before the royal palace-gate,
'Midſt of his empire the black deed was done,
While day, and all the world, were looking on.

By common hangman's hands."—Here ſtopp'd the Oak,
When from the bottom of its root there broke
A thouſand ſighs, which to the ſky ſhe lifts,
Burſting her ſolid bark into a thouſand clefts;
Each branch her tributary ſorrow gives,
And tears run trickling from her mournful leaves;
Such numbers after rainy nights they ſhed,
When ſhow'ring clouds, that did ſurround her head,
Are by the riſing goddeſs of the Morn
Blown off, and fly before th' approaching ſun;
At which the troop of the green nymphs around,
Echoing her ſighs, in wailing accents groan'd,
Whoſe piercing ſounds from far were underſtood,
And the loud tempeſt ſhook the wond'ring wood;
And then a diſmal ſilence did ſucceed,
As in the gloomy manſions of the dead:
But after a long awful interval
Dryas aſſum'd her ſad prophetic tale.
" Now Britanny, o'erwhelm'd with many a wound,
Her head lopt off, in her own blood lies drown'd;
A horrid carcaſe, without mind or ſoul,
A trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul:
And now who would not hope there ſhould have been,
After ſo much of death, a quiet ſcene?
Or rather, with their Monarch's funeral,
Eternal ſleep ſhould not have ſeiz'd 'em all?
But nothing leſs; for in the room of one,
Who govern'd juſtly on his peaceful throne,

A thouſand heads ſprang up, deform'd and baſe,
With a tumultuous and ignoble race,
The vile, the vulgar offſpring of the earth;
Inſects of pois'nous kinds, of monſtrous birth,
And rav'nous ſerpents, now the land infeſt,
And Cromwell! viler yet than all the reſt:
That ſerpent ev'n upon the marrow preys,
Devouring kingdoms with inſatiate jaws.
Now right and wrong (mere words) confounded lie;
Rage ſets no bounds to her impiety;
And having once tranſgreſs'd the rules of ſhame,
Honour or juſtice counts an empty name.
In every ſtreet, as paſtime for the crowd,
Erected ſcaffolds reek'd with noble blood;
Priſons were now th' apartments of the brave,
Whom Tyranny commits, and only deaths retrieve;
Whoſe paths were crowded ere the morning-dawn,
Some to the dungeons, ſome to gibbets drawn.
But tir'd-out Cruelty pauſes for a while,
To take new breath amidſt her barbarous toil.
So does not Avarice, ſhe, unwearied ſtill,
Ne'er ſtops her greedy hand from doing ill.
The warrior may a while his ſpear forſake,
But ſequeſtrators will no reſpite take.
What a long race of kings laid up with care,
The gifts of happy Peace, and ſpoils of War;
Whatever lib'ral Piety did preſent,
Or the religion (all magnificent)

Of our forefathers to the church had giv'n,
And conſecrated to the Pow'rs of heav'n,
Altars, or whatſoe'er could guilty be
Of tempting wealth, or fatal loyalty,
Was not enough to ſatisfy the rage
Of a few earth-begotten tyrants of the age:
The impious rout thought it a trivial thing
To rob the houſes of their God and King;
Their ſacrilege, admitting of no bound,
Rejoic'd to ſee 'em levell'd with the ground;
As if the nation (wicked and unjuſt)
Had ev'n in ruin found a certain luſt.
On ev'ry ſide the lab'ring hammers ſound,
And ſtrokes from mighty hatchets do rebound;
On ev'ry ſide the groaning earth ſuſtains
The pond'rous weight of ſtones and wondrous beams;
Fiercely they ply their work, with ſuch a noiſe,
As if ſome mighty ſtructure they would raiſe
For the proud tyrant: no, this clam'rous din
Is not for building, but demoliſhing.
—When (my Companions!) theſe ſad things you ſee,
And each beholds the dead beams of her parent Tree,
Long ſince repos'd in palaces of kings,
Torn down by furious hands, as uſeleſs things,
Then know your fate is come; thoſe hands that could
From houſes tear dead beams, and long-hewn wood,
Thoſe cruel hands, by unreſiſted force,
Will for your living trunks find no remorſe.

Religion, which was great of old, commands
No wood ſhould be profan'd by impious hands;
Thoſe noble ſeminaries for the fleet,
Plantations that make towns and cities great;
Thoſe hopes of war, and ornaments of peace,
Should live ſecure from any outrages,
Which now the barb'rous conqu'ror will invade,
Tear up your roots, and rifle all your ſhade;
For gain they'll ſell you to the cov'tous buy'r,
A ſacrifice to every common fire;
They'll ſpare no race of Trees of any age,
But murder infant branches in their rage:
Elms, Beeches, tender Aſhes, ſhall be fell'd,
And even the gray and reverend bark muſt yield:
The ſoft, the murm'ring, troop ſhall be no more,
No more with muſic charm, as heretofore;
No more each little bird ſhall build her houſe,
And ſing in her hereditary boughs,
But only Philomel ſhall celebrate,
In mournful notes, a new unhappy fate:
The baniſh'd Hamadryads muſt be gone,
And take their flight with ſad but ſilent moan;
For a celeſtial being ne'er complains,
Whatever be her grief, in noiſy ſtrains:
The wood-gods fly, and whither ſhall they go?
Not all the Britiſh orb can ſcarce allow
A trunk ſecure for them to reſt in now.

But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,
Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast;
She shakes her brandish'd steel, and still denies
Length to immoderate rage and cruelties.
Do not despond, my Nymphs! that wicked birth
Th' avenging powers will chase from off the earth;
Let 'em hew down the wood, destroy and burn,
And all the lofty groves to ashes turn,
Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield
Timber enough old Tyburn to rebuild,
Where they may hang at last; and this kind one
Shall then revenge the woods of all their wrong.
In the mean time (for Fate not always shows
A swift compliance to our wish and vows)
The offspring of great Charles, forlorn and poor,
And exil'd from their cruel native shore,
Wander in foreign kingdoms, where in vain
They seek those aids, alas! they cannot gain;
For still their pressing Fate pursues 'em hard,
And scarce a place of refuge will afford.
O pious son of such a holy sire!
Who can enough thy fortitude admire?
How often, toss'd by storms of land and sea,
Yet unconcern'd, thy fate thou didst survey,
And her fatigues still underwent with joy?
O royal Youth! pursue thy just disdain,
Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,

Till, tir'd with her injuſtice, ſhe give out,
And leaves her giddy wheel for thee to turn about.
  Then that great ſceptre, which no human hand
From the tenacious tyrant can command,
Scorning the bold Uſurper to adorn,
Shall, ripe and falling, to thy hand be borne.
  But, O! he rouſes now before his time!
Illuſtrious Youth! whoſe brav'ry is a crime,
Alas! what wilt thou do? Ah! why ſo faſt?
The dice of Fate, alas! not yet are caſt.
While thou, all fire, fearleſs of future harms,
And prodigal of life, aſſum'dſt thy arms,
And even provoking Fame, he cuts his way
Thro' hoſtile fleets and a rude winter's ſea:
But neither ſhall his daring courſe oppoſe;
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores, ſo very late his foes,
And ſtill to be ſuſpected; but, mean-while,
The Oliverian demons of the iſle,
With all Hell's deities, with fury burn,
To ſee great Charles preparing to return;
They call up all their winds of dreadful force,
In vain, to ſtop his ſacred veſſel's courſe:
In vain their ſtorms a ruin do prepare
For what Fate means to take peculiar care,
And, trembling, find great Cæſar ſafe at land,
By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's hand.
  But, Scotland! you your King recall in vain,
While you your unchang'd principles retain;

But yet the time ſhall come when ſome ſmall ſhare
Of glory that great honour ſhall confer;
When you a conqu'ring hero forth ſhall guide,
While Heav'n and all the ſtars are on his ſide,
Who ſhall the exil'd King in peace recall,
And England's Genius be eſteem'd by all:
But this, not yet, my Nymphs!—But now's the time
When the illuſtrious heir of Fergus' line,
From full a hundred kings ſhall mount the throne,
Who now the temple enters, and at Scone,
After the ancient manner, he receives the crown;
But, oh! with no auſpicious omens done;
The left hand of the kingdom put it on.
  But now th' inſulting conqueror draws nigh,
Diſturbing the auguſt ſolemnity;
When with revenge and indignation fir'd,
And by a father's murder well inſpir'd,
The brave, the royal, youth for war prepares;
O heir moſt worthy of thy hundred-ſceptred ance-
With thoughts all glorious now he ſallies forth, [ſtors.
Nor will he truſt his fortune in the North,
That corner of his realms, nor will his haſte
Lazily wait till coming winter's paſt;
He ſcorns that aid, nor will he hope t' oppoſe
High mountains 'gainſt the fury of his foes,
Nor their ſurrounding force will here engage,
Or ſtay the preſſures of a ſhameful ſiege;

But boldly farther on reſolves t' advance,
And give a gen'rous looſe to Fortune's chance,
And ſhut from diſtant Tay, he does eſſay
To Thames even with his death to force his way;
Behind he leaves his trembling enemies
Amaz'd at his ſtupendous enterpriſe.
  And now the wiſh'd-for happy day appears,
Sought for ſo long by Britain's pray'rs and tears;
The King returns, and, with a mighty hand,
Avow'd revenger of his native land,
And thro' a thouſand dangers and extremes,
Marches a conqu'ror to Sabrina's ſtreams;
(Ah! would to Heav'n Sabrina had been Thames.)
So wiſh'd the King, but the perſuaſive force
Of kind miſtaken councils ſtopp'd his courſe.
  Now, warlike England! rouze at theſe alarms,
Provide your horſes, and aſſume your arms,
And fall on the Uſurper: now for ſhame,
If piety be not pretence and name,
Advance the work Heav'n has ſo well begun,
Revenge the father, and reſtore the ſon:
No more let that old cant deſtructive be,
Religion, Liberty, and Property:
No longer let that dear-bought cheat delude,
(O you too credulous ſenſeleſs multitude!)
Words only form'd more eas'ly to enſlave,
By every popular and pretending knave;

But now your bleeding land expects you should
Be wise at the expense of so much blood:
Rouze then! and with awaken'd sense prepare
To reap the glory of this holy war,
In which your King and Heav'n have equal share:
His right divine let ev'ry voice proclaim,
And a just ardour every soul inflame,
  But England's evil Genius, watchful still
To ruin Virtue, and encourage ill,
Industrious, ev'n as Cromwell, to subvert
Honour and loyalty in every heart,
A baneful drug of fourfold poison makes,
And an infernal sleepy asp he takes
Of cold and fearful nature, adds to this
Opium, that binds the nerves with laziness,
Mix'd with the venom of vile avarice;
Which all the spirits benumb, as when ye' approach
The chilling wonderful torpedo's touch:
Next drops from Lethe's stream he does infuse,
And ev'ry breast besprinkles with the juice,
Till a deep lethargy o'er all Britain came,
Who now forget their safety and their fame.
Yet still great Charles's valour stood the test,
By Fortune tho' forsaken and oppress'd,
Witness the purple-dy'd Sabrina's stream,
And the Red Hill, not call'd so now in vain;
And, Worc'ster! thou, who didst the misery bear,
And saw'st the end of a long fatal war.

The King, tho' vanquiſh'd, ſtill his fate outbraves,
And was the laſt the captiv'd city leaves;
Which from the neighb'ring hills he does ſurvey,
Where round about his bleeding numbers lay:
He ſaw 'em rifled by th' inſulting foe,
And ſighs for thoſe he cannot reſcue now;
But yet his troops will rally once again,
Thoſe few eſcap'd, all ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
Diſdain and Anger now reſolves to try
How to repair this day's fatality.
The King has ſworn to conquer or to die.
Darby and Wilmot, chiefs of mighty fame,
With that bold lovely youth, great Buckingham!
Fiercer than lightning, to his monarch dear,
That brave Achates, worth Æneas' care,
Applaud his great reſolve! there's no delay,
But toward the foe in haſte they take their way,
Not by vain hopes of a new vict'ry fir'd,
But by a kind deſpair alone inſpir'd:
This was the King's reſolve, and thoſe great few
Whom glory taught to die, as well as to ſubdue;
Who knew that death and the repoſing grave
No foes were to the wretched or the brave.

But, oh! this noble courage did not reſt
In each ungen'rous unconſidering breaſt;
They fearfully forſake their general,
Who now in vain the flying cowards call;

Deaf to his voice, will no obedience yield,
But in their hasty flight scour o'er the dreadful field.
O vainly gallant Youth! what pitying god
Shall free thee from this soul-oppressing load
Of grief and shame? abandon'd and betray'd
By perjur'd slaves, whom thou hast fed and paid;
Press'd with more woes than mortal force could bear,
And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe:
But yet that God——
To whom no wonders are impossible,
Will, to preserve thee, work a miracle,
And for the sacred father's martyrdom
Will, with a crown, reward the injur'd son;
While thou, great Charles! with a prevailing pray'r
Dost to the gods commend the safety of thy heir,
And the celestial court of pow'rs divine,
With one consent, do in the chorus join.
But why, O why, must I reveal the doom
(O my Companions!) of the years to come?
And why divulge the mysteries that lie
Enroll'd long since in heav'n's vast treasury,
In characters which no dreamer can unfold,
Nor ever yet prophetic rapture told;
Nor the small fibres of the victim'd beast,
Or birds which sacred aug'ries have express'd;
No stars, or any divination shows,
Made mystic by the murmurs of the boughs?

Yet I muſt on, with a divine preſage,
And tell the wonders of the coming age.
In that far part where the rich Salop gains
An ample view o'er all the weſtern plains,
A grove appears, which Boſcobel they name,
Not known to maps, a grove of ſcanty fame,
Scarce any human thing does there intrude,
But it enjoys itſelf in its own ſolitude;
And yet henceforth no celebrated ſhade,
Of all the Britiſh groves, ſhall be more glorious made.
  Near this obſcure and deſtin'd happy wood,
A ſacred houſe of lucky omen ſtood,
White-Lady call'd; and old records relate
'Twas once—
To men of holy orders conſecrate;
But to a king a refuge now is made,
The firſt that gives a wearied monarch bread;
O, preſent of a wondrous excellence!
That can relieve the hunger of a prince:
Fortune ſhall here a better face put on,
And here the King ſhall firſt the king lay down;
Here he diſmiſſes all his mourning friends,
Whom to their kinder ſtars he recommends;
With eyes all drown'd in tears their fate to ſee,
But unconcern'd at his own deſtiny:
Here he puts off thoſe ornaments he wore
Thro' all the ſplendour of his life before;

Ev'n his Blue Garter now he will diſcharge,
Nor keep the warlike figure of St. George;
That holy champion now is vanquiſh'd quite;
Alas! the Dragon has ſubdu'd the Knight;
His crown, that toilſome weight of glory, now
Diveſts a while from his more eaſy brow;
And all thoſe charming curls that did adorn
His royal head——thoſe jetty curls, are ſhorn:
Himſelf he clothes in a coarſe ruſſet weed;
Nor was the poor man feign'd, but ſo indeed.
And now the greateſt king the world e'er ſaw
Is ſubject to the houſe's ancient law;
(A convent once, which poverty did profeſs,
Here he puts off all worldly pomp and dreſs)
And, like a Monk, a ſad adieu he takes
Of all his friends, and the falſe world forſakes:
But yet, ere long, even this humble ſtate,
Alas! ſhall be deny'd him by his Fate;
She drives him forth even from this mean abode,
Who wanders now a hermit in the wood,
Hungry and tir'd, to reſt and ſeek his food.
The dark and lonely ſhade conceals the King,
Who feeds on flow'rs, and drinks the murm'ring ſpring;
More happy here than on a reſtleſs throne,
Could he but call thoſe ſhades and ſprings his own:
No longer Fate will that repoſe allow,
Who even of earth itſelf deprives him now;

A Tree will hardly here a ſeat afford,
Amidſt her boughs, to her abandon'd lord.
Then (O my Nymphs!) you who your monarch love,
To ſave your darling haſten to that grove;
(Nor think I vain prophetics do expreſs)
In ſilence let each nymph her trunk poſſeſs;
O'er all the woods and plains let not a Tree
Be uninhabited by a deity,
While I the largeſt foreſt Oak inſpire,
And with you to this leafy court retire;
There keep a faithful watch each night and day,
And with erected heads the fields ſurvey,
Leſt any impious ſoldier paſs that way,
And ſhould profanely touch that pledge of Heav'n,
Which to our guarding ſhade in charge was given.
Here then, my Nymphs! your King you ſhall receive,
And ſafety in your darkeſt coverts give.
But, ha! what ruſtic ſwain is that I ſee
Sleeping beneath the ſhade of yonder Tree,
Upon whoſe knotty root he leans his head,
And on the moſſy ground has made his bed?
And why alone? alas! ſome ſpy, I fear,
For only ſuch a wretch would wander here:
Who even the winds and ſhow'rs of rain defies,
Outdaring all the anger of the ſkies.
Obſerve his face, ſee his diſorder'd hair
Is ruffled by the tempeſt-beaten air;
Yet look what tracks of grief have ag'd his face,
Where hardly twenty years have run their race,

Worn out with num'rous toils; and even in ſleep
Sighs ſeem to heave his breaſt, his eyes to weep.
Nor is that colour of his face his own,
That ſooty veil, for ſome diſguiſe put on,
To keep the nobler part from being known;
For, 'midſt of all—ſomething of ſacred light
Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring ſight,
And now—ariſes to my view more bright.
Ha!—can my eyes deceive me, or am I
At laſt no true preſaging deity?
Yet if I am, that wretched ruſtic thing,
O Heav'ns, and all your Powers! muſt be the King.
—Yes, 'tis the King! his image all divine
Breaks thro' that cloud of darkneſs, and a ſhine
Gilds all the ſooty viſor!—but, alas!
Who is it approaches him with ſuch a pace?
O—'tis no traitor; the juſt gods, I find,
Have ſtill a pitying care of humankind.
This is the gallant, loyal Careleſs! thrown
(By the ſame wreck by which the King's undone)
Beneath our ſhades; he comes in pious care,
(O happy Man! than Cromwell happier far
On whom ill Fate this honour does confer)
He tells the King the woods are overſpread
With villains arm'd, to ſearch that prize, his head,
Now poorly ſet to ſale.—The foe is nigh,
What ſhall they do? ah! whither ſhall they fly?

They from the danger haſty counſel took,
And, by ſome god inſpir'd, aſcend my Oak;
My Oak, the largeſt in the faithful wood,
Whom to receive I my glad branches bow'd,
And for the King a throne prepar'd, and ſpread
My thickeſt leaves a canopy o'er his head;
The Miſſeltoe commanded to aſcend,
Around his ſacred perſon to attend,
(Oh, happy omen!) ſtraight it did obey,
The ſacred Miſſeltoe attends with joy:
Here without fear their proſtrate heads they bow,
The King is ſafe beneath my ſhelter now;
And you, my Nymphs! with awful ſilence may
Your adorations to your ſovereign pay,
And cry, All hail! thou moſt belov'd of Heav'n,
To whom its chiefeſt attributes are giv'n;
But, above all, that godlike fortitude
That has the malice of thy Fate ſubdu'd.
All hail!
Thou greateſt now of kings indeed, while yet
With all the miſeries of life beſet,
Thy mighty mind could death nor danger fear,
Nor yet even then of ſafety could deſpair.
This is the virtue of a monarch's ſoul,
Who above Fortune's reach can all her turns control;
Thus, if Fate rob you of your empire's ſway,
You by this fortitude take her's away;

O brave repriſal! which the gods prefer,
That makes you triumph o'er the conqueror:
The gods, who one day will this juſtice do,
Both make you victor and triumpher too!
That day's at hand, O let that day come on,
Wherein that wondrous miracle ſhall be ſhown;
May its gay morn be more than uſual bright,
And riſe upon the world with new-created light:
Or let that ſtar, whoſe dazzling beams were hurl'd
Upon his birth-day, now inform the world;
That brave bold conſtellation, which in ſight
Of mid-day's ſun durſt lift its lamp of light:
Now, happy Star! again at mid-day riſe,
And with new prodigies adorn the ſkies;
Great Charles again is born; Monk's valiant hand
At laſt delivers the long lab'ring land.
This is the month, great Prince! muſt bring you forth;
May pays her fragrant tributes at your birth;
This is the month that's due to you by Fate;
O month moſt glorious! month moſt fortunate!
When you between your royal brothers rode,
Amidſt your ſhining train, attended like ſome god,
One would believe that all the world were met
To pay their homage at your ſacred feet;
The wand'ring gazers numberleſs as theſe,
Or as the leaves on the vaſt foreſt Trees:
He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud din
Reſounds to heav'n; and then, Long live the King.

And ſure the ſhouts of their re-echo'd joys
Reach'd to the utmoſt bounds of diſtant ſeas,
Borne by the flying winds thro' yielding air,
And ſtrike the foreign ſhores with awful fear.
O 'tis a wondrous pleaſure to be mad;
Such frantic turns our nation oft' has had:
Permit it now, ye Stoics! ne'er till now
The frenzy you more juſtly might allow,
Since 'tis a joyful fit that ends the fears,
And wretched fury of ſo many years.
Nor will the Night her ſable wings diſplay
T' obſcure the luſtre of ſo bright a day;
At leaſt the much-tranſported multitude
Permits not the dark goddeſs to intrude;
The whole iſle ſeem'd to burn with joyful flames,
Whoſe rays gilt all the face of neighb'ring Thames.
 But how ſhall I expreſs the vulgar's joys,
Their ſongs, their feaſts, their laughter, and their cries?
How fountains run with the Vine's precious juice,
And ſuch the flowing rivers ſhould produce!
Their ſtreams the richeſt nectar ſhould afford;
The Golden Age ſeems now again reſtor'd.
See—ſmiling Peace does her bright face diſplay,
Down thro' the air ſerene ſhe cuts her way,
Expels the clouds, and riſes on the day:
Long exil'd from our ſhores, new joy ſhe brings,
Embracing Albion with her ſnowy wings;

Nor comes ſhe unattended, but a throng
Of noble Britiſh matrons brings along;
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modeſty,
Religion, long ſince fled with Loyalty,
And in a decent garb the lovely Piety;
Juſtice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly,
Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty:
Bleſs'd Liberty! thou faireſt in the train,
And moſt eſteem'd in a juſt prince's reign.
With theſe, as lov'd, great Mary, too, return'd,
In her own country who long exile mourn'd.
You, royal Mother! you, whoſe only crime
Was loving Charles, and ſharing woes with him;
Now Heav'n repays, tho' ſlow, yet juſt and true,
For him revenge, and juſt rewards for you.
Hail, mighty Queen! form'd by the pow'rs divine,
The ſhame of our weak ſex, and pride of thine;
How well have you in either fortune ſhown?
In either, ſtill your mind was all your own:
The giddy world roll'd round you long in vain,
Who fix'd in virtue's centre ſtill remain.
And now, juſt Prince! thou thy great mind ſhalt bring
To the true weighty office of a king.
The gaping wounds of War thy hand ſhall cure,
Thy royal hand, gentle alike, and ſure!
And by inſenſible degrees efface
Of foregone ills the very ſcars and trace;

Force to the injur'd law thou ſhalt reſtore,
And all that majeſty in Majeſty it own'd before.
Thou long-corrupted manners ſhalt reclaim,
And faith and honour of the Engliſh name.
Thus long-neglected gardens entertain
Their baniſh'd maſter when return'd again:
All over-run with weeds he finds, but ſoon
Luxuriant branches carefully will prune;
The weaken'd arms of the ſick Vine he'll raiſe,
And with kind bands ſuſtain the looſen'd ſprays.
Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
And with his art and ſkill make all things new;
A work immenſe, yet ſweet, and which in future days,
When the fair Trees their blooming glories raiſe,
The happy gard'ner's labour overpays.
Cities and towns, great Prince! thy gardens, be
With labour cultivated worthy thee.
In decent order thou doſt all diſpoſe;
Nor are the woods nor rural groves diſdain'd;
He who our wants, who all our breaches knows,
He all our drooping fortunes has ſuſtain'd.
As young colonies of Trees thou doſt replace
I' th' empty realms of our arboreal race,
Nay, doſt our reign extend to future days,
And bleſs'd Poſterity, ſupinely laid,
Shall feaſt and revel underneath thy ſhade,

Cool summer arbours then thy gift shall be,
And their bright winter-fires they'll owe to thee :
To thee those beams their palaces sustain,
And all their floting castles on the main.
Who knows, great Prince! but thou this happy day
For towns and navies may'st foundations lay,
After a thousand years are roll'd away?
Reap thou those mighty triumphs, then, which for thee grow,
And mighty triumphs for succeeding ages sow:
Thou Glory's craggy top shalt first essay,
Divide the clouds, and mark the shining way;
To Fame's bright temples shalt thy subjects guide,
Thy Britons bold, almost of night deny'd:
The foaming waves thy dread commands shall stay,
Thy dread commands the foaming waves obey :
The watry world no Neptune owns but thee,
And thy three kingdoms shall thy trident be.
What madness, O Batavians! you possess'd,
That the sea's sceptre you'd from Britain wrest,
Which Nature gave, whom she with floods has crown'd,
And fruitful Amphitrite embraces round :
The rest o' th' world's just kiss'd by Amphitrite;
Albion she' embraces, all her dear delight.
You scarce th' insulting ocean can restrain,
Nor bear th' assaults of the besieging main,
Your grafts, and mounds, and trenches, all in vain:

And yet what fond ambition ſpurs you on?
You dare attempt to make the ſeas your own;
O'er the vaſt ocean, which no limit knows,
The narrow laws of ponds and fens impoſe:
But Charles his lively valour this defies,
And this the ſturdy Britiſh Oak denies.
O'er empty ſeas the fierce Batavian fleet
Sings triumphs, while there was no foe to meet.
But fear not, Belgian! he'll not tarry long,
He'll ſoon be here, and interrupt thy ſong;
Too late thou'lt of thy haſty joys complain,
And to thy native ſhores look back in vain.
Great James, as ſoon as the firſt whiſper came,
Prodigal of his life, and greedy but of fame,
With eager haſte returns, as faſt as they,
After the dreadful fight, will run away.
And now the joyful Engliſh from afar,
Approaching ſaw the floting Belgian war.
Hark, what a ſhout they give! like thoſe who come
From long Eaſt-India voyage rich laden home,
When firſt they make the happy Britiſh land,
The dear white rocks, and Albion's chalky ſtrand.
The way to all the reſt brave Rupert ſhow'd,
And thro' their fleet cuts out his flaming road;
Rupert! who now had ſtubborn Fate inclin'd,
Heav'n on his ſide engaging and the wind,
Famous by land and ſea, whoſe valour ſoon
Blunts both the Horns of the Batavian Moon.

Next comes illuſtrious James, and, where he goes,
To cowards leaves the crowd of vulgar foes:
To th' Royal Sovereign's deck he ſeems to grow,
Shakes his broad ſword, and ſeeks an equal foe:
Nor did bold Opadm's mighty mind refuſe
The dreadful honour which 'twas death to chuſe:
Both Admirals with haſte for fight prepare,
The reſt might ſtand and gaze, themſelves a war.
O whither, whither, Opdam! doſt thou fly?
Can this raſh valour pleaſe the Pow'rs on high?
It can't, it won't—or wouldſt thou proudly die
By ſuch a mighty hand? No, Opdam! no:
Thy fate is to periſh by a nobler foe.
Heav'n only, Opdam! ſhall thy conqu'ror be,
A labour worth its while to conquer thee:
Heav'n ſhall be there, to guard its beſt lov'd houſe,
And juſt revenge inflict on all your broken vows.
The mighty ſhip a hundred cannons bore,
A hundred cannons which like thunder roar;
Six times as many men in ſhivers torn,
Ere one broad-ſide or ſingle ſhot it had borne,
Is with a horrid crack blown up to the ſky
In ſmoke and flames o'er all the ocean nigh;
Torn half-brunt limbs of ſhips, and ſeamen, ſcat-
ter'd lie.
Whether a real bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty wretches is not known,

Tho' likely 'tis; Amboyna's wickedneſs,
And broken peace and oaths, deſerv'd no leſs;
Or whether fatal gunpowder it were,
By ſome unlucky ſpark enkindled there;
Ev'n Chance, by Heav'n directed, is the rod,
The fiery ſhaft of an avenging God.
The flaming wreck the hiſſing deep flotes o'er,
Far, far away, almoſt to either ſhore,
Which ev'n from pious foes would pity draw,
A trembling pity, mix'd with dreadful awe;
But pity yet ſcarce any room can find;
What noiſe, what horror, ſtill remains behind?
On either ſide does wild Confuſion reign,
Ship grapples ſhip, and ſink into the main.
The Orange, careleſs of loſt Opdam's fate,
Worthy to periſh at the ſelf-ſame rate,
Will next t' attack victorious James prepare,
But Engliſh guns ſufficient thunder bear;
By Engliſh guns, and human fire o'erpow'r'd,
'Tis quickly in the hiſſing waves devour'd.
Three ſhips beſides are burnt, if Fame ſays true,
None of whoſe baſer names the goddeſs knew,
As many more the Dolphin did ſubdue.
Their decks in ſhow'rs of kindled ſulphur ſteep,
And ſend 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.
So burns a city, ſtorm'd and fir'd by night,
The ſhades are pierc'd with ſuch a dreadful light;

Such duſky globes of flame around 'em broke,
Thro' the dark ſhadow of the guns and ſmoke.
  Can fire in water then ſuch licenſe claim?
Juſtly the water hides itſelf for ſhame;
The dreadful wreck outſtretching far away,
Vaſt ruins o'er its trembling boſom lay:
Here maſts and rudders from their veſſels torn,
There ſails and flags acroſs the waves are borne;
A thouſand floting bodies there appear,
As many half-dead men lie groaning here.
If any where the ſea itſelf is reveal'd,
With horrid purple tracts the azure wave's conceal'd.
All ſunk or took, 'twere tedious to relate,
And all the ſad variety of Fate
One day produces—With what art and ſkill
Ev'n Chance, ingenious, ſeems to ſave or kill,
To ſpare or to torment whoe'er ſhe will!
The vulgar deaths, below the Muſe to heed,
Not only faith, but number, too, exceed.
Three noble youths, by the ſame ſudden death,
A brave example to the world bequeath;
Fam'd for high birth, but merits yet more high;
All at one fatal moment's warning die,
Torn by one ſhot; almoſt one body they,
Three brothers in one death confounded lay.
Who would not Fortune harſh and barbarous call?
Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal;

For next to theſe—I tremble ſtill with fear,
My joy's diſturb'd while ſuch a danger near;
Fearleſs, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral ſtood,
Stunn'd with the blow, and ſprinkled with their blood.
Fiercer he preſſes on, while they retir'd;
He preſſes on, with grief and anger fir'd.
Nor longer can the Belgian force engage
The Engliſh valour, warm'd with double rage;
Breaks with their loſſes and a cauſe ſo ill;
Their ſhatter'd fleet all the wide ocean fill,
Till trembling Rhine opens his harbours wide,
Seeing the wretches from our thunder fly;
From our hot chaſe their ſhatter'd fleet he'd hide,
And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by."
In ſacred rage the Dryad this reveal'd,
Yet many future wondrous things conceal'd:
But this to grace ſome future bard will ſerve,
For better poets this the gods reſerve.

End of the Sixth Book.

DAVIDEIS:

A SACRED POEM OF THE

TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Mufae,
Quarum facra fero ingenti percuffus amore,
Accipiant, Coeliq; vias ac fidera monftrent. VIRG. Georg. II.

BOOK I.

The Contents.

THE propofition. The invocation. The entrance into the hiftory, from a new agreement between Saul and David. A defcription of Hell. The Devil's fpeech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the fhape of Benjamin. Her fpeech, and Saul's to himfelf, after fhe was vanifhed. A defcription of Heaven. God's fpeech. He fends an angel to David. The angel's meffage to him. David fent for to play before Saul. A digreffion concerning mufic. David's Pfalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His efcape to his own houfe, from whence, being purfued by the King's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michol he efcapes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's fpeech and rage at his efcape. A long digreffion, defcribing the Prophet's College, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary fubjects of their poetry. Saul's guards purfue David thither, and prophefy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whofe fong concludes the Book.

I SING the Man who Judah's fceptre bore
In that right hand which held the crook before;
Who from beft poet beft of kings did grow,
The two chief gifts Heav'n could on man beftow.

Much danger firſt, much toil, did he ſuſtain,
Whilſt Saul and Hell croſs'd his ſtrong fate in vain;
Nor did his crown leſs painful work afford,
Leſs exerciſe his patience or his ſword;
So long her conqu'ror Fortune's ſpight purſu'd,
Till with unwearied virtue he ſubdu'd
All homebred malice and all foreign boaſts;
Their ſtrength was armies, his the Lord of Hoſts.
Thou who didſt David's royal ſtem adorn (*a*),
And gav'ſt him birth from whom thyſelf waſt born;
Who didſt in triumph at Death's court appear,
And ſlew'ſt him with thy nails, thy croſs, and ſpear,
Whilſt Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old;
Who, Heav'n's glad burden now, and juſteſt pride,
Sitt'ſt high enthron'd next thy great Father's ſide,
(Where hallowed flames help to adorn that head
Which once the bluſhing thorns environed,
Till crimſon drops of precious blood hung down,
Like rubies, to enrich thine humble crown)
Ev'n thou my breaſt with ſuch bleſs'd rage inſpire,
As mov'd the tuneful ſtrings of David's lyre;
Guide my bold ſteps with thine old travell'ing flame (*b*),
In theſe untrodden paths to ſacred fame;
Lo! with pure hands thy heav'nly fires to take,
My well-chang'd Muſe I a chaſte Veſtal make!
From earth's vain joys, and love's ſoft witchcraft free,
I conſecrate my Magdalane to thee!

(*a*) John. viii. 58. (*b*) Exod. xiii. 21.

Lo! this great work, a temple to thy praiſe,
On poliſh'd pillars of ſtrong verſe I raiſe!
A temple where, if thou vouchſafe to dwell,
It Solomon's and Herod's ſhall excel.
Too long the Muſes' land hath Heathen been;
Their gods too long were devils, and virtues ſin;
But thou, Eternal Word, haſt call'd forth me,
Th' apoſtle to convert that world to thee;
T' unbind the charms that in ſlight fables lie,
And teach that truth is trueſt poeſy.
The malice now of jealous Saul grew leſs,
O'ercome by conſtant virtue and ſucceſs;
He grew at laſt more weary to command
New dangers, than young David to withſtand,
Or conquer them; he fear'd his maſt'ring fate,
And envy'd him a king's unpow'rful hate.
Well did he know how palms by' oppreſſion ſpeed,
Victorious, and the victor's ſacred meed;
The burden lifts them higher: well did he know
How a tame ſtream does wild and dangerous grow
By unjuſt force: he now with wanton play
Kiſſes the ſmiling banks and glides away;
But his known channel ſtopt, begins to roar,
And ſwell with rage, and buffet the dull ſhore:
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar:
Then ſcorns he ſuch weak ſtops to his free ſource,
And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent
courſe.

This knew the tyrant, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought:
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore conſtancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve:
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here does there new buſineſs make.
Beneath the ſilent chambers of the earth,
Where the ſun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does ſee,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempeſts lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vaſt court the mother-waters keep,
And, undiſturb'd by moons, in ſilence ſleep,
There is a place deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine night and horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls th' unwearied ſpace, but Hell
Endleſs, as thoſe dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpſe of the ſun's lovely face
Strikes thro' the ſolid darkneſs of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds diſplay;
One ſlight weak beam would here be thought the day;

No gentle ſtars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the ty'rannous and unqueſtion'd Night;
Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,
Proud 'midſt his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded hoſt of ſprights,
Like Heſper, leading forth the ſpangled Nights;
But down like lightning, which him ſtruck, he came,
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the flame:
Myriads of ſp'rits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick ſhone the ſinged air;
Since when the diſmal ſolace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt themſelves they' excite,
(Their deareſt conqueſt, and moſt proud delight)
And if thoſe mines of ſecret treaſon fail,
With open force man's virtue they aſſail;
Unable to corrupt, ſeek to deſtroy,
And where their poiſons miſs the ſword employ.
Thus ſought the tyrant fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainſt him arm'd the pow'rful rage of Saul:
He ſaw the beauties of his ſhape and face,
His female ſweetneſs, and his manly grace (c),
He ſaw the nobler wonders of his mind,
Great gifts, which for great works he knew deſign'd;
He ſaw (t' aſhame the ſtrength of man and hell (d),
How by his young hands their Gathite champion fell;

(c) 1 Sam. xvi. 12. (d) 1 Sam. xvii.

He ſaw the reverend prophet boldly ſhed
The royal drops round his enlarged head (*e*),
And well he knew what legacy did place
The ſacred ſceptre in bleſs'd Judah's race (*f*),
From which th' Eternal Shilo was to ſpring,
A knowledge which new hells to Hell did bring;
And tho' no leſs he knew himſelf too weak
The ſmalleſt link of ſtrong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage and ſtruggle with the chain,
Lov'd to rebel, tho' ſure that it was in vain.
And now it broke his form'd deſign, to find
The gentle change of Saul's recov'ring mind:
He truſted much in Saul, and rag'd and griev'd
(The great deceiver) to be himſelf deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll:
His eyes dart forth red flames which ſcare the night,
And with worſe fires the trembling ghoſts affright.
A troop of ghaſtly fiends compaſs him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd ſound.
"Are we ſuch nothings, then?" ſaid he; "our will
"Croſs'd by a ſhepherd's boy? and you yet ſtill
"Play with your idle ſerpents here? Dares none
"Attempt what becomes furies? are ye grown
"Benumb'd with fear, or virtue's ſprightleſs cold,
"You who were once (I'm ſure) ſo brave and bold?
"Oh, my ill chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
Did I loſe heav'n for this?"

(*e*) 1 Sam. xvi. 13. (*f*) Gen. xlix. 10.

With that, with his long tail he laſh'd his breaſt,
And horribly ſpoke out in looks the reſt.
The quaking pow'rs of Night ſtood in amaze,
And at each other firſt could only gaze:
A dreadful ſilence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of Hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimſtone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept ſoftly by the ſhore;
No hiſs of ſnakes, no clank of chains, was known,
The ſouls amidſt their tortures durſt not groan.
  Envy at laſt crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'ſt; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling ſerpents; her pale ſkin
Was almoſt dropt from the ſharp bones within,
And at her breaſt ſtuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both night and day they left freſh poiſons there.
Her garments were deep ſtain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which ſhe bore
A knotted whip and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood ſwim;
With which when ſhe was drunk ſhe furious grew,
And laſh'd herſelf. Thus from the accurſed crew
Envy, the worſt of fiends, herſelf preſents,
Envy! good only when ſhe herſelf torments.
  "Spend not, great King! thy precious rage," ſaid ſhe,
"Upon ſo poor a cauſe; ſhall mighty we

To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence ſhe fled;
The ſnakes all hiſs'd, the fiends all murmured.
  It was the time when ſilent Night began
To' enchain with ſleep the buſy ſpirits of man;
And Saul himſelf, tho' in his troubled breaſt
The weight of empire lay, took gentle reſt:
So did not Envy, but with haſte aroſe,
And as thro' Iſrael's ſtately towns ſhe goes,
She frowns and ſhakes her head; "Shine on," ſays ſhe,
"Ruins ere long ſhall your ſole mon'ments be."
The ſilver moon with terror paler grew,
And neighb'ring Hermon ſweated flow'ry dew;
Swift Jordan ſtarted, and ſtraight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:
Lo! at her entrance Saul's ſtrong palace ſhook,
And nimbly there the rev'rend ſhape ſhe took
Of Father Benjamin; ſo long her beard,
So large her limbs, ſo grave her looks appear'd;
Juſt like his ſtatue which beſtrid Saul's gate,
And ſeem'd to guard the race it did create.
In this known form ſhe' approach'd the tyrant's ſide,
And thus her words the ſacred form bely'd.
  "Ariſe, loſt King of Iſrael; can'ſt thou lie
"Dead in this ſleep, and yet thy laſt ſo nigh?
"If King thou be'ſt, if Jeſſe's race as yet
"Sit not on Iſrael's throne, and ſhall he ſit?
"Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
"From the mild brickhills' nobler ſlavery?

" For this did ſeas your pow'rful rod obey?
" Did wonders guide and feed you on your way?
" Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear,
' You who can ſerve a boy and minſtrel here?
" Forbid it, God, if thou be'ſt juſt; this ſhame
" Caſt not on Saul's, on mine, and Iſrael's name.
" Why was I elſe from Canaan's famine led (*m*)?
" Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,
" Ere my full loins diſcharg'd this num'rous race,
" This luckleſs tribe, ev'n crown'd to their diſgrace!
" Ah, Saul! thy ſervant's vaſſal muſt thou live?
" Place to his harp muſt thy dread ſceptre give?
" What wants he now but that? Canſt thou forget
" (If thou be'ſt man thou canſt not) how they met
" The youth with ſongs? Alas! poor Monarch! you
" Your thouſand only, he ten thouſand, ſlew (*n*)!
" Him Iſrael loves, him neighb'ring countries fear;
" You but the name and empty title bear:
" And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court
" The court that muſt be his, where he ſhall ſport
" Himſelf with all thy concubines, thy gold,
" Thy coſtly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told
" This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he
" With bold falſe threats from God affronted thee (*o*)?
" The dotard ly'd; God ſaid it not, I know;
" Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee ſo.

(*m*) Gen. xlvi. 1. (*n*) 1 Sam. xviii. 7. (*o*) 1. Sam. xiii. 13.

" Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
" Exact the royal lot (*p*), and call it forth?
" Haſt thou not ſince (my beſt and greateſt Son)
" To him and to his periſhing nation done
" Such laſting benefits as may juſtly claim
" A ſceptre as eternal as thy fame?
" PoorPrince! whom madmen, prieſts, and boys, invade!
" By thine own fleſh, thy ingrateful ſon, betray'd!
" Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
" By Friendſhip's name againſt a crown and thee!
" Betray not, too, thyſelf: take courage, call
" Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
" Lo! this great cauſe makes thy dead fathers riſe,
" Breaks the firm ſeals of their clos'd tombs and eyes:
" Nor can their jealous aſhes, whilſt this boy
" Survives, the priv'lege of their graves enjoy.
" Riſe quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath
" Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death.
" Kill him, and thou 'rt ſecure; 'tis only he
" That has boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee.
" As earth's low globe robs the high moon of light,
" When this eclipſe is paſt thy fate's all bright.
" Truſt me, dear Son! and credit what I tell;
" I 'ave ſeen thy royal ſtars, and know them well.
" Hence fears, and dull delays. Is not thy breaſt
" (Yes, Saul! it is) with noble thoughts poſſeſs'd?

(*p*) 1 Sam. x. 23.

" May they beget like acts." With that ſhe takes
One of her worſt, her beſt beloved ſnakes;
" Softly, dear Worm! ſoft and unſeen," ſaid ſhe,
" Into his boſom ſteal, and in it be
" My vice-roy." At that word ſhe took her flight,
And her looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the night.
Th' infected king leap'd from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himſelf at firſt, but round him gaz'd,
And ſtarted back at piec'd-up ſhapes, which fear
And his diſtracted fancy painted there.
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold ſweat roll'd trembling down apace;
Then knocking with his angry hands his breaſt,
Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh! 'tis confeſs'd;
" I've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
" Wrong'd by a ſeer, a boy, every thing.
" Eight hundred years of death is not ſo deep,
" So unconcern'd, as my lethargic ſleep;
" My patience ev'n a ſacrilege becomes,
" Diſturbs the dead, and opes their ſacred tombs.
" Ah! Benjamin! kind Father! who for me
" This curſed world endur'ſt again to ſee!
" All thou haſt ſaid, great Viſion! is ſo true,
" That all which thou command'ſt, and more, I'll do.
" Kill him? yes, mighty Ghoſt! the wretch ſhall die (*q*),
" Tho' ev'ry ſtar in heav'n ſhould it deny,
" Nor mock th' aſſault of our juſt wrath again,
" Had he ten times his fam'd ten thouſand ſlain.

(*q*) 1 Sam. xviii. 11.

"Should that bold popular madman, whoſe deſign
"Is to revenge his own diſgrace by mine,
"Should my ingrateful ſon oppoſe th' intent,
"Should mine own heart grow ſcrup'lous, and relent;
"Curſe me, juſt Heav'n! (by which this truth I ſwear)
"If I that ſeer, my ſon, or ſelf, do ſpare.
"No, gentle Ghoſt! return to thy ſtill home;
"Thither this day mine and thy foe ſhall come:
"If that curs'd object longer vex my ſight,
"It muſt have learn'd to appear as thou to-night."
Whilſt thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
The threaten'd youth ſlept fearleſs on his bed.
Sleep on, reſt quiet as thy conſcience take,
For tho' thou ſleep'ſt thyſelf thy God's awake.
Above the ſubtle foldings of the ſky,
Above the well-ſet orbs' ſoft harmony,
Above thoſe petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light,
Where heav'n, as if it left itſelf behind,
Is ſtretch'd out far, nor its own bounds can find;
Here peaceful flames ſwell up the ſacred place,
Nor can the glory' contain itſelf in th' endleſs ſpace:
For there no twilight of the ſun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day;
No pale-fac'd moon does in ſtoll'n beams appear,
Or with dim taper ſcatters darkneſs there:
On no ſmooth ſphere the reſtleſs ſeaſons ſlide,
No circling motion doth ſwift time divide:

Nothing is there to come, and nothing paſt,
But an eternal Now does always laſt:
There ſits the Almighty, Firſt of all, and End,
Whom nothing but himſelf can comprehend;
Who with his Word commanded all to be,
And all obey'd him, for that Word was he.
Only he ſpoke, and every thing that is
From out the womb of feritle Nothing riſe.
Oh! who ſhall tell, who ſhall deſcribe thy throne,
Thou Great Three-One?
There thou thyſelf doſt in full preſence ſhow,
Not abſent from theſe meaner worlds below:
No; if thou wert, the elements' league would ceaſe,
And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace:
The ſun would ſtop his courſe, or gallop back,
The ſtars drop out, the poles themſelves would crack;
Earth's ſtrong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vaſt work all ravel out again
To its firſt nothing; for his Spirit contains
The well-knit maſs: from him each creature gains
Being and motion, which he ſtill beſtows;
From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
Round him vaſt armies of ſwift angels ſtand,
Which ſeven triumphant generals command:
They ſing loud anthems of his endleſs praiſe,
And with fix'd eyes drink in immortal rays.
Of theſe he call'd out one; all heav'n did ſhake,
And ſilence kept whilſt its Creator ſpake.

Are we forgotten then ſo ſoon? can he
Look on his crown, and not remember me
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the ear
To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard,
And it will coſt thee dear: the ills thou'ſt fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double ſend:
Have we not ſpoke it? and dares man contend?
Alas! poor Duſt! didſt thou but know the day
When thou muſt lie in blood at Gilboa (*r*),
Thou and thy ſons, thou wouldſt not threaten ſtill,
Thy trembling tongue would ſtop againſt thy will.
Then ſhall thine head fix'd in curs'd temples be,
And all their fooliſh gods ſhall laugh at thee.
That hand which now on David's life would prey,
Shall then turn juſt, and its own maſter ſlay.
He whom thou hat'ſt on thy lov'd throne ſhall ſit,
And expiate the diſgrace thou doſt to it.
Haſte, then; tell David what his King has ſworn,
Tell him whoſe blood muſt paint this riſing morn;
Yet bid him go ſecurely when he ſends:
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
The man who has his God no aid can lack,
And we who bid him go will bring him back.
He ſpoke; the heav'ns ſeem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now

(*r*) 1 Sam. xxxi. 8.

The jocund ſpheres began again to play,
Again each ſpirit ſung Halleluia,
Only that angel was ſtraight gone. Ev'n ſo
(But not ſo ſwift) the morning glories flow
At once from the bright ſun, and ſtrike the ground;
So winged lightning the ſoft air does wound:
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account ſo ſmall.
So flew this angel, till to David's bed
He came, and thus his ſacred meſſage ſaid.
"Awake, young Man! hear what thy King has "ſworn;
"He ſwore thy blood ſhould paint this riſing morn;
"Yet to him go ſecurely when he ſends:
"'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends.
"The man who has his God no aid can lack,
"And he who bids thee go will bring thee back."
Up leap'd Jeſſides, and did round him ſtare,
But could ſee nought, for nought was left but air.
Whilſt this great viſion labours in his thought,
Lo! the ſhort propheſy to effect is brought.
In treach'rous haſte he's ſent for to the King (s),
And with him bid his charmful lyre to bring.
The King, they ſay, lies in a raging fit,
Which does no cure but ſacred tunes admit:
And true it was, ſoft muſic did appeaſe
Th' obſcure fantaſtic rage of Saul's diſeaſe (t).

(s) 1 Sam. xvi. 19. and xix. 9. (t) 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

Tell me, oh, Mufe! (for thou or none canft tell
The myftic pow'rs that in blefs'd numbers dwell;
Thou their great nature know'ft, nor is it fit
This nobleft gem of thine own crown t' omit)
Tell me from whence thefe heav'nly charms arife;
Teach the dull world t' admire what they defpife.
As firft a various unform'd hint we find
Rife in fome godlike poet's fertile mind,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juft marches verfe and mufic make;
Such was God's poem, this world's new effay,
So wild and rude in its firft draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no correfpondence knew,
An artlefs war from thwarting motions grew,
Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
By the eternal Mind's poetic thought.
Water and air he for the tenor chofe,
Earth made the bafs, the treble flame arofe;
To th' active moon a quick brifk ftroke he gave,
To Saturn's ftring a touch more foft and grave.
The motions ftraight, and round, and fwift, and flow,
And fhort, and long, were mix'd and woven fo,
Did in fuch artful figures fmoothly fall,
As made this decent meafur'd dance of all.
And this is mufic; founds that charm our ears
Are but one dreffing that rich fcience wears;
Tho' no man hear it, tho' no man it rehearfe,
Yet will there ftill be mufic in my verfe.

In this great world ſo much of it we ſee,
The leſſer, man, is all o'er harmony:
Storehouſe of all proportions! ſingle quire!
Which firſt God's breath did tunefully inſpire:
From hence bleſs'd muſic's heav'nly charms ariſe,
From ſympathy which them and man allies:
Thus they our ſouls, thus they our bodies, win,
Not by their force, but party that's within:
Thus the ſtrange cure on our ſpilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant wound does guide:
Thus when two brethren ſtrings are ſet alike,
To move them both but one of them we ſtrike:
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his ſoul.

" When Iſrael was from bondage led (*u*),
" Led by the Almighty's hand
" From out a foreign land,
" The great ſea beheld and fled.
" As men purſu'd, when that fear paſt they find,
" Stop on ſome higher ground to look behind,
" So whilſt thro' wondrous ways
" The ſacred army went,
" The waves afar ſtood up to gaze,
" And their own rocks did repreſent,
" Solid as waters are above the firmament.

(*u*) Pſal. cxiv.

"Old Jordan's waters to their ſpring
"Start back with ſudden fright;
"The ſpring, amaz'd at ſight,
"Aſks what news from ſea they bring?
"The mountains ſhook; and to the mountains' ſide
"The little hills leap'd round, themſelves to hide;
"As young affrighted lambs,
"When they ought dreadful ſpy,
"Run trembling to their helpleſs dams,
"The mighty ſea and river by
"Were glad, for their excuſe, to ſee the hills to fly.

"What ail'd the mighty ſea to flee?
"Or why did Jordan's tide
"Back to his fountain glide?
"Jordan's tide, what ailed thee?
"Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains ſhake?
"What ail'd them their fix'd natures to forſake?
"Fly where thou wilt, O Sea!
"And Jordan's current ceaſe;
"Jordan! there is no need of thee,
"For at God's word, whene'er he pleaſe,
"The rocks ſhall weep new waters (*x*) forth inſtead
of theſe."

Thus ſung the great muſician to his lyre,
And Saul's black rage grew ſoftly to retire;

(*x*) Exod. xvii. 6. Num. xx. 11.

But Envy's ſerpent ſtill with him remain'd,
And the wiſe charmer's healthful voice diſdain'd (*y*).
Th' unthankful King, cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and bury'd ſtill in it;
From his paſt madneſs draws this wicked uſe,
To ſin diſguis'd, and murder with excuſe:
For whilſt the fearleſs youth his cure purſues,
And the ſoft med'cine with kind art renews,
The barb'rous patient caſts at him his ſpear (*z*);
(The uſual ſceptre that rough hand did bear)
Caſts it with vi'lent ſtrength; but into the room
An arm more ſtrong and ſure than his was come;
An angel, whoſe unſeen and eaſy might
Put by the weapon, and miſled it right.
How vain man's pow'r is! unleſs God command,
The weapon diſobeys his maſter's hand!
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At Gilboa it will not ſerve him ſo.
One would have thought, Saul's ſudden rage to have ſeen,
He had himſelf by David wounded been;
He ſcorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' ſin.
A bloody troop of his own guards he ſends
(Slaves to his will, and falſely call'd his Friends)
To mend his error by a ſurer blow;
So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not ſo.

(*y*) Pſal. lviii. 5. (*z*) 1 Sam. xviii. 11. and xix. 10.

Home flies the prince, and to his trembling wife
Relates the new-paſt hazard of his life,
Which ſhe with decent paſſion hears him tell,
For not her own fair eyes ſhe lov'd ſo well.
Upon their palace top, beneath a row
Of Lemon Trees, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright ſtores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the ſun's neighb'ring ray,
(A ſmall but artful paradiſe) they walk'd,
And hand in hand ſad gentle things they talk'd.
Here Michol firſt an armed troop eſpies
(So faithful and ſo quick are loving eyes)
Which march'd, and often gliſter'd thro' a wood,
That on right hand of her fair palace ſtood;
She ſaw them (*a*), and cry'd out, "They 're come to kill
" My deareſt lord! Saul's ſpear purſues thee ſtill:
" Behold his wicked guards: haſte, quickly fly;
" For Heav'n's ſake haſte; my dear lord! do not die.
" Ah, cruel Father! whoſe ill-natur'd rage
" Neither thy worth nor marriage can aſſwage!
" Will he part thoſe he join'd ſo late before?
" Were the two hundred foreſkins (*b*) worth no more?
" He ſhall not part us; (then ſhe wept between)
" At yonder window thou may'ſt 'ſcape unſeen;
" This hand ſhall let thee down; ſtay not, but haſte;
" 'Tis not my uſe to ſend thee hence ſo faſt."

(*a*) 1 Sam. xix. 11. (*b*) 1 Sam. xviii. 27.

" Beſt of all women!" he replies—and this
Scarce ſpoke, ſhe ſtops his anſwer with a kiſs.
" Throw not away," ſaid ſhe " thy precious breath;
" Thou ſtay'ſt too long within the reach of death."
Timely he' obeys her wiſe advice, and ſtreight
To unjuſt force ſhe' oppoſes juſt deceit.
She meets the murd'rers with a virtuous lie (*c*),
And good-diſſembling tears. " May he not die
" In quiet then?" ſaid ſhe: " Will they not give
" That freedom who ſo fear leſt he ſhould live?
" Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conſpire,
" And ſpares your guilt, yet does what you deſire.
" Muſt he not live? for that ye need not ſin;
" My much-wrong'd huſband ſpeechleſs lies within,
" And has too little left of vital breath
" To know his murderers, or to feel his death:
" One hour will do your work."———
Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
Beauty and ſorrow, mingled in one face,
Has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms, that they believe,
And an unwilling aptneſs find to grieve
At what they came for. A pale ſtatue's head,
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
Two ſervants mournful ſtand, and ſilent, by,
And on the table med'cinal relics lie;
In the cloſe room a well-plac'd taper's light
Adds a becoming horror to the ſight;

(*c*) 1 Sam. xix. 14.

And for th' impreſſion God prepar'd their ſenſe;
They ſaw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts Saul's unbleſs'd anger tries,
By his own hands deceiv'd, and ſervants' eyes!
  " It cannot be," ſaid he; " no, can it? ſhall
" Our great ten thouſand ſlayer idly fall?
" The ſilly rout thinks God protects him ſtill;
" But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
" Oh may he guard him! may his members be
" In as full ſtrength and well-ſet harmony,
" As the freſh body of the firſt-made man,
" Ere ſin, or ſin's juſt meed, diſeaſe began:
" He will be elſe too ſmall for our vaſt hate,
" And we muſt ſhare in our revenge with Fate.
" No; let us have him whole; we elſe may ſeem
" To 'ave ſnatch'd away but ſome few days from him,
" And cut that thread which would have dropt in two.
" Will our great anger learn to ſtoop ſo low?
" I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
" Of our juſt wrath the ſolemn ſacrifice,
" That muſt not blemiſh'd be; let him remain
" Secure, and grow up to our ſtroke again:
" 'Twill be ſome pleaſure then to take his breath,
" When he ſhall ſtrive and wreſtle with his death.
" Go, let him live—and yet—ſhall I then ſtay
" So long? Good and great actions hate delay.
" Some fooliſh piety perhaps, or he
" That has been ſtill mine honour's enemy,

" Samuel, may change or croſs my juſt intent,
" And I this formal pity ſoon repent.
" Beſides, Fate gives him me, and whiſpers this,
" That he can fly no more, if we ſhould miſs.
" Miſs! can we miſs again? go, bring him ſtraight,
" Tho' gaſping out his ſoul (*d*); if the wiſh'd date
" Of his accurſed life be almoſt paſt,
" Some joy 'twill be to ſee him breathe his laſt."
The troop return'd, of their ſhort virtue' aſham'd,
Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakneſs blam'd;
But when the pious fraud they underſtood,
Scarce the reſpect due to Saul's ſacred blood,
Due to the ſacred beauty in it reign'd,
From Michol's murder their wild rage reſtrain'd.
She alledg'd the holieſt chains that bind a wife (*e*),
Duty and love; ſhe alledg'd that her own life,
Had ſhe refus'd that ſafety to her lord,
Would have incurr'd juſt danger from his ſword.
Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no reſt,
A violent flame rolls in his troubled breaſt,
And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
Not his own fav'rites and beſt friends dare ſpeak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this cloud will burſt, and thunder fall.
So when the pride and terror of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,
Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed beaſt,
And bruſtles up, preparing for his feaſt;

(*d*) 1 Sam. xix. 15. (*e*) 1 Sam. xix. 17.

If that by ſwiftneſs 'ſcape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his ſharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his angry tail, and roaring out;
Beaſts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, tho' no wind be ſtirring, ſhake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around,
Echo itſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.
'Midſt a large wood that joins fair Rama's town *(f)*,
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A College ſtands, where, at great Prophets' feet
The prophets' ſons with ſilent diligence meet,
By Samuel built, and mod'rately endow'd,
Yet more to his lib'ral tongue than hands they ow'd:
There himſelf taught, and his bleſs'd voice to hear,
Teachers themſelves lay proud beneath him there.
The houſe was a large ſquare, but plain and low;
Wiſe Nature's uſe Art ſtrove not to outgo.
An inward ſquare by well-rang'd trees was made,
And midſt the friendly cover of their ſhade
A pure, well-taſted, wholeſome fountain roſe,
Which no vain coſt of marble did encloſe,
Nor thro' carv'd ſhapes did the forc'd waters paſs,
Shapes gazing on themſelves i' the liquid glaſs;
Yet the chaſte ſtream, that 'mong looſe pebbles fell,
For cleanneſs, thirſt, religion, ſerv'd as well.
The ſcholars, doctors, and companions, here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat ſmall chambers were;

(f) 1 Sam. xix. 19.

Well-furniſh'd chambers, for in each their ſtood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog where uſe does bound delight,
And thoſe are rich whoſe wealth's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burden to them, and contract their room.
A ſecond court, more ſacred, ſtood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler uſe deſign'd;
The hall and ſchools one ſide of it poſſeſs'd,
The library and ſynagogue the reſt:
Tables of plain-cut fir adorn'd the hall,
And with beaſts' ſkins the beds were cover'd all.
The rev'rend doctors take their ſeats on high,
Th' elect companions in their boſoms lie;
The ſcholars far below upon the ground,
On freſh-ſtrew'd ruſhes, place themſelves around:
With more reſpect the wiſe and ancient lay,
But ate not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their conſtant feaſt,
But by great days and ſacrifice increas'd.
The ſchools built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this ſide extend;
To which their ſynagogue on th' other ſide,
And to the hall their library reply'd.
The midſt tow'rds their large gardens open lay,
To' admit the joys of ſpring and early day.
I' the library a few choice authors ſtood;
Yet 'twas well ſtor'd, for that ſmall ſtore was good:

Writing, man's ſpiritual phyſic, was not then
Itſelf, as now, grown a diſeaſe of men.
Learning (young virgin!) but few ſuitors knew;
The common proſtitute ſhe lately grew,
And with her ſpurious brood loads now the preſs,
Laborious effects of idleneſs!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How letters ſav'd themſelves from death of old:
Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought plates,
Some cut in wood, ſome lightlier trac'd on ſlates;
Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with ſhort-liv'd toil,
Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil;
Some wrought in ſilks, ſome writ in tender barks;
Some the ſharp ſtyle in waxen tables marks;
Some in beaſts' ſkins, and ſome in Biblos reed,
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.
The ſchools were painted well with uſeful ſkill;
Stars, maps, and ſtories, the learn'd wall did fill:
Wiſe wholeſome proverbs mix'd around the room,
Some writ, and in Egyptian figures ſome.
Here all the nobleſt wits of men inſpir'd,
From earth's ſlight joys and worthleſs toils retir'd,
Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead,
Each day by turns their ſolid knowledge read.
The courſe and pow'r of ſtars great Nathan taught,
And home to man thoſe diſtant wonders brought;
How toward both poles the ſun's fix'd journey bends,
And how the year his crooked walk attends;

By what juſt ſteps the wand'ring lights advance,
And what eternal meaſures guide their dance:
Himſelf a prophet; but his lectures ſhew'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd.
Mahol th' inferior world's fantaſtic face,
Thro' all the turns of matter's maze, did trace;
Great Nature's well-ſet clock in pieces took,
On all the ſprings and ſmalleſt wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of ev'ry part.
The prophet Gad in learned duſt deſigns
Th' immortal ſolid rules of fancy'd lines;
Of numbers, too, th' unnumber'd wealth he ſhows,
And with them far their endleſs journey goes:
Numbers, which ſtill increaſe more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
Of men, and ages paſt, Seraiah read,
Embalm'd in long-liv'd Hiſtory the dead;
Show'd the ſteep falls, and ſlow aſcent, of ſtates;
What wiſdom and what follies make their fates.
Samuel himſelf did God's rich law diſplay,
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
And oft' his raviſh'd ſoul with ſudden flight
Soar'd above preſent times and human ſight.
Theſe arts but welcome ſtrangers might appear,
Muſic and verſe ſeem'd born and bred up here;
Scarce the bleſs'd heav'n, that rings with angels' voice,
Does with more conſtant harmony rejoice.

The ſacred Muſe does here each breaſt inſpire;
Heman and ſweet-mouth'd Aſaph rule their quire;
Both charming poets, and all ſtrains they play'd,
By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
The ſynagogue was dreſs'd with care and coſt,
(The only place where that they eſteem'd not loſt)
The glitt'ring roof with gold did daze the view,
The ſides refreſh'd with ſilks of ſacred blue.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
Thrice pray'rs from willing Heav'n a bleſſing draw;
Thrice in glad hymns ſwell'd with the great One's
praiſe,
The pliant voice on her ſev'n ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt all th' enliven'd inſtruments around
To the juſt feet with various concord ſound.
Such things were Muſes then, contemn'd low earth,
Decently proud, and mindful of their birth.
'Twas God himſelf that here tun'd ev'ry tongue,
And gratefully of him alone they ſung:
They ſung how God ſpoke out the world's vaſt ball
From nothing, and from no where call'd forth all;
No nature yet, or place for it to poſſeſs,
But an unbottom'd gulf of emptineſs.
Full of himſelf th'Almighty ſate, his own
Palace, and, without ſolitude, alone.
But he was goodneſs whole, and all things will'd,
Which ere they were his active Word fulfill'd,

And their aſtoniſh'd heads o' the ſudden rear'd.
An unſhap'd kind of ſomething firſt appear'd,
Confeſſing its new being, and undreſs'd,
As if it ſlept in haſte before the reſt:
Yet buried in this matter's darkſome womb,
Lay the rich ſeeds of every thing to come.
From hence the cheerful flame leap'd up ſo high,
Cloſe at its heels the nimble air did fly;
Dull earth with its own weight did downwards pierce
To the fix'd navel of the univerſe,
And was quite loſt in waters; till God ſaid
To the proud ſea, Shrink in your ins'lent head;
See how the gaping earth has made you place!
That durſt not murmur, but ſhrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are ſet, at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bade heav'n's fabric ſhine,
And from him a quick ſpring of light divine
Swell'd up the ſun, from whence his cheriſhing flame
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with ſacred gold:
"Be thou," ſaid he, "queen of the mournful Night;"
And as he ſpoke ſhe' aroſe, clad o'er in light,
With thouſand ſtars attending on her train:
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then herbs peep'd forth, new trees admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling flow'rs painted the infant wood:

Then flocks of birds thro' the glad air did flee,
Joyful and ſafe before man's luxury,
Teaching their Maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute fiſh witneſs no leſs his praiſe;
For thoſe he made, and cloth'd with ſilver ſcales,
From minoes to thoſe living iſlands, whales.
Beaſts, too, were his command; what could he more?
Yes, man he could, the bond of all before;
In him he all things with ſtrange order hurl'd;
In him, that full abridgment of the world.
This, and much more, of God's great works they told;
His mercies, and ſome judgments, too, of old:
How when all earth was deeply ſtain'd in ſin,
With an impetuous noiſe the waves came ruſhing in:
Where birds erewhile dwelt, and ſecurely ſung,
There fiſh (an unknown net) entangled hung:
The face of ſhipwreck'd Nature naked lay;
The ſun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but ſea.
This men forgot, and burnt in luſt again,
Till ſhow'rs, ſtrange as their ſin, of fiery rain,
And ſcalding brimſtone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive they felt thoſe flames they fry in dead.
No better end raſh Pharaoh's pride befel,
When wind and ſea wag'd war for Iſrael:
In his gilt chariots amaz'd fiſhes ſate,
And grew with corpſe of wretched princes fat.
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies ſtain;
Nor was it ſince call'd the Red Sea in vain.

Much, too, they told of faithful Abram's fame,
To whoſe bleſs'd paſſage they owe ſtill their name:
Of Moſes much, and the great ſeed of Nun,
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won;
How many kings they ſlew, or captive brought;
They held the ſwords, but God and angels fought.
Thus gain'd they the wiſe ſpending of their days,
And their whole life was their dear Maker's praiſe:
No minute's reſt, no ſwifteſt thought, they ſold
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold;
Gold! for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rds Hell than thoſe who dig its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it, which more
They valu'd than rich fools the ſhining ore.
The ſilk-worm's precious death they ſcorn'd to wear,
And Tyrian dye appear'd but ſordid there.
Honour, which ſince the price of ſouls became,
Seem'd to theſe great ones a low idle name.
Inſtead of down, hard beds they choſe to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board diſpeopled no full element;
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they ſpent,
And ſpar'd the ſtock; nor could their bodies ſay,
We owe this crudeneſs t' exceſs yeſterday.
Thus ſouls live cleanly, and no ſoiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there:
The Senſes perform nimbly what they 're bid,
And honeſtly, nor are by Reaſon chid;

And when the down of ſleep does ſoftly fall,
Their dreams are heav'nly then, and myſtical:
With haſty wings time preſent they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of Deſtiny:
There walk and ſport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce ev'ry cauſe's womb.
Thus theſe wiſe ſaints enjoy'd their little all,
Free from the ſpite of much-miſtaken Saul:
For if man's life we in juſt balance weigh,
David deſerv'd his envy leſs than they.
Of this retreat the hunted prince makes choice,
Adds to their quire his nobler lyre and voice:
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie,
So bright his luſtre, ſo quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he eſcap'd before,
Purſue him here, and fear miſtakes no more:
Belov'd revenge freſh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all promiſe to their ſwords.
They came, but a new ſp'rit their hearts poſſeſs'd,
Scatt'ring a ſacred calm through ev'ry breaſt:
The furrows of their brow, ſo rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a ſmile:
Their cooler veins ſwell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaſte ſtreams with even current glide:
A ſudden day breaks gently thro' their eyes,
And morning bluſhes in their cheeks ariſe:
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther, ceaſe;
In peaceful tunes they adore the God of peace (g).

(g) 1 Sam. xix. 20.

New meſſengers twice more the tyrant ſent (*h*),
And was twice more mock'd with the ſame event.
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay;
It ſends him there himſelf (*i*); but on the way
His fooliſh anger a wiſe fury grew,
And bleſſings from his mouth unbidden flew.
His kingly robes he laid at Naioh down,
Began to underſtand and ſcorn his crown;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more ſolid joys than empire brings;
Embrac'd his wond'ring ſon, and on his head
The balm of all paſt wounds, kind tears, he ſhed.
  So cov'tous Balaam, with a fond intent
Of curſing the bleſs'd ſeed, to Moab went (*k*);
But as he went, his fatal tongue to ſell,
His aſs taught him to ſpeak, God to ſpeak well (*l*).
" How comely are thy tents, oh, Iſrael (*m*)!"
Thus he began, " what conqueſts they foretel!
" Leſs fair are orchards in their autumn-pride,
" Adorn'd with trees on ſome fair river's ſide;
" Leſs fair are vallies, their green mantles ſpread,
" Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
" 'Twas God himſelf (thy God who muſt not fear?)
" Brought thee from bondage to be maſter here:
" Slaughter ſhall wear out theſe, new weapons get,
" And Death in triumph on thy darts ſhall ſit.

(*h*) 1 Sam. xix. 21 (*i*) Ibid. ver. 23. (*k*) Num. xxii. 15, 20.
(*l*) Ibid. ver. 28. (*m*) Num. xxiv. 5.

"When Judah's Lion ſtarts up to his prey,
"The beaſts ſhall hang their ears and creep away;
"When he lies down, the woods ſhall ſilence keep,
"And dreadful tigers tremble at his ſleep.
"Thy curſers, Jacob! ſhall twice curſed be,
"And he ſhall bleſs himſelf that bleſſes thee."

End of the Firſt Book.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

The Contents.

THE friendſhip betwixt Jonathan and David; and, upon that occaſion, a digreſſion concerning the nature of love. A diſcourſe between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter abſents himſelf from court, and the former goes thither to inform himſelf of Saul's reſolution. The feaſt of the New-Moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digreſſion of the hiſtory of Abraham. Saul's ſpeech upon David's abſence from the feaſt, and his anger againſt Jonathan. David's reſolution to fly away. He parts with Jonathan, and falls aſleep under a tree. A deſcription of Fancy. An angel makes up a viſion in David's head. The viſion itſelf; which is a propheſy of all the ſucceſſion of his race till Chriſt's time, with their moſt remarkable actions. At his awaking Gabriel aſſumes an human ſhape, and confirms to him the truth of his viſion.

BUT now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up roſe the ſun and Saul:
Both, as men thought, roſe freſh from ſweet repoſe;
But both, alas! from reſtleſs labours roſe;
For in Saul's breaſt Envy, the toilſome ſin,
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She' expell'd all forms of kindneſs, virtue, grace,
Of the paſt day no footſtep left, or trace;
The new-blown ſparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
So near a ſtorm wiſe David would not ſtay,
Nor truſt the glitt'ring of a faithleſs day:
He ſaw the ſun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place.

The ſea itſelf ſmooths his rough brow a while,
Flattering the greedy merchant with a ſmile;
But he whoſe ſhipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the ſea, and ſuch was Saul;
But Jonathan, his ſon, and only good,
Was gentle as fair Jordan's uſeful flood;
Whoſe innocent ſtream, as it in ſilence goes,
Freſh honours and a ſudden ſpring beſtows
On both his banks, to ev'ry flower and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we ſee:
But more than all, more than himſelf, he lov'd
The man whoſe worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For when the noble youth at Dammin ſtood,
Adorn'd with ſweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him thro' with greedy eye (*a*),
And underſtood the future majeſty
Then deſtin'd in the glories of his look;
He ſaw, and ſtraight was with amazement ſtrook,
To ſee the ſtrength, the feature, and the grace,
Of his young limbs; he ſaw his comely face,
Where love and rev'rence ſo well mingled were,
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
He ſaw what mildneſs his bold ſp'rit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet pow'rful as a flame;
He ſaw his valour by their ſafety prov'd;
He ſaw all this, and as he ſaw he lov'd.

(*a*) 1 Sam. xviii. 1.

What art thou, Love! thou great myſterious thing?
From what hid ſtock does thy ſtrange nature ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the world thro' every part,
And hold'ſt the vaſt frame cloſe, that nothing ſtart
From the due place and office firſt ordain'd:
By thee were all things made, and are ſuſtain'd.
Sometimes we ſee thee fully, and can ſay
From hence thou took'ſt thy riſe, and went'ſt that way;
But oft'ner the ſhort beams of Reaſon's eye
See only there thou art, not how, nor why.
How is the loadſtone, Nature's ſubtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The ſtrong and conqu'ring metal overcame?
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural ſtate;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
Ye learned Heads! whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it.
How does the abſent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightneſs to aſcend?
Or why does weight to th' centre downwards bend?
Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And ſeldom we, they never, know the cauſe.
In thy large ſtate, life gives the next degree,
Where ſenſe and good apparent places thee;

But thy chief palace is man's heart alone;
Here are thy triumphs and full glories ſhown:
Handſome deſires, and reſt, about thee flee,
Union, inherence, zeal, and ecſtaſy,
With thouſand joys, cluſter around thine head,
O'er which a galleſs dove her wings does ſpread:
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than conſciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The myſtic ſceptre of a croſs of gold.
Thus doſt thou ſit (like men, ere ſin had fram'd
A guilty bluſh) naked, but not aſham'd.
What cauſe, then, did the fab'lous Ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that monſter, Luſt, for thee.
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming, flame;
Such in th' amazed buſh to Moſes came (*b*),
When that, ſecure, its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needleſs fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall,
Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret darts
Which ſweetly touch'd this nobleſt pair of hearts:
Still to one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
As courteous doves together yok'd would do:
No weight of birth did on one ſide prevail;
Two twins leſs even lie in Nature's ſcale:

(*b*) Exod. iii. 2.

They mingled fates, and both in each did ſhare;
They both were ſervants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was ſent,
It was moſt his to whom it leaſt was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was croſs'd,
For ſtriking one, it wounded th' other moſt.
Never did marriage ſuch true union find,
Or men's deſires with ſo glad violence bind;
For there is ſtill ſome tincture left of ſin,
And ſtill the ſex will needs be ſtealing in.
Thoſe joys are full of droſs, and thicker far;
Theſe, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such ſacred love does heav'n's bright ſpirits fill,
Where love is but to underſtand and will,
With ſwift, and unſeen motions ſuch as we
Somewhat expreſs in heighten'd charity.
O ye bleſs'd One! whoſe love on earth became
So pure, that ſtill in heav'n 'tis but the ſame!
There now ye ſit, and with mix'd ſouls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's myſterious face,
And pity this baſe world, where friendſhip's made
A bait for ſin, or elſe at beſt a trade.
Ah! wondrous Prince! who a true friend couldſt be
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd, thee!
Who held'ſt him dear whoſe ſtars thy birth did croſs,
And bought'ſt him nobly at a kingdom's loſs!
Iſrael's bright ſceptre far leſs glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

To this ſtrange pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid (c),
As ſwift as love and danger could perſuade;
As ſafe in Jonathan's truſt his thoughts remain,
As when himſelf but dreams them o'er again.
"My deareſt Lord! farewell," ſaid he. "Farewell;
"Heav'n bleſs the King; may no misfortune tell
"Th' injuſtice of his hate when I am dead:
"They 're coming now: perhaps my guiltleſs head,
"Here, in your ſight, muſt then a-bleeding lie,
"And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
"Think me not ſcar'd with death, howe'er it appear;
"I know thou canſt not think ſo: it is a fear
"From which thy love and Dammin ſpeaks me free;
"I 've met him face to face, and ne'er could ſee
"One terror in his looks to make me fly
"When Virtue bids me ſtand; but I would die
"So as becomes my life, ſo as may prove
"Saul's malice, and at leaſt excuſe your love."
He ſtopp'd, and ſpoke ſome paſſion with his eyes.
"Excellent Friend!" the gallant prince replies;
"Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy virtues, that they're known
"To all good men, more than to each his own.
"Who lives in Iſrael that can doubtful be
"Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
"Such is thy valour, and thy vaſt ſucceſs,
"That all things but thy loyalty are leſs;

(c) 1 Sam. xx. 1.

" And ſhould my father at thy ruin aim,
" 'Twould wound as much his ſafety as his fame.
" Think them not coming, then, to ſlay thee here,
" But doubt miſhaps as little as you fear;
" For by thy loving God, whoe'er deſign
" Againſt thy life, muſt ſtrike at it thro' mine.
" But I my royal father muſt acquit
" From ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
" Think on his ſoftneſs, when from death he freed
" The faithleſs king of Am'lec's curſed ſeed (*d*);
" Can he to a friend, to a ſon, ſo bloody grow,
" He who ev'n ſinn'd but now to ſpare a foe?
" Admit he could; but with what ſtrength or art
" Could he ſo long cloſe and ſeal up his heart?
" Such counſels jealous of themſelves become,
" And dare not fix without conſent of ſome.
" Few men ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
" Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
" No more (believe it) could he hide this from me,
" Than I, had he diſcover'd it, from thee (*e*)."
Here they embraces join, and almoſt tears,
Till gentle David thus new prov'd his fears.
" The praiſe you pleas'd, great Prince! on me to ſpend,
" Was all outſpoken when you ſtyl'd me Friend:
" That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
" And gives excuſe to th' envy of a king.

(*d*) 1 Sam. xv. 9. (*e*) 1 Sam. xv. 2.

" What did his ſpear, force, and dark plots, impart,
" But ſome eternal rancour in his heart?
" Still does he glance the fortune of that day
" When, drown'd in his own blood, Goliath lay,
" And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſound
" How that vaſt monſter fell, and ſtrook the ground.
" The dance, and, David his ten thouſand ſlew,
" Still wound his ſickly ſoul, and ſtill are new.
" Great acts t'ambitious princes treaſon grow,
" So much they hate that ſafety which they owe.
" Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place;
" From the good danger, from the bad diſgrace.
" They doubt the lords', miſtruſt the people's hate,
" Till blood become a principle of ſtate.
" Secur'd nor by their guards nor by their right,
" But ſtill they fear ev'n more than they affright.
" Pardon me, Sir, your father's rough and ſtern;
" His will too ſtrong to bend, too proud to learn.
" Remember, Sir, the honey's deadly ſting;
" Think on that ſavage juſtice of the King,
" When the ſame day that ſaw you do before
" Things above man, ſhould ſee you man no more.
" 'Tis true th' accurſed Agag mov'd his ruth;
" He pity'd his tall limbs and comely youth;
" Had ſeen, alas! the proof of Heav'n's fierce hate,
" And fear'd no miſchief from his pow'rleſs fate.
" Remember how th' old ſeer came raging down,
" And taught him boldly to ſuſpect his crown.

"Since then his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,
"Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.
"Hence his deep rage and trembling envy ſprings;
"Nothing ſo wild as jealouſy of kings.
"Whom ſhould he counſel aſk, with whom adviſe,
"Who reaſon and God's counſel does deſpiſe?
"Whoſe headſtrong will no law or conſcience daunt,
"Dares he not ſin, do you think, without your grant?
"Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
"He would not doubt, believe it, to kill ev'n you."
The Prince is mov'd, and ſtraight prepares to find
The deep reſolves of his griev'd father's mind.
The danger now appears, love can ſoon ſhow it,
And force his ſtubborn piety to know it.
They' agree that David ſhould conceal'd abide (*f*),
Till his great friend had the court's temper try'd;
Till he had Saul's moſt ſacred purpoſe found,
And ſearch'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
'Twas the year's ſeventh-born moon; the ſolemn
That with moſt noiſe its ſacred mirth expreſs'd. [feaſt
From op'ning morn, till night ſhuts in the day,
On trumpets and ſhrill horns the Levites play (*g*).
Whether by this in myſtic type we ſee
The new-year's day of great eternity,
When the chang'd moon ſhall no more changes make,
And ſcatter'd deaths by trumpets' ſound awake;

(*f*) 1 Sam. xx. 5, &c. (*g*) Lev. xxiii. 24. Num. xxix. 1.

Or that the law be kept in mem'ry ſtill,
Giv'n with like noiſe on Sina's ſhining hill (*h*);
Or that (as ſome men teach) it did ariſe
From faithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice,
Who, whilſt the Ram on Iſaac's fire did fry,
His horn with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by;
Obſcure the cauſe, but God his will declar'd,
And all nice knowledge then with eaſe is ſpar'd.
At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
'Midſt a large train of prieſts and courtiers, went;
The ſacred herd march'd proud and ſoftly by,
Too fat and gay to think their deaths ſo nigh.
Hard fate of beaſts, more innocent than we!
Prey to our lux'ry and our piety!
Whoſe guiltleſs blood, on boards and altars ſpilt,
Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt!
Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,
Two well-waſh'd goats, and fourteen ſpotleſs lambs,
With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
(Small fees to Heav'n of all by which we 're fed)
Are offer'd up: the hallowed flames ariſe,
And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the ſkies.
From thence the King to th' outmoſt court is brought,
Where heav'nly things an inſpir'd prophet taught,
And from the ſacred tent to his palace gates,
With glad kind ſhouts th' aſſembly on him waits;
The cheerful horns before him loudly play,
And freſh-ſtrew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant way.

(*h*) Exod. xix. 19.

Thus in ſlow ſtate to the palace hall they go,
Rich dreſs'd for ſolemn luxury and ſhow:
Ten pieces of bright tap'ſtry hung the room,
The nobleſt work e'er ſtretch'd on Syrian loom,
For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
And given to Saul when Saul's beſt gift he ſought,
The bright-ey'd Merab (*i*); for that mindful day
No ornament ſo proper ſeem'd as they.

There all old Abram's ſtory you might ſee,
And ſtill ſome angel bore him company.
His painful but well-guided travels ſhow
The fate of all his ſons, the church below.
Here beauteous Sara to great Pharaoh came;
He bluſh'd with ſudden paſſion, ſhe with ſhame:
Troubled ſhe ſeem'd, and lab'ring in the ſtrife,
'Twixt her own honour and her huſband's life (*k*).
Here on a conqu'ring hoſt, that careleſs lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
The patriarch falls (*l*); well mingled might you ſee
The confus'd marks of death and luxury.
In the next piece bleſs'd Salem's myſtic King
Does ſacred preſents to the victor bring (*m*);
Like him whoſe type he bears, his rights receives,
Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives:
Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
The mild and great, the prieſt and prince, had place.

(*i*) 1 Sam. xviii. 19.
(*k*) Gen. xx. 2, 11, 16.
(*l*) Gen. xiv. 14.
(*m*) Gen. xiv. 18.

Here all their ſtarry hoſt the heav'ns diſplay;
And, lo! an heav'nly youth! more fair than they,
Leads Abram forth; points upwards; "Such," ſaid he,
"So bright and numberleſs, thy ſeed ſhall be (*n*)."
Here he with God a new alliance makes,
And in his fleſh the marks of homage takes (*o*):
Here he the three myſterious perſons feaſts (*p*),
Well paid with joyful tidings by his gueſts (*q*):
Here for the wicked town he prays (*r*), and near,
Scarce did the wicked town thro' flames appear (*s*):
And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
Since he from Ur (*t*) to Ephron's cave (*u*) was brought.
But none 'mongſt all the forms drew then their eyes
Like faithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice (*x*).
The ſad old man mounts ſlowly to the place,
With Nature's power triumphant in his face
O'er the mind's courage; for, in ſpight of all,
From his ſwoln eyes reſiſtleſs waters fall.
The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore (*y*)
With ſmiling looks, and ſometimes walk'd before,
And ſometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
The hope of mankind: patiently he lay,
And did his ſire, as he his God, obey (*z*).
The mournful ſire lifts up at laſt the knife (*a*),
And on one moment's ſtring depends his life

(*n*) Gen. xv. 5. (*o*) Gen. xvii. 5. &c. (*p*) Gen. xviii. 2. (*q*) ℣. 10. (*r*) ℣. 23. (*s*) Gen. xix. 24. (*t*) Gen. xi. 31. (*u*) Gen. xxv. 9. (*x*) Gen. xxii. 3. (*y*) ℣. 6. (*z*) ℣. 9. (*a*) ℣. 10.

In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.
A thousand sp'rits peep'd from th' affrighted sky,
Amaz'd at this strange scene, and almost fear'd,
For all those joyful prophesies they 'ad heard;
Till one leap'd nimbly forth (*b*), by God's command,
Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.
The gentle sp'rit smil'd kindly as he spoke;
New beams of joy thro' Abram's wonder broke.
The angel points to a tuft of bushes near,
Where an entangled Ram does half appear (*c*),
And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which, tho' but slightly wrought, was firmly set:
For, lo! anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd;
Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,
And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this hall's end a Shittim table stood,
Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood;
For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
And cast his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,
Which does weak man intoxicate no less.
Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought;
But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.
Behold sev'n comely blooming youths appear,
And in their hands sev'n silver washpots bear,

(*b*) Gen. xxii. 11. (*c*) ℣. 13.

Curl'd, and gay clad, the choiceſt ſons that be
Of Gibeon's race, and ſlaves of high degree.
Sev'n beauteous maids march'd ſoftly in behind,
Bright ſcarves their clothes, their hair freſh garlands bind,
And whilſt the princes waſh they on them ſhed
Rich ointments, which their coſtly odours ſpread
O'er the whole room; from their ſmall priſons free,
With ſuch glad haſte thro' the wide air they flee.
The King was plac'd alone (*d*), and o'er his head
A well-wrought heav'n of ſilk and gold was ſpread,
Azure the ground, the ſun in gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wand'ring clouds with ſilver light.
The right-hand bed the King's three ſons did grace,
The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's place:
And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men Saul's court and camp could ſhow.
The palace did with mirth and muſic ſound,
And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around:
But tho' bright joy in ev'ry gueſt did ſhine,
The plenty, ſtate, muſic, and ſprightful wine,
Were loſt on Saul, an angry care did dwell
In his dark breaſt, and all gay forms expel.
David's unuſual abſence from the feaſt (*e*),
To his ſick ſpirit did jealous thoughts ſuggeſt:
Long lay he ſtill, nor drank, nor ate, nor ſpoke,
And thus at laſt his troubled ſilence broke.
"Where can he be?" ſaid he. "It muſt be ſo."
With that he paus'd a while. "Too well we know

(*d*) 1 Sam. xx. 25. (*e*) 1 Sam. xx. 26, 27.

" His boundleſs pride: he grieves and hates to ſee
" The ſolemn triumphs of my court and me.
" Believe me, Friends! and truſt what I can ſhow
" From thouſand proofs; th' ambitious David now
" Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud ſoul deſign,
" That too much buſineſs give for mirth or wine.
" He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
" Among the Tribes, and does ev'n now conſpire
" Againſt my crown, and all our lives, whilſt we
" Are loath ev'n to ſuſpect what we might ſee.
" By the Great Name 'tis true."
With that he ſtrook the board, and no man there,
But Jonathan, durſt undertake to clear [ſpoke,
The blameleſs Prince (*f*); and ſcarce ten words he
When thus his ſpeech th' enraged tyrant broke.
" Diſloyal Wretch! thy gentle mother's ſhame (*g*)!
" Whoſe cold pale ghoſt ev'n bluſhes at thy name!
" Who fears leſt her chaſte bed ſhould doubted be,
" And her white fame ſtain'd, by black deeds of thee!
" Canſt thou be mine? A crown ſometimes does hire
" Ev'n ſons againſt their parents to conſpire,
" But ne'er did ſtory yet, or fable, tell
" Of one ſo wild who, merely to rebel,
" Quitted the unqueſtion'd birthright of a throne,
" And bought his father's ruin with his own. [fence;
" Thou need'ſt not plead th' ambitious youth's de-
" Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:

(*f*) 1 Sam. xx. 28, 29. (*g*) Ver. 30, 31.

" Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
" Whilſt thy unnatural guilt is plac'd ſo near.
" Is this that noble friendſhip you pretend?
" Mine, thine own foe, and thy worſt en'my's friend?
" If thy low ſp'rit can thy great birthright quit,
" The thing's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'ſt thou it.
" I, and thy brethren here, have no ſuch mind,
" Nor ſuch prodigious worth in David find,
" That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
" Or think God's choice not made ſo well as thine.
" Shame of thy houſe and tribe! hence, from mine eye;
" To thy falſe friend and ſervile maſter fly;
" He is, ere this time, in arms expecting thee;
" Haſte, for thoſe arms are rais'd to ruin me.
" Thy ſin that way will nobler much appear,
" Than to remain his ſpy and agent here.
" When I think this, Nature, by thee forſook,
" Forſakes me too." With that his ſpear he took
To ſtrike at him (*h*): the mirth and muſic ceaſe;
The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t' appeaſe (*i*).
The Prince his danger and his duty knew,
And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
 To David ſtraight, who in a foreſt nigh
Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly (*k*).
The ſole advice, now, like the danger, clear,
Was in ſome foreign land this ſtorm t' outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen,
And mournful kind diſcourſes paſs'd between.

(*h*) 1 Sam. xx. 33. (*i*) ℣. 34. (*k*) ℣. 35.

Now gen'rous tears their haſty tongues reſtrain;
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again (*l*):
A rev'rend oath of conſtant love they take,
And God's high name their dreaded witneſs make (*m*):
Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove,
But 'twas the tedious zeal of endleſs love.
Thus, ere they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp friendſhip and grief could ſhow.
And David now, with doubtful cares oppreſs'd,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt;
When by command divine thick miſts ariſe,
And ſtop the ſenſe, and cloſe the conquer'd eyes.
There is a place which man moſt high doth rear,
The ſmall world's heav'n, where reaſon moves the
Here in a robe which does all colours ſhow, [ſphere;
(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
Fancy, wild dame, with much laſcivious pride,
By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride:
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about,
Of ſhapes and airy forms an endleſs rout.
A ſea rolls on with harmleſs fury here;
Straight 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear.
Here in a moment are vaſt armies made,
And a quick ſcene of war and blood diſplay'd.
Here ſparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
The bawds for Senſe, and lying baits of ſin.

(*l*) 1 Sam. xx. 41. (*m*) V. 42.

Some things ariſe of ſtrange and quarrelling kind,
The forepart lion, and a ſnake behind.
Here golden mountains ſwell the cov'tous place,
And Centaurs ride themſelves, a painted race.
Of theſe ſlight wonders Nature ſees the ſtore,
And only then accounts herſelf but poor.
 Hither an angel comes in David's trance,
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the num'rous forms fit choice he takes,
And joins them wiſely, and this viſion makes.
 Firſt, David there appears in kingly ſtate,
Whilſt the Twelve Tribes his dread commands a-
 wait (*n*):
Straight to the wars with his join'd ſtrength he goes,
Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came,
(Since high in note, then not unknown to Fame)
The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend (*o*),
And no new wounds or dangers apprehend.
The buſy image of great Joab there
Diſdains the mock, and teaches them to fear:
He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted ſhapes of ſlaughter fill the town.
They curſe the guards their mirth and brav'ry choſe,
All of them now are ſlain, or made like thoſe.
Far thro' an inward ſcene an army lay,
Which with full banners a fair Fiſh diſplay.

(*n*) 2 Sam. v. 1. 1 Chro. xii. 23. (*o*) 2 Sam. v. 6.

From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coaſt
They ſeem all met, a vaſt and warlike hoſt.
Thither haſtes David to his deſtin'd prey,
Honour and noble Danger lead the way (*p*).
The conſcious trees ſhook with a rev'rend fear
Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there (*q*).
Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' boſom fills,
Dead corpſe imboſs the vale with little hills.
On th' other ſide Sophenes mighty king
Numberleſs troops of the bleſs'd Eaſt does bring (*r*):
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
Damaſcus and rich Adad help in vain (*s*).
Here Nabathæan troops in battle ſtand,
With all the luſty youth of Syrian land;
Undaunted Joab ruſhes on with ſpeed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery ſteed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The Syrians leave, or poſſeſs dead, the ground (*t*).
On th' other wing does brave Abiſhai ride (*u*),
Reeking in blood and duſt: on ev'ry ſide
The perjur'd ſons of Ammon quit the field,
Some baſely die, and ſome more baſely yield.
Thro' a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
And far more juſtly then fears Hebrew ſpies.
Moloch, their bloody god, thruſts out his head,
Grinning thro' a black cloud (*x*): him they'd long fed

(*p*) 2 Sam. v. 17,—22. 1 Chro. xiv. 8, *&c.* (*q*) 2 Sam. v. 22, 23, 24. 1 Chro. xiv. 14. (*r*) 2 Sam. viii. 3. 1 Chro. xviii. 3. (*s*) ỷ. 5. (*t*) 2 Sam. x. 6. 1 Chro. xix. 6, 8. (*u*) ỷ. 10. (*x*) 2 Sam. x. 3, 4. 1 Chro. xix. 3.

In his ſev'n chambers, and he ſtill did eat
New-roaſted babes, his dear delicious meat.
Again they' ariſe, more anger'd and diſmay'd;
Euphrates and ſwift Tigris ſends them aid:
In vain they ſend it, for again they 're ſlain,
And feaſt the greedy birds on Helay plain *(y)*.
Here Rabba with proud tow'rs affronts the ſky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie;
They force the walls, and ſack the helpleſs town;
On David's head ſhines Ammon's maſſy crown.
'Midſt various torments the curs'd race expires*(z)*;
David himſelf his ſevere wrath admires.
  Next upon Iſrael's throne does bravely ſit
A comely youth, endow'd with wondrous wit *(a)*:
Far, from the parched line, a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundleſs wiſdom, came *(b)*:
She carry'd back in her triumphant womb
The glorious ſtock of thouſand kings to come.
Here brighteſt forms his pomp and wealth diſplay;
Here they a temple's vaſt foundations lay *(c)*;
A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd,
For God t' inhabit, and that King to build.
Some from the quarries hew out maſſy ſtone,
Some draw it up with cranes; ſome breathe and groan
In order o'er the anvil; ſome cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountain's ancient crown;

(y) 1 Chron. xix 15, 18. *(z)* 2 Sam. xi. 1. 1 Chron. xx. 2 Sam. xii. 30. 1 Chro. xx. 2. ℣. 31. 1 Chro. xx. 3 *(a)* 1 Kings i. 1 Chro. xxiii. 1. 1 Kings iii. 12. 2 Chro. i. 12. *(b)* 1 Kings x. Mat. xii. 42. Luke xi. 31. *(c)* 1 Kings vi. 2 Chro. iii. iv. v.

Some carve the trunks, and breathing ſhapes beſtow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow.
But, oh! alas! what ſudden cloud is ſpread
About this glorious King's eclipſed head (*d*)?
It all his fame benights, and all his ſtore,
Wrapping him round, and now he's ſeen no more.

When ſtraight his ſon appears at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedleſs council circled round (*e*);
Unſeemly object! but a falling ſtate
Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.
Ten Tribes at once forſake the Jeſſian throne,
And bold Adoram at his meſſage ſtone (*f*);
"Brethren of Iſrael!"—More he fain would ſay,
But a flint ſtopp'd his mouth, and ſpeech in th' way.
Here this fond king's diſaſters but begin;
He's deſtin'd to more ſhame by' his father's ſin.
Suſac comes up, and under his command
A dreadful army from ſcorch'd Afric's ſand,
As numberleſs as that: all is his prey;
The temple's ſacred wealth they bear away (*g*);
Adrazar's ſhields and golden loſs they take;
Ev'n David in his dream does ſweat and ſhake.
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of leſs weight now than Solomon's fingers were (*h*).

Abijah next ſeeks Iſrael to regain,
And waſh in ſeas of blood his father's ſtain (*i*).

(*d*) 1 Kings xi. (*e*) 1 Kings xii. 2 Chro. x. (*f*) 1 Kings xii. 18. 2 Chro. x. 18. (*g*) 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26. 2 Chro. xii. 2, 3. (*h*) 1 Kings xii. 10. 2 Chro. x. 10. (*i*) 1 Kings xv. 1. 2 Chro. xiii. 1, 3, &c.

Ne'er saw the aged Sun so cruel fight;
Scarce saw he this, but hid his bashful light.
Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then (*k*)?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;
God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side.
  Asan. a just and virtuous prince, succeeds,
High rais'd by Fame for great and godly deeds:
He cut the solemn groves where idols stood,
And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood (*l*).
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak pow'rs of Hell;
Before him next their doting servants fell:
So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,
As made ev'n that Arabia desert too (*m*).
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baasha's fight?
Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrian's might (*n*)?
Conquest, Heav'n's gift, cannot by man be sold.
Alas! what weakness trusts he? man and gold.
  Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state;
An happy prince, well worthy of his fate (*o*):
His oft' oblations on God's altar, made
With thousand flocks, and thousand herds, are paid,
Arabian tribute (*p*)! What mad troops are those,
Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes?
He prays them dead (*q*); with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury slays them all.

(*k*) 2 Chro. xiii. 17. (*l*) 1 Kings xv. 9. 2 Chro. xiv. 1, 3. &c. (*m*) 2 Chr. xiv. 9. (*n*) 2 Chr. xvi. 2, 7, &c. (*o*) 1 Kings xv. 25. and xxii. 43. 2 Chron. xvii. (*p*) 2 Chro. xvii. 11. (*q*) 2 Chro. xx. 18.

Thus ſits he ſtill, and ſees himſelf to win,
Never o'ercome but by his friend Ahab's ſin (*r*)
On whoſe diſguiſe Fates then did only look,
And had almoſt their God's command miſtook;
Him from whoſe danger Heav'n ſecurely brings,
And for his ſake two ripely wicked kings (*s*).
Their armies languiſh, burnt with thirſt (*t*), at Seere,
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moiſture there:
They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty ſky,
And fancy clouds, and ſo become more dry.
Eliſha calls for waters from afar
To come (*u*); Eliſha calls, and here they are.
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood,
And the decreaſe repair with Moab's blood (*x*).
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng
For Judah's ſceptre; both ſhort-liv'd too long.
A woman, too, from murther title claims (*y*);
Both with her ſins and ſex the crown ſhe ſhames.
Proud, curſed Woman! but her fall at laſt
To doubting men clears Heav'n for what was paſt.
Joas at firſt does bright and glorious ſhow (*z*);
In life's freſh morn his fame did early crow:
Fair was the promiſe of his dawning ray,
But prophet's angry blood o'ercaſt his day:

(*r*) 1 Kings xxii. 30. 2 Chro. xviii. 3. (*s*) 2 Kings iii. 14. (*t*) 2 Kings iii. 9. (*u*) 2 Kings iii. 17. (*x*) 2 Kings iii. 24. (*y*) 2 Kings viii. 16, 25. 2 Chron. xxi. 1. and xxii. 1. 2 Kings xi. 1. 2 Chron. xxii. 10. (*z*) 2 Kings xii. 2 Chron. xxiv.

From thence his clouds, from thence his ſtorms, begin,
It cries aloud (*a*), and twice lets Aram in (*b*).
So Amaziah lives, ſo ends his reign,
Both by their trait'rous ſervants juſtly ſlain (*c*).
Edom at firſt dreads his victorious hand;
Before him thouſand captives trembling ſtand.
Down a precipice deep, down he caſts them all;
The mimic ſhapes in ſeveral poſtures fall (*d*):
But then (mad Fool!) he does thoſe gods adore,
Which when pluck'd down had worſhipp'd him before (*e*).
Thus all his life to come is loſs and ſhame;
No help from gods, who themſelves help'd not, came (*f*).
All this Uzziah's ſtrength and wit repairs,
Leaving a well-built greatneſs to his heirs (*g*),
Till leprous ſcurf, o'er his whole body caſt (*h*),
Takes him at firſt from men, from earth at laſt.
As virtuous was his ſon, and happier far;
Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war (*i*);
But Achaz heaps up ſins, as if he meant
To make his worſt forefathers innocent (*k*):
He burns his ſon at Hinnon (*l*), whilſt around
The roaring child drums and loud trumpets ſound:

(*a*) 2 Chro. xxiv. 21. 22. 2 Kings xii. 20. (*b*) 2 Chro. xxiv. 23. 2 Kings xiv. (*c*) 2 Chro. xxv. 27. 2 Kings xiv. 19. (*d*) 2 Chro. xxv. 12, 13. (*e*) 2 Chro. xxv. 14. (*f*) 2 Kings xiv. 13. 2 Chron. xxv. 23. (*g*) 2 Kings xv. 1. 2 Chro. xxvi. (*h*) 2 Kings xv. 5. 2 Chro. xxvi. 19. (*i*) 2 Kings xv. 32. 2 Chro. xxvii. 4. (*k*) 2 Kings xvi. 1. 2 Chro. xxviii. (*l*) 2 Kings xvi. 3. 2 Chro. xxviii. 3.

This to the boy a barb'rous mercy grew,
And ſnatch'd him from all mis'ries to enſue.
Here Peca comes (*m*), and hundred thouſands fall;
Here Rezin marches up, and ſweeps up all,
Till like a ſea the great Belochus' ſon
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run (*n*).
The laſt of Adad's ancient ſtock is ſlain,
Iſrael captiv'd, and rich Damaſcus ta'en (*o*);
All his wild rage to revenge Juda's wrong;
But woe to kingdoms that have friends too ſtrong!
 Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
And Aſſur's king with his worſe gods forſook (*p*),
Who to poor Juda worlds of nations brings (*q*),
There rages, utters vain and mighty things (*r*).
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and ſome of beauteous dames;
Whilſt in the midſt of their huge ſleepy boaſt,
An angel ſcatters death thro' all the hoſt (*s*).
Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies,
There meets an end far worſe than that he flies (*t*).
Here Hezekiah's life is almoſt done!
So good, and yet, alas! ſo ſhort 'tis ſpun (*u*).
Th' end of the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;
Time muſt go back, and afford better hold

(*m*) 2 Kings xvi. 5. 2 Chro. xxviii. 6. (*n*) 2 Kings xvi. 7. (*o*) 2 Kings xvi. 9. and xv. 27. 2 Chro. xxviii. 20. (*p*) 2 Kings xviii. 2 Chro. xxix. (*q*) 2 Kings xviii. 9. (*r*) 2 Kings xviii. 17. 2 Chro. xxxii. Iſaiah xxxvi. (*s*) 2 Kings xix. 35. 2 Chro. xxxii. 21. (*t*) 2 Kings xix. 37. 2 Chro. xxxii. 21. (*u*) 2 Kings xx. 2 Chro. xx. 24.

To tie a new thread to it of fifteen years.
'Tis done; th' almighty power of prayer and tears!
Backward the Sun, an unknown motion, went (*x*);
The ſtars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
Manaſſes next (forgetful Man!) begins,
Enſlav'd and ſold to Aſhur by his ſins (*y*);
Till by the rod of learned Mis'ry taught,
Home to his God and country both he's brought (*z*).
It taught not Ammon, nor his hardneſs brake;
He's made th' example he refus'd to take (*a*).
  Yet from this root a goodly cion ſprings,
Joſiah! beſt of men, as well as kings (*b*).
Down went the calves, with all their gold and coſt;
The prieſts then truly griev'd, Oſiris loſt.
Theſe mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worſer thraldom ſtill retain'd!
In his own fires Moloch to aſhes fell (*c*),
And no more flames muſt have beſides his hell.
Like end Aſtartes' horned image found,
And Baal's ſpired ſtone to duſt was ground.
No more were men in female habit ſeen,
Or they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen;
No luſtful maids at Benos' temple ſit,
And with their body's ſhame their marriage get.
The double Dagon neither nature ſaves,
Nor flies ſhe back to th' Erythræan waves.

(*x*) 2 Kings xx. 11. 2 Chro. xxxii. 24. (*y*) 2 Kings xxi. 2 Chro. xxxiii. 1, 11. (*z*) 2 Chro. xxxiii. 12, 13. (*a*) 2 Kings xxi. 19. 2 Chro. xxxiii. 21. (*b*) 2 Kings xxii. 2 Kings xxiii. (*c*) 2 Kings xxiii. 10. Ibid. ℣. 13.

The trav'lling ſun ſees gladly from on high
His chariots burn (*d*), and Nergal quenched lie.
The King's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thund'ring Baal.
Here David's joy unruly grows and bold,
Nor could ſleep's ſilken chain its vi'lence hold,
Had not the angel, to ſeal faſt his eyes,
The humours ſtirr'd, and bid more miſts ariſe;
When ſtraight a chariot hurries ſwift away,
And in it good Joſiah bleeding lay:
One hand is held up, one ſtops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd. Alas! he's ſlain, he's ſlain.
  Jehoias and Jehoiakim next appear (*e*);
Both urge that vengeance which before was near.
He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous Anger murther'd lies (*f*).
His ſon and brother next do bonds ſuſtain,
Iſrael's now ſolemn and imperial chain.
Here's the laſt ſcene of this proud city's ſtate;
All ills are met, ty'd in one knot of Fate (*g*).
Their endleſs ſlav'ry in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:
Strong works around the wall the Chaldees build (*h*),
The town with grief and dreadful bus'neſs fill'd:
To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,
Gods which as near their ruin were as they:

(*d*) 2 Kings xxiii. 11. (*e*) 2 Kings xxiii. 31. Ibid. ℣. 36. 2 Chro. xxxvi. 1, 5. (*f*) 2 Kings xxiii. 34. 2 Chr. xxxvi. 4. Jer. xxxvi. 30. (*g*) 2 Kings xxiv. 8. 2 Chro. xxxvi. (*h*) 2 Kings xxv. 1. Jer. lii. 4.

At laſt in ruſhes the prevailing foe,
Does all the miſchief of proud conqueſt ſhow.
The wond'ring babes from mothers' breaſts are rent,
And ſuffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant (*i*).
No ſilver rev'rence guards the ſtooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundleſs rage.
The glorious temple ſhines in flames all o'er (*k*),
Yet not ſo bright as in its gold before.
Nothing but fire or ſlaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and diſmal cries.
The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,
And ſcarce ought now of that vaſt city's found
But ſhards and rubbiſh, which weak ſigns might keep
Of forepaſt glory, and bid trav'llers weep.
Thus did triumphant Aſſur homewards paſs,
And thus Jerus'lem left, Jeruſalem that was!
  Thus Zedechiah ſaw, and this not all;
Before his face his friends and children fall (*l*),
The ſport of ins'lent victors: this he views,
A king and father once; ill Fate could uſe
His eyes no more to do their maſter's ſpight;
All to be ſeen ſhe took, and next his ſight.
Thus a long death in priſon he outwears,
Bereft of Grief's laſt ſolace, ev'n his tears.
  Then Jeconiah's ſon did foremoſt come (*m*),
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home;

(*i*) 2 Chro. xxxvi. 17. (*k*) 2 Chro. xxxvi. 19. 2 Kings xxv. 9.
(*l*) 2 Kings xxv. 7. Jer. lii. 10. (*m*) Mat. i. 12. Luke iii.

A row of Worthies in long order paſs'd
O'er the ſhort ſtage; of all old Joſeph laſt.
Fair angels paſs'd by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baſkets in their hands.
Some as they went the blue-ey'd violets ſtrew,
Some ſpotleſs lilies in looſe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown roſes ſpread,
Their ſmell divine, and colour ſtrangely red;
Not ſuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kiſſes tear.
Such, I believe, was the firſt roſe's hew,
Which, at God's word, in beauteous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers, which made that orchard gay,
The morning bluſhes of the Spring's new day.
  With ſober pace an heav'nly Maid walks in,
Her looks all fair, no ſign of native ſin
Thro' her whole body writ; Immod'rate Grace
Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It caſts a duſky gloom o'er all the flow'rs,
And with full beams their mingled light devours.
An angel ſtraight broke from a ſhining cloud,
And preſs'd his wings, and with much rev'rence bow'd;
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his ſacred meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
  "Hail! full of grace! thee the whole world ſhall call
"Above all Bleſs'd; thee, who ſhalt bleſs them all.
"Thy virgin womb in wondrous ſort ſhall ſhrowd
"Jeſus the God;" (and then again he bow'd)

" Conception the great Spirit ſhall breath on thee.
" Hail thou! who muſt God's wife, God's mother be (*n*)."
With that his ſeeming form to heav'n he rear'd,
(She low obeiſance made) and diſappear'd.
Lo! a new ſtar three Eaſtern ſages ſee (*o*);
(For why ſhould only earth a gainer be?)
They ſaw this Phoſphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a ſun as new:
They haſted all this riſing ſun t' adore;
With them rich myrrh, and early ſpices, bore.
Wiſe Men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noiſome ſtable find your King.
Anon a thouſand devils run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'dly grin;
Some ſtamp their cloven paws, ſome frown, and tear
The gaping ſnakes from their black-knotted hair,
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
Were doubled now, or that juſt now they fell:
But when the dreaded Maid they ent'ring ſaw,
All fled with trembling fear and ſilent awe:
In her chaſte arms th' Eternal Infant lies,
Th' Almighty Voice chang'd into feeble cries.
Heav'n contain'd virgins oft', and will do more;
Never did virgin contain Heav'n before.
Angels peep round to view this myſtic thing,
And halleluiah round, all halleluiah, ſing.
No longer could good David quiet bear
Th' unwieldy pleaſure which o'erflow'd him here;

(*n*) Luke i. 28. (*o*) Matth. ii. 2.

It broke the fetters, and burſt ope his eye;
Away the tim'rous Forms together fly.
Fix'd with amaze he ſtood, and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this viſion ſent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went:
Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd reliques of the day.
When Gabriel (no bleſs'd ſp'rit more kind or fair)
Bodies and clothes himſelf with thicken'd air,
All like a comely youth in life's freſh bloom,
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heav'nly loom!
He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright
That e'er the mid-day ſun pierc'd thro' with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpread,
Waſh'd from the morning beauty's deepeſt red;
An harmleſs flaming meteor ſhone for hair,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care:
He cuts out a ſilk mantle from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe, and fall:
Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,
The choiceſt piece took out, a ſcarf is made;
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not virtuous lovers' ſighs more ſoft than they;
Theſe he gilds o'er with the ſun's richeſt rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure ſtreams on which he plays.

Thus dreſs'd, the joyful Gabriel poſts away,
And carries with him his own glorious day
Thro' the thick woods; the gloomy ſhades a while
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile;
The trembling ſerpents cloſe and ſilent lie,
The birds obſcene far from his paſſage fly;
A ſudden ſpring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation roſe.
Thus he appears to David; at firſt ſight
All earth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight:
In ruſhes joy divine, and hope, and reſt;
A ſacred calm ſhines thro' his peaceful breaſt.
"Hail, Man belov'd! from higheſt heav'n," ſaid he,
"My mighty Maſter ſends thee health by me.
"The things thou ſaw'ſt are full of truth and light,
"Shap'd in the glaſs of the divine foreſight.
"Ev'n now old Time is harneſſing the Years
"To go in order thus: hence, empty fears!
"Thy fate's all white; from thy bleſs'd ſeed ſhall [ſpring
"The promis'd Shilo, the great myſtic King.
"Round the whole earth his dreaded Name ſhall ſound,
"And reach to worlds that muſt not yet be found:
"The Southern clime him her ſole Lord ſhall ſtyle,
"Him all the North, ev'n Albion's ſtubborn iſle.
"My fellow-ſervant, credit what I tell."
Straight into ſhapeleſs air unſeen he fell.

End of the Second Book.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK III.

The Contents.

DAVID's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Prieſt; from thence to Gath in diſguiſe, where he is diſcovered and brought to Achis. He counterfeits himſelf mad, and eſcapes to Adullam. A ſhort enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A deſcription of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies. His entertainment at Moab's court. A digreſſion of the hiſtory of Lot, father of the Moabites, repreſented in picture. Melchor's ſong at the feaſt. Moab deſires Joab to relate the ſtory of David; which he does. His extraction. His excellency in poeſy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philiſtims' army encamped at Dammin. The deſcription of Goliath and his arms. His challenge to the Iſraelites. David's coming to the camp. His ſpeech to Saul to deſire leave to fight with Goliath. Several ſpeeches upon that occaſion. The combat and ſlaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philiſtims' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michol. The love between David and Michol. His ſong at her window. His expedition againſt the Philiſtims, and the dowry of two hundred foreſkins for Michol, with whom he is married. The ſolemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapſe, and the cauſes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the news he from high Heav'n receives,
Straight to his diligent God juſt thanks he gives.
To divine Nobe directs then his flight (*a*),
A ſmall town, great in fame by Levy's right;
Is there with ſprightly wines and hallow'd bread
(But what's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed (*b*).
The good old prieſt welcomes his fatal gueſt,
And with long talk prolongs the haſty feaſt:

(*a*) 1 Sam. xxi. 1. (*b*) ℣. 4, 5, 6. Mat. xii. 4.

He lends him vain Goliath's facred fword (*c*),
(The fitteft help juft Fortune could afford)
A fword whofe weight without a blow might flay,
Able unblunted to cut hofts away;
A fword fo great, that it was only fit
To take off his great head who came with it.
Thus he arms David; " I your own reftore;
" Take it," faid he, " and ufe it as before (*d*).
" I faw you then, and 'twas the braveft fight
" That ere thefe eyes ow'd the difcov'ring light.
" When you ftepp'd forth, how did the monfter rage,
" In fcorn of your foft looks and tender age!
" Some your high fpirit did mad prefumption call,
" Some pity'd that fuch youth fhould idly fall.
" Th' uncircumcis'd fmil'd grimly with difdain.
" I knew the day was your's; I faw it plain."
Much more the rev'rend fire prepar'd to fay,
Wrapp'd with his joy; how the two armies lay;
Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee:
All that his hearer better knew than he;
But David's hafte denies all needlefs ftay:
To Gath (*e*), an enemy's land, he haftes away,
Not there fecure, but where one danger's near,
The more remote, tho' greater, difappear.
So from the hawk birds to man's fuccour flee,
So from fir'd fhips man leaps into the fea.
There in difguife he hopes unknown t' abide!
Alas! in vain! what can fuch greatnefs hide?

(*c*) 1 Sam xxi. 9. (*d*) 1 Sam, xvii. 5. (*e*) 1 Sam, xxi. 10.

Stones of ſmall worth may lie unſeen by day,
But night itſelf does the rich gem betray.
Tagal firſt ſpy'd him, a Philiſtian knight,
Who erſt from David's wrath by ſhameful flight
Had ſav'd the ſordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep ſore of envy mix'd with rage.
Straight with a band of ſoldiers, tall and rough,
Trembling, for ſcarce he thought that band enough,
On him he ſeizes, whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold youth in his own ſhape appear'd.
And now this wiſh'd-for, but yet dreadful prey,
To Achis' court they led in haſte away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th' immod'rate vulgar's joy and hate.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs lie,
And he himſelf muſt arts unuſual try (*f*).
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair:
Sometimes a violent laughter ſcrew'd his face,
And ſometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace:
Sometimes he fix'd his ſtaring eyes on ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge Philiſtians could not wiſh,
But call it the juſtice of their mighty Fiſh.
They now in height of anger let him live,
And freedom, too, t' increaſe his ſcorn, they give (*g*).
He, by wiſe madneſs freed, does homeward flee,
And rage makes them all that he ſeem'd to be.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xxi. 13. (*g*) ℣. 15.

Near to Adullam (*h*), in an aged wood,
An hill, part earth, part rocky ſtone, there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which Nature wrought,
As if by' her ſcholar Art ſhe had been taught:
Hither young David with his kindred came,
Servants and friends; many his ſpreading fame,
Many their wants or diſcontents (*i*), did call;
Great men in war, and almoſt armies all!
Hither came wiſe and valiant Joab down,
One to whom David's ſelf muſt owe his crown;
A mighty man, had not ſome cunning ſin
Amidſt ſo many virtues crowded in.
With him Abiſhai came, by whom there fell
At once three hundred (*k*); with him Aſahel (*l*);
Aſahel! ſwifter than the Northern wind (*m*);
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind
Outgo his feet: ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That Time itſelf perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft' o'er the lawns and meadows would he paſs,
His weight unknown, and harmleſs to the graſs;
Oft' o'er the ſands and hollow duſt would trace,
Yet no one atom trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy Youth! whoſe end ſo near I ſee (*n*)!
There's nought but thy ill fate ſo ſwift as thee.
Hither Jeſſides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
He who the vaſt exceeding monſter ſlew (*o*).

(*h*) 1 Sam. xxii. 1. (*i*) 1 Sam. xxii. 2. (*k*) 1 Chron. xi. 20.
(*l*) 1 Chron. xi. 26. (*m*) 2 Sam. ii. 18. (*n*) 2 Sam. ii. 23.
(*o*) 1 Chron. xi. 22.

Th' Egyptian like an hill himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall tree upon it ſeem'd his ſpear;
But by Benaiah's ſtaff he fell o'erthrown (*p*);
The earth, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
Such was Benaiah; in a narrow pit
He ſaw a lion, and leap'd down to it:
As eas'ly there the royal beaſt he tore (*q*),
As that itſelf did kids or lambs before.
Him Ira follow'd (*r*), a young lovely boy,
But full of ſp'rit, and arms was all his joy:
Oft', when a child, he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
Oft' would he ſhoot young birds, and as they fall
Would laugh, and fancy them Philiſtians all:
And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Tho' yet the face did ſcarce his ſex betray.
Dodo's great ſon came next (*s*), whoſe dreadful hand
Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conqu'ring band.
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody harveſt yield?
Many beſides did this new troop increaſe;
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace;
Eliel (*t*), whoſe full quiver did always bear
As many deaths as in it arrows were;
None from his hand did vain or inn'cent flee;
Scarce Love or Fate could aim ſo well as he.

(*p*) 1 Chron. xi. 23. (*q*) ℣. 22. (*r*) 1 Chron. xi. 28.
(*s*) 1 Chron. xi. 26. (*t*) 1 Chron. xi. 46.

Many of Judah took wrong'd David's ſide (*u*),
And many of old Jacob's youngeſt Tribe;
But his chief ſtrength the Gadite ſoldiers are (*x*),
Each ſingle man able to o'ercome a war!
Swift as the darts they fling thro' yielding air,
And hardy all as the ſtrong ſteel they bare;
A lion's noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible comely! arm'd with dreadful grace!
  Th' undaunted Prince, tho' thus well guarded here,
Yet his ſtout ſoul durſt for his parents fear;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat (*y*),
Nor truſts his fortune with a pledge ſo great.
So when in hoſtile fire rich Aſia's pride
For ten years' ſiege had fully ſatisfy'd,
Æneas ſtole an act of higher fame,
And bore Anchiſes thro' the wand'ring flame (*z*);
A nobler burden, and a richer prey,
Than all the Grecian forces bore away.
Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph go,
Enjoy the conqueſt of thine overthrow;
To 'ave ſav'd thy Troy would far leſs glorious be;
By this thou overcom'ſt their victory.
Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies,
Jordan their touch, and his curs'd ſea, denies:
They ſee north-ſtars from o'er Amoreus' ground,
Edom and Petra their ſouth part does bound:

(*u*) 1 Chron. xii. 16. (*x*) 1 Chron. xii. 8. (*y*) 1 Sam. xxii. 3, 4.
(*z*) Virg. Aen. II.

Eaſtwards the lands of Cuſh and Ammon lie,
The morning's happy beams they firſt eſpy:
The region with fat ſoil and plenty's bleſs'd,
A ſoil too good to be of old poſſeſs'd
By monſtrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came
And conquer'd both the people and the name,
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood (*a*),
And their ſad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood:
In Heſbon his triumphant court he plac'd,
Heſbon! by men and Nature ſtrangely grac'd:
A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
Which peace could yield, tho' well prepar'd for fight.
But this proud city, and her prouder lord,
Felt the keen rage of Iſrael's ſacred ſword (*b*),
Whilſt Moab triumphed in her torn eſtate,
To ſee her own become her conqu'ror's fate.
Yet that ſmall remnant of Lot's parted crown
Did, arm'd with Iſrael's ſins, pluck Iſrael down.
Full thrice ſix years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke, (*c*)
Till Ehud's ſword God's vengeful meſſage ſpoke (*d*);
Since then their kings in quiet held their own;
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne:
And now a wiſe old prince the ſceptre ſway'd,
Well by his ſubjects and himſelf obey'd:
Only before his fathers' gods he fell;
Poor wretched Man! almoſt too good for hell!
Hither does David his bleſs'd parents bring;
With humble greatneſs begs of Moab's king

(*a*) Num. xxi. 26. (*b*) ℣. 24, 25. (*c*) Judg. iii. 14. (*d*) ℣. 21.

A ſafe and fair abode, where they might live
Free from thoſe ſtorms with which himſelf muſt ſtrive (*e*).
The King with cheerful grace his ſuit approv'd,
By hate to Saul and love to virtue mov'd.
“ Welcome, great Knight, and your fair troop,” ſaid he;
“ Your name found welcome long before with me;
“ That to rich Ophir's riſing morn is known,
“ And ſtretch'd out far to the burnt ſwarthy zone.
“ Swift Fame, when her round journey ſhe does make,
“ Scorns not ſometimes us in her way to take.
“ Are you the man did that huge giant kill ?
“ Great Baal of Phegor ! and how young he is ſtill !
“ From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born here (*f*),
“ In Judah ſojourn'd, and, they ſay, match'd there
“ To one of Bethleh'm (*g*), which I hope is true :
“ Howe'er, your virtues here entitle you :
“ Thoſe have the beſt alliance always been;
“ To gods as well as men they make us kin.”
He ſpoke, and ſtraight led in his thankful gueſts
To' a ſtately room prepar'd for ſhows and feaſts :
The room with golden tap'ſtry gliſter'd bright,
At once to pleaſe and to confound the ſight,
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands;
In midſt a table of rich iv'ry ſtands,
By three fierce tigers and three lions borne,
Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;

(*e*) 1 Sam. xxii. 3. (*f*) Ruth i. 4. (*g*) Ruth iv. 10.

Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
About it beds of Lybian citron stood,
With cov'rings dy'd in Tyrian fishes' blood,
They say th' Herculean art; but most delight
Some pictures gave to David's learned sight.
Here sev'ral ways Lot and great Abram go (*h*),
Their too much wealth vast, and unkind, does grow:
Thus each extreme to equal danger tends;
Plenty as well as want can sep'rate friends.
Here Sodom's tow'rs raise their proud tops on high;
The tow'rs as well as men outbrave the sky:
By it the waves of rev'rend Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded with the sun.
Hither Lot's household comes (*i*), a num'rous train,
And all with various bus'ness fill the plain:
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks;
Some drive the herds: here a fierce bullock scorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threat'ning horns;
In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie:
Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either side.

(*h*) Gen. xiii. 9. (*i*) ỷ. 10.

Another picture to curs'd Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings;
They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away (*k*),
Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay (*l*), 226
Bury'd almost alive for fear of death,
But Heav'n's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath.
Abraham pursues, and slays the victors' host (*m*),
Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast. 230
Next this was drawn the reckless cities' flame,
When a strange hell pour'd down from heav'n there
came (*n*).
Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches strook 234
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door (*o*);
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first veng'ance bore;
Thro' liquid air heav'n's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie.
Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks;
Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks:
Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall, 241
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half way new fires that show'r from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away; 245
At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.

(*k*) Gen. xiv. 11, 12. (*l*) ℣. 10. (*m*) ℣. 12. &c.
(*n*) Gen. xix. 24. (*o*) ℣. 11.

Men thought, ſo much a flame by art was ſhown,
The picture's ſelf would fall in aſhes down.
Afar old Lot tow'rd little Zoar hies (*p*),
And dares not move (good Man!) his weeping eyes.
Behind his wife ſtood ever fix'd alone (*q*),
No more a woman, not yet quite a ſtone:
A laſting death ſeiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
Her lips, tho' ſtone, a little ſeem'd to move.
One eye was clos'd, ſurpris'd by ſudden night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting light:
The wind admir'd, which her hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'n ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a ſuppliant pillar ſtands.
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the heel, but her toe's rooted there.
Ah! fooliſh Woman! who muſt always be
A ſight more ſtrange than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
  Whilſt David fed with theſe his curious eye,
The feaſt is now ſerv'd in, and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of maſſy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaft to their gods and friends, an health goes round
In the briſk grape of Arnon's richeſt ground;
Whilſt Melchor to his harp with wondrous ſkill
(For ſuch were poets then, and ſhould be ſtill)

(*p*) Gen. xix. 20. (*q*) ℣. 26.

His noble verſe thro' Nature's ſecrets lead;
He ſung what ſp'rit thro' the whole maſs is ſpread,
Ev'ry where all; how heav'ns God's law approve,
And think it reſt eternally to move:
How the kind ſun uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to man repoſe:
How his round journey does for ever laſt,
And how he baits at ev'ry ſea in haſte.
He ſung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilſt fooliſh men beat ſounding braſs in vain;
Why the great waters her ſlight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not conſtanter than they.
He ſung how griſly comets hang in air,
Why ſword and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ills, and raiſe all earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it till it roar ſo loud:
How lambent fires become ſo wondrous tame,
And bear ſuch ſhining winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watry bow;
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy ſnow:
What palſy of the earth ſhakes up fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers ſpills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's ſecrets tell,
And ſometimes miſs'd the cauſe, but ſought it well.
  Such was the ſauce of Moab's noble feaſt,
Till night far ſpent invites them to their reſt:

Only the good old prince ſtays Joab there,
And much he tells, and much deſires to hear:
He tells deeds antique; and the new deſires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires.
" Nay, gentle Gueſt!" ſaid he, " ſince now you're in,
" The ſtory of your gallant friend begin:
" His birth, his riſing, tell, and various fate,
" And how he ſlew that man of Gath of late,
" What was he call'd? that huge and monſtrous man."
With that he ſtopp'd, and Joab thus began:
' His birth, great Sir! ſo much to mine is ty'd (*r*),
' That praiſe of that might look from me like pride:
' Yet without boaſt, his veins contain a flood
' Of th' old Judæan Lion's richeſt blood (*s*).
' From Judah Pharez, from him Eſrom came,
' Ram, Naſhon, Salmon (*t*), names ſpoke loud by Fame.
' A name no leſs ought Boaz to appear,
' By whoſe bleſs'd match we come no ſtrangers here.
' From him and your fair Ruth good Obed ſprung,
' From Obed Jeſſe, Jeſſe! whom Fame's kindeſt tongue,
' Counting his birth, and high nobil'ty, ſhall
' Not Jeſſe of Obed, but of David, call,
' David born to him ſeventh (*u*); the ſix births paſt,
' Brave trials of a work more great at laſt.
' Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his wit!
' The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it.

(*r*) 1 Chro. ii. 16. (*s*) Gen. xlix. 9. (*t*) 1 Chro. ii. Matth. i. (*u*) 1 Chro. ii. 15. 1 Sam. xvi. 11.

'Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing
'Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's King.
'His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,
'And savage beasts stand by as tame as they:
'The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,
'Learning consent and concord from his lyre: 336
'Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
'Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.
'Twas now the time when first Saul God forsook (x),
'God Saul; the room in his heart wild passions took:
'Sometimes a tyrant frenzy revell'd there, 341
'Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair.
'No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
'They cure but sometime bodies, never minds.
'Music alone those storms of soul could lay (y); 345
'Not more Saul them, than Music they obey.
'David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
'His harp! that magic bore on ev'ry string. 348
'When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
'With his soft notes they all dropp'd down asleep:
'When his dull sp'rits lay drown'd in death and night,
'He with quick strains rais'd them to life and light.
'Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'swage,
'Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
'To Helah plain Philistian troops are come (z), 355
'And War's loud noise strikes peaceful Music dumb.

(x) 1 Sam. xvi. 14. (y) ℣. 23. (z) 1 Sam. xvii.

‘ Back to his rural care young David goes;
‘ For this rough work Saul his ſtout brethren choſe;
‘ He knew not what his hand in war could do,
‘ Nor thought his ſword could cure men's madneſs too.
‘ Now Dammin's deſtin'd for this ſcene of blood;
‘ On two near hills the two proud armies ſtood;
‘ Between a fatal valley ſtretch'd out wide,
‘ And death ſeem'd ready now on either ſide;
‘ When, lo! their hoſt rais'd all a joyful ſhout,
‘ And from the midſt an huge and monſtrous man
‘ ſtepp'd out (a).
‘ Aloud they ſhouted; at each ſtep he took
‘ We and the earth itſelf beneath him ſhook:
‘ Vaſt as the hill down which he march'd he' appear'd,
‘ Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd.
‘ A young tall ſquire (tho' then he ſeem'd not ſo)
‘ Did from the camp at firſt before him go;
‘ At firſt he did, but ſcarce could follow ſtraight,
‘ Sweating beneath a ſhield's unruly weight,
‘ On which was wrought the gods' and giants' fight,
‘ Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.
‘ Here a vaſt hill 'gainſt thund'ring Baal was thrown,
‘ Trees and beaſts on't fell burnt with lightning down.
‘ One flings a mountain, and its river too,
‘ Torn up with it; that rains back on him that threw.
‘ Some from the main to pluck whole iſlands try;
‘ The ſea boils round with flames ſhot thick from ſky.

(a) 1 Sam. xvii. 4.

‘ This he believ’d, and on his ſhield he bore,
‘ And prais’d their ſtrength, but thought his own was more.
‘ The valley now this monſter ſeem’d to fill;
‘ And we (methoughts) look’d up to him from our hill.
‘ All arm’d in braſs, the richeſt dreſs of war,
‘ (A diſmal glorious ſight) he ſhone afar.
‘ The Sun himſelf ſtarted with ſudden fright,
‘ To ſee his beams return ſo diſmal bright.
‘ Braſs was his helmet (*b*), his boots braſs; and o’er
‘ His breaſt a thick plate of ſtrong braſs he wore:
‘ His ſpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
‘ Which Nature meant ſome tall ſhip’s maſt ſhould be;
‘ The huge iron head ſix hundred ſhekels weigh’d,
‘ And of whole bodies but one wound it made,
‘ Able Death’s worſt command to overdo,
‘ Deſtroying life at once, and carcaſs too.
‘ Thus arm’d he ſtood, all direful, and all gay,
‘ And round him flung a ſcornful look away.
‘ So when a Scythian tiger gazing round,
‘ An herd of kine in ſome fair plain has found,
‘ Lowing ſecure, he ſwells with angry pride,
‘ And calls forth all his ſpots on ev’ry ſide,
‘ Then ſtops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
‘ In choice of ſome ſtrong neck on which to fall;
‘ Almoſt he ſcorns ſo weak, ſo cheap a prey,
‘ And grieves to ſee them trembling haſte away.
“ Ye Men of Jury!” he cries, “ if men you be,
“ And ſuch dare prove yourſelves to Fame and me,

(*b*) 1 Sam. xvii. 5, &c.

" Chuſe out 'mongſt all your troops the boldeſt knight,
" To try his ſtrength and fate with me in fight (*c*):
" The chance of war let us two bear for all,
" And they the conqu'ror ſerve whoſe knight ſhall fall (*d*)."
At this he paus'd a while; ſtraight, " I defy
" Your Gods and you; dares none come down and die?
" Go back for ſhame, and Egypt's ſlav'ry bear,
" Or yield to us, and ſerve more nobly here.
" Alas! ye have no more wonders to be done,
" Your ſorc'rer Moſes now, and Joſua, is gone;
" Your magic trumpets then could cities take (*e*),
" And ſounds of triumph did your battles make:
" Spears in your hands, and manly ſwords, are vain;
" Get you your ſpells and conj'ring rods again.
" Is there no Sampſon here? oh! that there were!
" In his full ſtrength and long enchanted hair;
" This ſword ſhould be in the weak razor's ſtead (*f*);
" It ſhould not cut his hair off, but his head."
' Thus he blaſphem'd aloud; the vallies round,
' Flatt'ring his voice, reſtor'd the dreadful ſound:
' We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
' We had behind ſome new Goliath heard (*g*).
' 'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n, ſure, (which David's glory meant
' Thro' this whole act) ſuch ſacred terror ſent
' To all our hoſt; for there was Saul in place,
' Who ne'er ſaw fear but in his enemies' face;

(*c*) 1 Sam. xvii. 8. (*d*) ℣. 9, 10. (*e*) Joſh. vi. 20.
(*f*) Judg. xvi. 17. (*g*) 1 Sam. xvii. 11.

'His godlike ſon there in bright armour ſhone,
'Who ſcorn'd to conquer armies not alone (*h*):
'Fate her own book miſtruſted at the fight,
'On that ſide war, on this a ſingle fight.
'There ſtood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
'He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath ſlew (*i*):
'In his pale fright rage thro' his eyes ſhot flame,
'He ſaw his ſtaff, and bluſh'd with gen'rous ſhame.
'Thouſands beſide ſtood mute and heartleſs there,
'Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.
'Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight;
'Once ev'ry morn he march'd, and once at night.
'Slow roſe the ſun, but gallopp'd down apace,
'With more than evening bluſhes in his face,
'When Jeſſey to the camp young David ſent (*k*)
'His purpoſe low, but high was Fate's intent:
'For when the monſter's pride he ſaw and heard,
'Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd.
'Anger and brave diſdain his heart poſſeſs'd,
'Thoughts more than manly ſwell'd his youthful [breaſt.
'Much the rewards propos'd his ſpirit inflame,
'Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of Fame (*l*).
'Theſe to their juſt intentions ſtrongly move,
'But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.
'Reſolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he's brought,
'Where thus he ſpoke as boldly as he fought:'

(*h*) 1 Sam. xiv. (*i*) 1 Chro. x. 23. (*k*) 1 Sam. xvii. 12, &c. (*l*) 1 Sam. xvii. 25.

"Henceforth no more, great Prince! your ſacred breaſt
"With that huge talking wretch of Gath moleſt (*m*);
"This hand alone ſhall end his curſed breath;
"Fear not, the wretch blaſphemes himſelf to death;
"And cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
"Has challeng'd Heav'n, not us, to ſingle fight.
"Forbid it, God, that where thy right is try'd,
"The ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe for pride!
"Firm like ſome rock, and vaſt he ſeems to ſtand,
"But rocks, we know, were op'd at thy command (*n*).
"That ſoul which now does ſuch large members ſway,
"Thro' one ſmall wound will creep in haſte away;
"And he who now dares boldly Heav'n defy,
"To ev'ry bird of heav'n a prey ſhall lie:
"For 'tis not human force we ought to fear;
"Did that, alas! plant our forefathers here?
"Twice fifteen kings did they by that ſubdue (*o*)?
"By that whole nations of Goliaths ſlew?
"The wonders they perform'd may ſtill be done;
"Moſes and Joſua is, but God's not gone.
"We'ave loſt their rod and trumpets, not their ſkill:
"Pray'rs and belief are as ſtrong witchcraft ſtill.
"Theſe are more tall, more giants far than he,
"Can reach to heav'n, and thence pluck victory.
"Count this, and then, Sir! mine th' advantage is;
"He's ſtronger far than I, my God than his."

(*m*) 1 Sam. xvii. 32. (*n*) Exod. xvii. 6. (*o*) Joſh. xii. 24.

"Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame, to see
"Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as he.
"Brave Youth (*p*)!" replies the King, "whose daring
"Ere come to manhood leaves it quite behind, [mind
"Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
"And let thy body grow up to thy spright:
"Thou 'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
"Whose touch would wound thee more than him thy
"Nature his limbs only for war made fit, [blow.
"In thine, as yet, nought beside Love she 'as writ.
"With some less foe thy unflesh'd valour try;
"This monster can be no first victory.
"The lion's royal whelp does not at first,
"For blood of Basan bulls, or tigers, thirst;
"In tim'rous deer he hansels his young paws,
"And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
"So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd be,
"Fortune would be asham'd to second thee."
'He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
'But nought moves David from his high intent.
'It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
'To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here,
'Which he resolves." "Scorn not," says he, "mine
"For vict'ry comes not like an heritage, [age (*q*);
"At set years. When my father's flock I fed,
"A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,
"Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs away;
"From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey:

(*p*) 1 Sam. xvii. 33. (*q*) ℣. 34.

"Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill,
"On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.
"My God's the same, which then he was, to-day,
"And this wild wretch almost the same as they.
"Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he
"Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?"
"Be't so then," Saul bursts forth; "and Thou on high,
"Who oft' in weakness dost most strength descry,
"At whose dread beck Conquest expecting stands,
"And casts no look down on the fighters' hands,
"Assist what thou inspir'st; and let all see,
"As boys to giants, giants are to thee."
'Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange success,
'In his own arms he the bold youth does dress (r).
'On his head an helm of well-wrought brass is plac'd,
'The top with warlike plumes severely grac'd:
'His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,
'A sword much practis'd in Death's art he wore:
'Yet David, us'd so long to no defence,
'But those light arms of spirit and innocence,
'No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
'But fears his own arms' weight more than his foe's.
'He lost himself in that disguise of war,
'And guarded seems, as men by prisons are.
'He, therefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,
'Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight.

(r) 1 Sam. xvii. 38.

'Gainſt ſhield, helm, breaſtplate, and inſtead of thoſe, [choſe (*s*),
' Five ſharp ſmooth ſtones from the next brook he
' And fits them to his ſling; then marches down;
' For ſword, his enemy's he eſteem'd his own.
' We all with various paſſion ſtrangely gaz'd,
' Some ſad, ſome 'ſham'd, ſome angry, all amaz'd.
' Now in the valley he ſtands; thro' his youthful face
' Wrath checks the beauty, and ſheds manly grace;
' Both in his looks ſo join'd, that they might move
' Fear ev'n in friends, and from an en'my love;
' Hot as ripe Noon, ſweet as the blooming Day,
' Like July furious, but more fair than May.
' Th' accurs'd Philiſtian ſtands on th' other ſide,
' Grumbling aloud (*t*), and ſmiles 'twixt rage and pride.'
" The plagues of Dagon! A ſmooth boy," ſays he,
" A curſed, beardleſs foe, oppos'd to me! [come!
" Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond Child!) he's
" Some friend his mother call to drive him home.
" Not gone yet? If one minute more thou ſtay,
" The birds of heav'n ſhall bear thee dead away.
" Gods! a curs'd boy!" The reſt then murm'ring out,
' He walks, and caſts a deadly grin about.
' David, with cheerful anger in his eyes,
' Advances boldly on, and thus replies;'

(*s*) 1 Sam. xvii. 40. (*t*) ℣. 43.

" Thou com'ſt, vain Man! all arm'd into the field (*w*),
" And truſteſt thoſe war toys, thy ſword and ſhield;
" Thy pride's my ſpear, thy blaſphemies my ſword;
" My ſhield thy Maker; Fool! the mighty Lord
" Of thee and battles; who hath ſent forth me,
" Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee.
" In vain ſhall Dagon, thy falſe hope, withſtand;
" In vain thy other god, thine own right hand.
" Thy fall to man ſhall Heav'n's ſtrong juſtice ſhew;
" Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canſt do."
' He ſaid; our hoſt ſtood dully ſilent by,
' And durſt not truſt their ears againſt the eye.
' As much their champion's threats to him they fear'd,
' As when the monſter's threats to them they heard.
' His flaming ſword th' enrag'd Philiſtian ſhakes,
' And haſte to his ruin with loud curſes makes.
' Backward the winds his active curſes blew,
' And fatally round his own head they flew:
' For now from David's ſling the ſtone is fled (*x*),
' And ſtrikes, with joyful noiſe, the monſter's head:
' It ſtrook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
' As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the air.
' Down, down he falls! and bites in vain the ground;
' Blood, brain, and ſoul, crowd mingled thro' the wound.
' So a ſtrong oak, which many years had ſtood,
' With fair and flouriſhing boughs, itſelf a wood,
' Tho' it might long the axe's violence bear,
' And play'd with winds which other trees did tear,

(*w*) 1 Sam. xvii. 45. (*x*) ℣. 49.

‘ Yet by the thunder's ſtroke from the root 'tis rent;
‘ So ſure the blows that from high Heav'n are ſent.
‘ What tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
‘ Which did that moment our whole hoſt poſſeſs?
‘ Their jocund ſhouts th' air like a ſtorm did tear,
‘ Th' amazed clouds fled ſwift away with fear;
‘ But far more ſwift th' accurs'd Philiſtians fly (*y*),
‘ And their ill fate to perfect, baſely die.
‘ With thouſand corpſe the ways around are ſtrown,
‘ Till they, by the day's flight, ſecure their own.
‘ Now thro' the camp ſounds nought but David's name;
‘ All joys, of ſeveral ſtamp and colours, came
‘ From ſeveral paſſions: ſome his valour praiſe,
‘ Some his free ſpeech, ſome the fair pop'lar rays
‘ Of youth, and beauty, and his modeſt guiſe;
‘ Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
‘ Some wonder; ſome they thought it would be ſo
‘ And ſome ſaw angels flying thro' the air: [ſwear;
‘ The baſeſt ſpirits caſt back a crooked glance
‘ On this great act, and fain would give it to Chance.
‘ Women our hoſt with ſongs and dances meet,
‘ With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet (*z*).
‘ Hence the King's politic rage and envy flows (*a*),
‘ Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life to expoſe
‘ To gen'rous dangers, that his hate might clear,
‘ And Fate or Chance the blame, nay, David, bear.
‘ So vain are man's deſigns! for Fate and Chance,
‘ And Earth and Heav'n, conſpir'd to his advance:

(*y*) Sam. xvii. 52 (*z*) 1 Sam. xviii. 6. (*a*) ꝟ. 8.

'His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
'In all mankind but Saul did love beget (*b*).
'Not Saul's own houfe, not his own neareft blood,
'The noble caufe's facred force withftood.
'You 'ave met, no doubt, and kindly us'd the fame
'Of godlike Jonathan's illuftrious name;
'A name which ev'ry wind to heav'n would bear,
'Which men to fpeak, and angels joy to hear.
'No angel ere bore to his brother-mind
'A kindnefs more exalted and refin'd
'Than his to David, which look'd nobly down,
'And fcorn'd the falfe alarums of a crown.
'At Dammin field he ftood; and from his place
'Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqu'ror to embrace;
'On him his mantle, girdle, fword, and bow,
'On him his heart and foul, he did beftow (*c*).
'Not all that Saul could threaten or perfuade,
'In this clofe knot the fmalleft loofenefs made.
'Oft his wife care did the King's rage fufpend,
'His own life's danger fhelter'd oft' his friend (*d*),
'Which he expos'd, a facrifice to fall,
'By th' undifcerning rage of furious Saul.
'Nor was young David's active virtue grown
'Strong and triumphant in one fex alone;
'Imperious beauty, too, it durft invade,
'And deeper prints in the foft breaft it made (*e*);

(*b*) 1 Sam. xviii. 16.
(*c*) 1 Sam. xviii. 1, 4.
(*d*) 1 Sam. xx. 33.
(*e*) 1 Sam. xviii. 6, 20.

'For there t' eſteem, and Friendſhip's graver name,
'Paſſion was pour'd like oil into the flame.
'Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
'Saul's royal houſe two beauteous daughters grac'd;
'Merab the firſt, Michol the younger nam'd,
'Both equally for different glories fam'd.
'Merab with ſpacious beauty fill'd the ſight,
'But too much awe chaſtis'd the bold delight.
'Like a calm ſea, which to th' enlarged view
'Gives pleaſure, but gives fear and rev'rence too,
'Michol's ſweet looks clear and free joys did move,
'And no leſs ſtrong, tho' much more gentle, love;
'Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey,
'Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute than they.
'Merab appear'd like ſome fair princely tower,
'Michol ſome virgin queen's delicious bower.
'All beauty's ſtores in little and in great;
'But the contracted beams ſhot fierceſt heat.
'A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
'Such as the prouder colours might envy:
'Michol's pure ſkin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs white,
'As ſcatter'd the weak rays of human ſight:
'Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did ſhew,
'Than ere on fruits or flow'rs Heav'n's pencil drew.
'From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came,
'From Michol's the ſun's mild yet active flame.
'Merab's long hair was gloſſy cheſnut brown,
'Treſſes of paleſt gold did Michol crown.

‘ Such was their outward form, and one might find
‘ A diff’rence not unlike it in the mind.
‘ Merab, with comely majeſty and ſtate,
‘ Bore high th’ advantage of her worth and fate:
‘ Such humble ſweetneſs did ſoft Michol ſhow,
‘ That none who reach’d ſo high e’er ſtoop’d ſo low.
‘ Merab rejoic’d in her wreck’d lover’s pain,
‘ And fortify’d her virtue with diſdain:
‘ The griefs ſhe caus’d gave gentle Michol grief;
‘ She wiſh’d her beauties leſs for their relief;
‘ Ev’n to her captives civil; yet th’ exceſs
‘ Of naked virtue guarded her no leſs.
‘ Bus’neſs and pow’r Merab’s large thoughts did vex,
‘ Her wit diſdain’d the fetters of her ſex:
‘ Michol no leſs diſdain’d affairs and noiſe,
‘ Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
‘ In brief, both copies were more ſweetly drawn,
‘ Merab of Saul, Michol of Jonathan.
‘ The day that David great Goliath ſlew,
‘ Not great Goliath’s ſword was more his due
‘ Than Merab: by Saul’s public promiſe ſhe
‘ Was ſold then, and betroth’d to Victory:
‘ But haughty ſhe did this juſt match deſpiſe;
‘ Her pride debauch’d her judgment and her eyes.
‘ An unknown youth, ne’er ſeen at court before,
‘ Who ſhepherd’s ſtaff and ſhepherd’s habit bore,
‘ The ſeventh-born ſon of no rich houſe, were ſtill
‘ Th’ unpleaſant forms which her high thoughts did
‘ fill;

' And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
' Was bred, by being promis'd and deſign'd.
' Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
' The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn;
' Adriel the rich, but riches were in vain,
' And could not ſet him free, nor her enchain.
' Long liv'd they thus: but as the hunted deer,
' Cloſely purſu'd, quits all her wonted fear,
' And takes the neareſt waves, which from the ſhore
' She oft' with horror had beheld before;
' So whilſt the violent maid from David fled,
' She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed (*f*).
' The match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſh'd ſtraight;
' So ſoon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate.
' But Michol in whoſe breaſt all virtues move,
' That hatch the pregnant ſeeds of ſacred love,
' With juſter eyes the noble object meets,
' And turns all Merab's poiſon into ſweets.
' She ſaw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
' Should make all fame to come ſo ſoon his own:
' She ſaw, and wonder'd how a ſhepherd's crook
' Deſpis'd that ſword at which the ſceptre ſhook.
' Tho' he ſeventh-born, and tho' his houſe but poor,
' She knew it noble was, and would be more.
' Oft' had ſhe heard, and fancy'd oft' the ſight,
' With what a gen'rous calm he march'd to fight:
' In the great danger how exempt from fear,
' And after it from pride, he did appear.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xviii. 19.

‘ Greatneſs, and goodneſs, and an air divine,
‘ She ſaw thro’ all his words and actions ſhine.
‘ She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming lyre,
‘ Whoſe artful ſounds did violent love inſpire,
‘ Tho’ us’d all other paſſions to relieve;
‘ She weigh’d all this, and well we may conceive,
‘ When thoſe ſtrong thoughts attack’d her doubtful [breaſt,
‘ His beauty no leſs active than the reſt,
‘ The fire, thus kindled, ſoon grew fierce and great,
‘ When David’s breaſt reflected back its heat.
‘ Soon ſhe perceiv’d (ſcarce can love hidden lie
‘ From any ſight, much leſs the loving eye)
‘ She conqu’ror was, as well as overcome,
‘ And gain’d no leſs abroad than loſt at home.
‘ Ev’n the firſt hour they met (for ſuch a pair,
‘ Who in all mankind elſe ſo matchleſs were,
‘ Yet their own equals, Nature’s ſelf does wed)
‘ A mutual warmth thro’ both their boſoms ſpread.
‘ Fate gave the ſignal; both at once began
‘ The gentle race, and with juſt pace they ran.
‘ Ev’n ſo (methinks) when two fair tapers come
‘ From ſeveral doors, ent’ring at once the room,
‘ With a ſwift flight that leaves the eye behind,
‘ Their amorous lights into one light are join’d.
‘ Nature herſelf, were ſhe to judge the caſe,
‘ Knew not which firſt began the kind embrace.
‘ Michol her modeſt flames ſought to conceal,
‘ But love ev’n th’ art to hide it does reveal.

‘ Her ſoft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
‘ Love paſt thro' them, and there ſuch footſteps left.
‘ She bluſh'd when he approach'd, and when he ſpoke,
‘ And ſuddenly her wand'ring anſwers broke,
‘ At his name's ſound, and when ſhe heard him prais'd,
‘ With concern'd haſte her thoughtful looks ſhe rais'd.
‘ Uncall'd-for ſighs oft' from her boſom flew,
‘ And Adriel's active friend ſhe' abruptly grew.
‘ Oft' when the court's gay youth ſtood waiting by,
‘ She ſtrove to act a cold indiff'rency;
‘ In vain ſhe acted ſo conſtrain'd a part,
‘ For thouſand nameleſs things diſclos'd her heart.
‘ On th' other ſide, David, with ſilent pain,
‘ Did in reſpectful bounds his fires contain.
‘ His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,
‘ Impos'd on him a no leſs rig'rous law
‘ Than modeſty on her: and tho' he ſtrove
‘ To make her ſee it, he durſt not tell his love.
‘ To tell it firſt the timorous youth made choice
‘ Of Muſic's bolder and more active voice;
‘ And thus beneath her window did he touch
‘ His faithful lyre, the words and numbers ſuch
‘ As did well worth my memory appear,
‘ And may perhaps deſerve your princely ear.’

I.

Awake, awake my Lyre!
And tell thy ſilent maſter's humble tale,

In ſounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inſpire,
Tho' ſo exalted ſhe,
And I ſo lowly be,
Tell her ſuch diff'rent notes make all thy harmony.

II.

Hark! how the ſtrings awake!
And tho' the moving hand approach not near,
Themſelves with awful fear
A kind of num'rous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conqueſts of her eye.

III.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue, ſure,
Is uſeleſs here, ſince thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And ſhe to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My paſſion to remove;
Phyſic to other ills, thou'rt nouriſhment to love.

IV.

Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canſt never tell my humble tale
In ſounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inſpire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy ſtrings ſilent lie.
Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre! and let thy maſter die.

'She heard all this, and the prevailing ſound
'Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound:
'Yet tho' ſhe joy'd th' authentic news to hear,
'Of what ſhe gueſt before with jealous fear,
'She check'd her forward joy, and bluſh'd for ſhame,
'And did his boldneſs with forc'd anger blame.
'The ſenſeleſs rules which firſt falſe honour taught,
'And into laws the tyrant cuſtom brought,
'Which women's pride and folly did invent,
'Their lovers and themſelves too, to torment,
'Made her next day a grave diſpleaſure feign,
'And all her words, and all her looks, conſtrain
'Before the trembling youth; who when he ſaw
'His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
'He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,
'He curs'd his too-bold tongue, and bold deſire:
'In vain he curs'd the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
'From all things food its ſtrong complexion drew:
'His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,
'His life decay'd, but ſtill his love increas'd;
'Whilſt ſhe whoſe heart approv'd not her diſdain,
'Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.
'But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,
'With a concernment equal to their own,
'Joyful that Heav'n with his ſworn love comply'd,
'To draw that knot more faſt which he had ty'd,
'With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
'Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon the nice affair:

'With eaſe a brother's lawful pow'r o'ercame
'The formal decencies of virgin-ſhame.
'She firſt with all her heart forgave the paſt,
'Heard David tell his flames, and told her own at laſt.
'Lo! here the happy point of proſp'rous love,
'Which ev'n enjoyment ſeldom can improve!
'Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
'All Iſrael's wiſh concurrent with their own,
'A brother's pow'rful aid firm to the ſide,
'By ſolemn vow the King and father ty'd;
'All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes paſt,
'All that in leſs-ripe love offends the taſte,
'In either's breaſt their ſouls both meet and wed,
'Their heart the nuptial temple and the bed:
'And tho' the groſſer cates were yet not dreſs'd,
'By which the bodies muſt ſupply this feaſt,
'Bold hopes prevent ſlow pleaſure's ling'ring birth,
'As ſaints aſſur'd of heav'n enjoy it on earth.
'All this the King obſerv'd, and well he ſaw
'What ſcandal and what danger it might draw
'To oppoſe this juſt and pop'lar match, but meant
'To out-malice all refuſals by conſent.
'He meant the pois'nous grant ſhould mortal prove;
'He meant to inſnare his virtue by his love:
'And thus he to him ſpoke (g), with more of art
'And fraud than well became the kingly part.'
"Your valour, David! and high worth," ſaid he,
"To praiſe is all men's duty, mine to ſee

(g) 1 Sam. xviii. 21.

“ Rewarded; and we ſhall to our utmoſt powers
“ Do with like care that part as you did your's.
“ Forbid it, God! we like thoſe kings ſhould prove,
“ Who fear the virtues which they're bound to love.
“ Your piety does that tender point ſecure,
“ Nor will my acts ſuch humble thoughts endure.
“ Your nearneſs to it rather ſupports the crown,
“ And th' honours giv'n to you increaſe our own.
“ All that we can we'll give: 'tis our intent,
“ Both as a guard and as an ornament,
“ To place thee next ourſelves: Heav'n does approve;
“ And my ſon's friendſhip, and my daughter's love,
“ Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
“ I ſee, methinks, Heav'n in it, and I rejoice.
“ Bluſh not, my Son! that Michol's love I name,
“ Nor need ſhe bluſh to hear it; 'tis no ſhame
“ Nor ſecret now; Fame does it loudly tell,
“ And all men but thy rivals like it well.
“ If Merab's choice could have comply'd with mine,
“ Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine;
“ And her's, at laſt, ſhould have with mine comply'd,
“ Had I not thine and Michol's heart deſcry'd.
“ Take whom thou lov'ſt, and who loves thee; the laſt
“ And deareſt preſent made me by the chaſte
“ Ahinoam; and unleſs ſhe me deceive,
“ When I to Jonathan my crown ſhall leave,
“ 'Twill be a ſmaller gift.
“ If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
“ To gueſs, they are what jointure thou ſhalt make

" Fitting her birth and fortune ; and ſince ſo
" Cuſtom ordains, we mean to exact it too.
" The jointure we exact is that ſhall be
" No leſs advantage to thy fame than ſhe.
" Go where Philiſtian troops infeſt the land ;
" Renew the terrors of thy conqu'ring hand :
" When thine own hand, which needs muſt conqu'ror
" In this joint cauſe of honour and of love, [prove,
" An hundred of the faithleſs foe ſhall ſlay,
" And for a dower their hundred foreſkins pay (*h*),
" Be Michol thy reward. Did we not know
" Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it ſo,
" We ſhould not cheaply that dear blood expoſe,
" Which we to mingle with our own had choſe ;
" But thou 'rt ſecure ; and ſince this match of thine
" We to the public benefit deſign,
" A public good ſhall its beginning grace,
" And give triumphant omens of thy race."
' Thus ſpoke the King : the happy youth bow'd low,
' Modeſt and graceful his great joy did ſhow ;
' The noble taſk well pleas'd his generous mind,
' And nought to except againſt it could he find,
' But that his miſtreſs' price too cheap appear'd ;
' No danger but her ſcorn of it he fear'd.
' She with much different ſenſe the news receiv'd ;
' At her high rate ſhe trembled, bluſh'd, and griev'd :
' 'Twas a leſs work the conqueſt of his foes,
' Than to obtain her leave his life t' expoſe.

(*h*) 1 Sam. xviii. 25.

‘ Their kind debate on this ſoft point would prove
‘ Tedious and needleſs to repeat: if love
‘ (As ſure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breaſt,
‘ 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full ſuggeſt
‘ All that was done or ſaid; the grief, hope, fears,
‘ His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
‘ In all the pomp of paſſion's reign they part,
‘ And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart;
‘ Vict'ry and fame, and that more quick delight
‘ Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
‘ Tow'rds Gath he went; and in one month (ſo ſoon
‘ A fatal and a willing work is done)
‘ A double dower, two hundred foreſkins, brought,
‘ Of choice Philiſtian knights with whom he fought;
‘ Men that in birth and valour did excel,
‘ Fit for the cauſe and hand by which they fell.
‘ Now was Saul caught, nor longer could delay
‘ The two reſiſtleſs lovers' happy day.
‘ Tho' this day's coming long had ſeem'd, and ſlow,
‘ Yet ſeem'd its ſtay as long and tedious now:
‘ For now the violent weight of eager love
‘ Did with more haſte, ſo near its centre, move:
‘ He curs'd the ſtops of form and ſtate, which lay,
‘ In this laſt ſtage, like ſcandals in his way.
‘ On a large gentle hill, crown'd with tall wood,
‘ Near where the regal Gabaah proudly ſtood,
‘ A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damaſk made,
‘ And ſeem'd but the freſh foreſt's nat'ral ſhade,

'Various, and vaſt within, on pillars borne
'Of Shittim wood, that uſefully adorn:
'Hither, to grace the nuptial-feaſt, does Saul
'Of the Twelve Tribes th' Elders and Captains call,
'And all around the idle, buſy crowd,
'With ſhouts and bleſſings tell their joy aloud.
'Lo! the preſs breaks, and from their ſev'ral homes
'In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
'Before the bride, in a long double row,
'With ſolemn pace, thirty choice virgins go,
'And make a moving Galaxy on earth;
'All heav'nly beauties, all of higheſt birth,
'All clad in livelieſt colours, freſh and fair,
'As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter hair;
'All in that new-blown age which does inſpire
'Warmth in themſelves, in their beholders fire.
'But all this, and all elſe the ſun did e'er,
'Or Fancy, ſee, in her leſs bounded ſphere,
'The bride herſelf outſhone; and one would ſay
'They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
'Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
'Who on their dreſs much fruitleſs care had ſpent;
'Vain gems, and unregarded coſt, they bore,
'For all men's eyes were ty'd to thoſe before.
'The bridegroom's flouriſhing troop fill'd next the
'With thirty comely youths, of nobleſt race, [place,
'That march'd before, and Heav'n around his head
'The graceful beams of joy and beauty ſpread.

‘ So the glad ſtar which men and angels love,
‘ Prince of the glorious hoſt that ſhines above,
‘ No light of heav'n ſo cheerful or ſo gay,
‘ Lifts up his ſacred lamp, and opens day.
‘ The King himſelf, at the tent's crowned gate,
‘ In all his robes of ceremony' and ſtate,
‘ Sate to receive the train : on either hand
‘ Did the High Prieſt and the Great Prophet ſtand.
‘ Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jeſſe,
‘ And all the chiefs, in their due order preſs.
‘ Firſt Saul declar'd his choice, and the juſt cauſe
‘ Avow'd by a gen'ral murmur of applauſe,
‘ Then ſign'd her dower, and in few words he pray'd,
‘ And bleſs'd, and gave the joyful trembling maid
‘ T' her lover's hands, who with a cheerful look
‘ And humble geſture the vaſt preſent took.
‘ The nuptial-hymn ſtraight ſounds, and muſics play,
‘ And feaſts and balls ſhorten the thoughtleſs day
‘ To all but to the wedded ; till, at laſt,
‘ The long-wiſh'd night did her kind ſhadow caſt :
‘ At laſt th' ineſtimable hour was come,
‘ To lead his conqu'ring prey in triumph home.
‘ To a palace near, dreſs'd for the nuptial bed,
‘ Part of her dower, he his fair princeſs led.
‘ Saul, the High Prieſt, and Samuel, here they leave,
‘ Who, as they part, their weighty bleſſings give.
‘ Her vail is now put on ; and at the gate
‘ The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait

‘ With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,
‘ To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before.
‘ The reſt bring home in ſtate the happy pair
‘ To that laſt ſcene of bliſs, and leave them there,
‘ All thoſe free joys inſatiably to prove,
‘ With which rich Beauty feaſts the glutton Love.
‘ But ſcarce, alas! the firſt ſev'n days were paſt,
‘ In which the public nuptial-triumphs laſt,
‘ When Saul this new alliance did repent;
‘ Such ſubtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
‘ He envy'd the good work himſelf had done,
‘ Fear'd David leſs his ſervant than his ſon.
‘ No longer his wild wrath could he command;
‘ He ſeeks to ſtain his own imperial hand
‘ In his ſon's blood; and that twice cheated too,
‘ With troops and armies does one life purſue.
‘ Said I but one? his thirſty rage extends
‘ To the lives of all his kindred and his friends;
‘ Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being ſo,
‘ Had not juſt God put by th' unnat'ral blow.
‘ You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us here;
‘ No ſullen diſcontent or groundleſs fear;
‘ No guilty act or end calls us from home,
‘ Only to breathe in peace a while we come,
‘ Ready to ſerve, and in mean ſpace to pray
‘ For you, who us receive, and him who drives away.’

End of the Third Book.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

The Contents.

MOAB carries his gueſts to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls in diſcourſe with David, and deſires to know of him the reaſons of the change of government in Iſrael. How Saul came to the crown, and the ſtory of him and Jonathan. David's ſpeech, containing the ſtate of the Commonwealth under the Judges. The motives for which the people deſired a king. Their deputy's ſpeech to Samuel upon that ſubject, and his reply. The aſſembling of the people at the Tabernacle, to inquire God's pleaſure. God's ſpeech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel; and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nahas king of Ammon againſt Jabes Gilead. Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his ſingle fight with Nahas, whom he ſlays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philiſtians at Macmas; their ſtrength, and the weakneſs of Saul's forces; his exerciſing of the prieſtly function, and the Judgment denounced by Samuel againſt him. Jonathan's diſcourſe with his eſquire; their falling alone upon the enemies' out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's raſh vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is ſaved by the people.

Tho' ſtate and kind diſcourſe thus robb'd the night
Of half her nat'ral and more juſt delight,
Moab, whom temp'rance did ſtill vig'rous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'rate ſleep,
Up with the ſun aroſe; and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his ſhining riſe,
And thrice tow'rds Phegor, his Baal's holieſt hill,
(With good and pious pray'rs directed ill)
Call'd to the chaſe his friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horſes neigh'd.

Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four ſteeds,
The beſt and nobleſt that freſh Zerith breeds,
All white as ſnow, and ſprightful as the light,
With ſcarlet trapp'd, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt night's ſtory, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom ſo much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flouriſhing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the ſport.
Some arm'd with bows, ſome with ſtraight jav'lins ride,
Rich ſwords and gilded quivers grace their ſide.
'Midſt the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancy'd god;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords
With looſe and various talk that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'd ſlowly on; but the wiſe King
Did David's tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.
" Much," ſaid the King, " much I to Joab owe,
" For the fair picture drawn by him of you:
" 'Twas drawn in little, but did acts expreſs
" So great, that largeſt hiſtories are leſs.
" I ſee (methinks) the Gathian monſter ſtill,
" His ſhape, laſt night, my mindful dreams did fill.
" Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to purſue
" The praiſe of deeds whence his own ſafety grew!
" I'ave heard (but who can think it?) that his ſon
" Has his life's hazard for your friendſhip run;

" His matchleſs ſon ! whoſe worth (if Fame be true)
" Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,
" With whom it makes him one." Low David bows,
But no reply Moab's ſwift tongue allows.
" And pray, kind Gueſt! whilſt we ride thus," ſays he,
" (To gameful Nebo ſtill three leagues there be)
" The ſtory of your royal friend relate,
" And his ungovern'd ſire's imperious fate:
" Why your great ſtate that nameleſs family choſe,
" And by what ſteps to Iſrael's throne they roſe."
He ſtay'd; and David thus. " From Egypt's land
' You 'ave heard, Sir, by what ſtrong, unarmed hand
' Our fathers came; Moſes their ſacred guide,
' But he in ſight of the giv'n country dy'd (*a*).
' His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
' And Joſhua's ſword muſt th' active rod ſupply.
' It did ſo, and did wonders.
' From ſacred Jordan to the Weſtern main,
' From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
' Of naked ſands, his winged conqueſts went (*b*),
' And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he ſent (*c*).
' Almoſt four hundred years from him to Saul,
' In too much freedom paſs'd, or foreign thrall.
' Oft' ſtrangers' iron ſceptres bruis'd the land,
' (Such ſtill are thoſe borne by a conqu'ring hand)
' Oft' pitying God did well-form'd ſpirits raiſe,
' Fit for the toilſome bus'neſs of their days,

(*a*) Deut. xxxiv. 5. (*b*) Joſh. i. 4. (*c*) Joſh. xii.

'To free the groaning nation, and to give
'Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
'But they, whose stamp of pow'r did chiefly lie
'In characters too fine for most men's eye,
'Graces and gifts divine, not painted bright
'With state, to awe dull minds, and force t' affright,
'Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
'Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their breath.
'The hungry rich all near them did devour,
'Their judge was Appetite, and their law was Pow'r.
'Not want itself could luxury restrain,
'For what that empty'd, Rapine fill'd again.
'Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
'What the sword's reaping spar'd was gleaned by the gown.
'At courts and seats of justice to complain,
'Was to be robb'd more vexingly again:
'Nor was their lust less active or less bold,
'Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold.
'Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
'The pride of old men that, and this of young.
'You 'ave heard, perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's shame,
'Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they name;
'Alarmed all by one fair stranger's eyes,
'As to a sudden war the town does rise;
'Shaking and pale, half dead ere they begin
'The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin (*d*):
'All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
'Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,

(*d*) Judg. xix.

‘ She ’midſt their loath’d and cruel kindneſs dies,
‘ Of monſtrous Luſt the innocent ſacrifice.
‘ This did (’tis true) a Civil war create,
‘ (The frequent curſe of our looſe-govern’d ſtate)
‘ All Gibeah’s, and all Jabes’ blood it coſt;
‘ Near a whole tribe, and future kings we loſt(*e*).
‘ Firm in this general earthquake of the land,
‘ How could religion, its main pillar, ſtand?
‘ Proud and fond man his fathers’ worſhip hates,
‘ Himſelf, God’s creature, his own god creates.
‘ Hence in each houſehold ſev’ral deities grew,
‘ And when no old one pleas’d, they fram’d a new.
‘ The only land which ſerv’d but one before,
‘ Did th’ only then all nations’ gods adore.
‘ They ſerv’d their gods at firſt, and ſoon their kings;
‘ Their choice of that this latter ſlav’ry brings;
‘ Till ſpecial men, arm’d with God’s warrant, broke
‘ By juſteſt force th’ unjuſtly forced yoke:
‘ All matchleſs perſons, and thrice worthy they
‘ Of power more great, or lands more apt t’ obey.
‘ At laſt the prieſthood, join’d in Ithamar’s ſon,
‘ More weight and luſtre to the ſceptre won (*f*):
‘ But whilſt mild Ely and good Samuel were
‘ Buſy’d with age, and th’ altar’s ſacred care,
‘ To their wild ſons they their high charge commit (*g*),
‘ Who expoſe to ſcorn and hate both them and it.
‘ Ely’s curs’d houſe th’ exemplar vengeance bears
‘ Of all their blood, and all ſad Iſrael’s tears.

(*e*) Judg. xx. & xxi. (*f*) 1 Sam. i. (*g*) 1 Sam. ii. 12. & viii. 1.

'His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain,
'Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en (*h*.)
'Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd;
'They suffer by them first, and for them next.
'Samuel succeeds (*i*). Since Moses, none, before,
'So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
'In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seis'd;
'Heav'n's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd (*k*).
'He rains and winds for auxiliaries brought;
'He muster'd flames and thunders when he fought (*l*).
'Thus thirty years, with strong and steddy hand,
'He held th' unshaken balance of the land.
'At last his sons th' indulgent father chose (*m*)
'To share that state which they were born to lose.
'Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
'Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages past.
'To this (for still were some great periods set,
'There's a strong knot of sev'ral causes met)
'The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring war,
'A mighty storm, long gath'ring from afar:
'For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
'Like torrents swoln with rain prepar'd the land t' invade.
'Samuel was old, and by his sons' ill choice,
'Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice:

(*h*) 1 Sam. iv. 10, 11. (*i*) 1 Sam. iv. 1. (*k*) 1 Sam. vii.
(*l*) 1 Sam. vii. 10. (*m*) 1 Sam. viii. 1.

' His ſons, ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the land
' Nor hop'd nor wiſh'd a vict'ry from their hand.
' Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs cauſes why
' The general voice did for a Monarch cry.
' But God ill grains did in this incenſe ſmell;
' Wrapp'd in fair leaves he ſaw the canker dwell.
' A mutinous itch of change, a dull deſpair
' Of helps divine oft' prov'd; a faithleſs care
' Of common means; the pride of heart, and ſcorn
' Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne;
' They ſaw the ſtate and glitt'ring pomp, which bleſs'd,
' In vulgar ſenſe, the ſceptres of the Eaſt:
' They ſaw not pow'r's true ſource, and ſcorn'd t' obey
' Perſons that look'd no dreadfuller than they;
' They miſs'd courts, guards, a gay and num'rous train;
' Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain.
' On an old bench of wood, her ſeat of ſtate,
' Beneath the well-known palm, wiſe Deb'rah ſate(*n*):
' Her maids with comely diligence round her ſpun,
' And ſhe, too, when the pleadings there were done.
' With the ſame goad Samgar his oxen drives,
' Which took, the ſun before, ſix hundred lives
' From his ſham'd foes(*o*): he midſt his work dealt laws,
' And oft' was his plough ſtopp'd to hear a cauſe.
' Nor did great Gideon his old flail diſdain (*p*),
' After won fields, ſack'd towns, and princes ſlain;
' His ſceptre that, and Ophra's threſhing-floor,
' The ſeat and emblem of his juſtice bore.

(*n*) Judg. iv. 5. (*o*) Judg. iii. 31. (*p*) Judg. vi. 1.

'What ſhould I Jair (q), the happieſt father, name?
'Or mournful Jephtha, known no leſs to Fame
'For the moſt wretched (r)? both at once did keep
'The mighy flocks of Iſrael and their ſheep:
'Oft' from the field in haſte they ſummon'd were,
'Some weighty foreign embaſy to hear;
'Theycalledtheirſlaves, theirſons, andfriends, around,
'Who all at ſev'ral cares were ſcatter'd found;
'They waſh'd their feet, their only gown put on,
'And this chief work of ceremony was done.
'Theſe reaſons, and all elſe that could be ſaid,
'In a ripe hour by factious Eloquence ſpread
'Thro' all the tribes, made all deſire a King (s);
'And to their Judge ſelected deputies bring
'This harſh demand, which Nacol for the reſt
'(A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace expreſ'd.'
"We're come, moſt ſacred Judge! to pay th' arrears
"Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
"Of your juſt reign, and at your feet to lay
"All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
"In unproportion'd words; for you alone
"The not unfit reward, who ſeek for none:
"But when our forepaſt ills we call to mind,
"And ſadly think how little's left behind
"Of your important life, whoſe ſudden date
"Would diſinherit th' unprovided ſtate;

(q) Judg. x. 3. (r) Judg. xi. 34. (s) 1 Sam. viii. 4.

" When we conſider how unjuſt 'tis you,
" Who ne'er of pow'r more than the burden knew,
" At once the weight of that and age ſhould have,
" Your ſtooping days preſs'd doubly tow'rds the grave;
" When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
" Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
" And all th' united Eaſt, our fall conſpir'd,
" And that your ſons, whom chiefly we deſir'd
" As ſtamps of you in your lov'd room to place,
" By unlike acts that noble ſtamp deface (*t*);
" 'Midſt theſe new fears and ills we 're forc'd to fly
" To a new and yet unpractis'd remedy;
" A new one, but long promis'd and foretold
" By Moſes (*u*), and to Abraham ſhown of old;
" A propheſy long forming in the womb
" Of teeming years, and now to ripeneſs come:
" This remedy's a King; for this we all
" With an inſpir'd and zealous union call:
" And in one ſound when all men's voices join,
" The muſic's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine.
" 'Tis God alone ſpeaks a whole nation's voice;
" That is his public language; but the choice
" Of what peculiar head that crown muſt bear,
" From you, who his peculiar organ are,
" We' expect to hear; the people ſhall to you
" Their king, the king his crown and people owe.
" To your great name what luſtre will it bring
" T' have been our Judge, and to have made our King!"

(*t*) 1 Sam. viii. 5. (*u*) Deut. xvii. 14.

'He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel ſtraight,
'Pauſing a while (*x*) at this great queſtion's weight,
'With a grave ſigh, and with a thoughtful eye,
'That more of care than paſſion did deſcry,
'Calmly replies:' "You 're ſure the firſt," ſays he,
"Of free-born men that begg'd for ſlavery.
"I fear, my Friends! with heav'nly manna fed,
"(Our old forefathers' crime) we luſt for bread.
"Long ſince by God from bondage drawn, I fear
"We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
"Cheat not yourſelves with words; for tho' a king
"Be the mild name, a tyrant is the thing (*y*):
"Let his power looſe, and you ſhall quickly ſee
"How mild a thing unbounded man will be:
"He'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood to ſpill,
"Where'er his guideleſs paſſion leads his will.
"Ambition, luſt, or ſpleen, his wars will raiſe,
"Your lives' beſt price his thirſt of wealth or praiſe.
"Your ableſt ſons for his proud guards he'll take,
"And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous make.
"Your daughters and dear wives he'll force away,
"His lux'ry ſome, and ſome his luſt, t' obey.
"His idle friends your hungry toils ſhall eat, [ſweat.
"Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood and
"Then you'll all ſigh, but ſighs will treaſons be;
"And not your griefs themſelves, or looks, be free.
"Robb'd even of hopes, when you theſe ills ſuſtain,
"Your watry eyes you'll then turn back in vain

(*x*) 1 Sam. viii. 6. (*y*) 1 Sam. viii. 11.

“ On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,
“ Nay, ev'n my ſons, howe'er they' unhappy be
“ In your diſpleaſure now; not that I'd clear
“ Their guilt, or mine own innocence endear;
“ Witneſs th' Unutterable Name, there's nought
“ Of private ends into this queſtion brought:
“ But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
“ Why man your God, and paſſion made your law?”
“ Methinks,” (thus Moab interrupts him here)
“ The good old ſeer 'gainſt kings was too ſevere.
“ 'Tis jeſt to tell a people that they 're free:
“ Who, or how many, ſhall their maſters be
“ Is the ſole doubt: laws guide, but cannot reign;
“ And tho' they bind not kings, yet they reſtrain.
“ I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their love)
“ That no one Moabite would his ſpeech approve.
“ But, pray, go on.” ‘ 'Tis true, Sir,’ he replies;
‘ Yet men whom age and action renders wiſe,
‘ So much great changes fear, that they believe
‘ All evils will, which may, from them arrive.
‘ On men reſolv'd theſe threats were ſpent in vain;
‘ All that his pow'r or eloquence could obtain
‘ Was to inquire God's will, ere they proceed
‘ To a work that would ſo much his bleſſing need (*z*).
‘ A ſolemn day for this great work is ſet,
‘ And at the Anointed Tent (*a*) all Iſrael met
‘ Expect th' event. Below fair bullocks fry
‘ In hallow'd flames; above there mount on high

(*z*) 1 Sam. viii. 19,—22. (*a*) Exod. xl. 9. and xxx. 26.

'The precious clouds of incenſe (*b*); and, at laſt,
'The ſprinkling, pray'rs, and all due honours paſt,
'Lo! we the ſacred bells o' the ſudden hear (*c*),
'And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear;
'His ephod, mitre, well cut diadem, on (*d*),
'Th' oraculous ſtones on his rich breaſtplate ſhone (*e*):
'Tow'rds the blue curtains of God's holieſt place
'(The Temple's bright third heav'n) he turn'd his face:
'Thrice bow'd he, thrice the ſolemn muſic play'd,
'And at third reſt thus the great Prophet pray'd:'
"Almighty God! to whom all men that be
"Owe all they have, yet none ſo much as we;
"Who tho' thou fill'ſt the ſpacious world alone,
"Thy too ſmall court, haſt made this place thy throne,
"With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here
"Bleſs'd Abraham's ſeed implores thy gracious ear:
"Hear them, great God! and thy juſt will inſpire;
"From thee, their long-known King, they a king deſire:
"Some gracious ſigns of thy good pleaſure ſend,
"Which, lo! with ſouls reſign'd we humbly here attend."
'He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
'Silence and reverend horror ſeiz'd the rout:
'The whole tent ſhakes, the flames on th' altar by
'In thick dull rolls mount ſlow and heavily:
'The ſeven lamps (*f*) wink; and, what does moſt diſmay,
'Th' orac'lous gems ſhut in their nat'ral day:

(*b*) Exod. xl. 5, 6. (*c*) Exod. xxxix. 25. (*d*) ℣. 2.
(*e*) ℣. 8,—13. (*f*) Exod. xxv. 37.

'The ruby's cheek grew pale; the em'raud by
'Faded; a cloud o'ercaſt the ſapphire's ſky;
'The di'mond's eye look'd ſleepy, and ſwift night
'Of all thoſe little ſuns eclips'd the light:
'Sad ſigns of God's dread anger for our ſin;
'But ſtraight a wondrous brightneſs from within
'Strook thro' the curtains, for no earthly cloud
'Could thoſe ſtrong beams of heav'nly glory ſhroud:
'The altar's fire burnt pure, and every ſtone
'Their radiant parent, the gay ſun, outſhone:
'Beauty th' illuſtrious viſion did impart
'To ev'ry face, and joy to ev'ry heart.
'In glad effects God's preſence thus appear'd,
'And thus in wondrous ſounds his voice was heard:'
This ſtubborn land ſins ſtill; nor is it thee, but us
(Who have been ſo long their King) they ſeek to caſt off thus.
Five hundred rolling years hath this ſtiff nation ſtrove
To exhauſt the boundleſs ſtores of our unfathom'd love.
Be't ſo, then; yet, once more, are we reſolv'd to try
T'outweary them thro' all their ſins' variety;
Aſſemble, ten days hence, the num'rous people here,
To draw the royal lot which our hid mark ſhall bear.
Diſmiſs them now in peace; but their next crime ſhall bring
Ruin without redreſs on them, and on their King.
'Th' Almighty ſpoke; th' aſtoniſh'd people part,
'With various ſtamps impreſs'd on ev'ry heart:

'Some their demand repented, others prais'd;
'Some had no thoughts at all, but ſtar'd and gaz'd.
'There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah town,
'For wiſdom much, and much for courage known;
'More for his ſon; his mighty ſon was Saul (g),
'Whom Nature, ere the lots, to a throne did call.
'He was much Prince, and when or whereſoe'er
'His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and there.
'Such beauty as great ſtrength thinks no diſgrace,
'Smil'd in the manly features of his face:
'His large black eyes, fill'd with a ſprightful light,
'Shot forth ſuch lively and illuſtrious night,
'As the ſunbeams on jet reflecting ſhow,
'His hair as black, in long curl'd waves did flow:
'His tall ſtraight body amidſt thouſands ſtood,
'Like ſome fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler wood.
'Of all our rural ſports he was the pride;
'So ſwift, ſo ſtrong, ſo dex'trous none beſide.
'Reſt was his toil, labours his luſt and game;
'No nat'ral wants could his fierce diligence tame,
'Not thirſt nor hunger; he would journies go
'Thro' raging heats, and take repoſe in ſnow.
'His ſoul was ne'er unbent from weighty care,
'But active as ſome mind that turns a ſphere.
'His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
'Nor ſtepp'd aſide for dangers or delight.
'Yet was he wiſe all dangers to foreſee;
'But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he.

(g) 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.

'His wit was ſtrong, not fine; and on his tongue
'An artleſs grace, above all eloquence, hung.
'Theſe virtues, too, the rich unuſual dreſs
'Of modeſty adorn'd, and humbleneſs (*h*):
'Like a clear varniſh o'er fair pictures laid,
'More freſh and laſting they the colours made:
'Till pow'r and vi'lent fortune, which did find
'No ſtop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no leſs his mind;
'Did, deluge-like, the nat'ral forms deface,
'And brought forth unknown monſters in their place.
'Forbid it, God! my maſter's ſpots ſhould be,
'Were they not ſeen by all, diſclos'd by me!
'But ſuch he was; and now to Ramah went
'(So God diſpos'd) with a ſtrange low intent;
'Great God! he went loſt aſſes to inquire,
'And a ſmall preſent, his ſmall queſtion's hire,
'Brought ſimply with him, to that man to give,
'From whom high Heav'n's chief gifts he muſt receive (*i*).
'Strange play of Fate! when mightieſt human things
'Hang on ſuch ſmall imperceptible ſtrings!
''Twas Samuel's birth-day, a glad annual feaſt
'All Ramah kept (*k*); Samuel his wond'ring gueſt
'With ſuch reſpect leads to it, and does grace
'With the choice meats o' the feaſt, and higheſt place (*l*):

(*h*) 1 Sam. ix. 21. and x. 22.
(*i*) 1 Sam. ix. 8.
(*k*) 1 Sam. ix. 12.
(*l*) ℣. 22, 23, 24.

‘ Which done, him forth alone the Prophet brings,
‘ And feaſts his raviſh’d ears with nobler things (*m*):
‘ He tells the mighty fate to him aſſign’d,
‘ And with great rules fills his capacious mind:
‘ Then takes the ſacred vial, and does ſhed
‘ A crown of myſtic drops around his head (*n*);
‘ Drops of that royal moiſture which does know
‘ No mixture, and diſdains the place below.
‘ Soon comes the kingly day (*o*), and with it brings
‘ A new account of time upon his wings.
‘ The people met, the rites and pray’rs all paſt,
‘ Behold! the Heav’n-inſtructed lot is caſt:
‘ ’Tis taught by Heav’n its way, and cannot miſs;
‘ Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the Houſe of Kis.
‘ As glimm’ring ſtars juſt at th’ approach of day,
‘ Caſheer’d by troops, at laſt drop all away,
‘ By ſuch degrees all men’s bright hopes are gone,
‘ And, like the ſun, Saul’s lot ſhines all alone.
‘ Ev’n here, perhaps, the people’s ſhout was heard,
‘ The loud long ſhout when God’s fair choice appear’d.
‘ Above the whole vaſt throng he’ appear’d ſo tall,
‘ As if by Nature made for the head of all;
‘ So full of grace and ſtate, that one might know
‘ ’Twas ſome wiſe eye the blind lot guided ſo:
‘ But blind unguided lots have more of choice
‘ And conſtancy than the ſlight vulgar’s voice.

(*m*) 1 Sam. ix. 26. (*n*) 1 Sam. x. 1. (*o*) ℣. 17.

'Ere yet the crown of ſacred oil is dry,
'Whilſt echoes yet preſerve the joyful cry,
'Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miſs,
'Some envy Saul, ſome ſcorn the Houſe of Kis:
'Some their firſt mutinous wiſh, a king, repent,
'As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by God's conſent.
'Few to this prince their firſt juſt duties pay;
'All leave the old, but few the new obey.
'Thus changes man, but God is conſtant ſtill
'To thoſe eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
'And tho' he yielded firſt to them, 'tis fit
'That ſtubborn men at laſt to him ſubmit.
'As midſt the main a low ſmall iſland lies,
'Aſſaulted round with ſtormy ſeas and ſkies,
'Whilſt the poor heartleſs natives ev'ry hour
'Darkneſs and noiſe ſeems ready to devour;
'Such Iſrael's ſtate appear'd, whilſt o'er the Weſt
'Philiſtian clouds hung threat'ning, and from th'Eaſt
'All nations' wrath into one tempeſt joins,
'Thro' which proud Nahas like fierce lightning ſhines.
'Tigris and Nile to his aſſiſtance ſend;
'And waters to ſwoll'n Jaboc's torrent lend;
'Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalec, add their force,
'Up with them march the Three Arabias' horſe;
'And 'mongſt all theſe none more their hope or pride
'Than thoſe few troops your warlike land ſupply'd.
'Around weak Jabes this vaſt hoſt does lie (*p*),
'Diſdains a dry and bloodleſs victory.

(*p*) 1 Sam. xi. 1.

'The hopeleſs town for ſlav'ry does entreat,
'But barb'rous Nahas thinks that grace too great.
'He (his firſt tribute) their right eyes demands (q),
'And with their faces' ſhame diſarms their hands.
'If unreliev'd ſeven days by Iſrael's aid,
'This bargain for o'er-rated life is made (r).
'Ah! mighty God! let thine own Iſrael be
'Quite blind itſelf ere this reproach it ſee!
'By his wanton people the new King forſook,
'To homely rural cares himſelf betook (s):
'In private plenty liv'd, without the ſtate,
'Luſtre, and noiſe due to a public fate.
'Whilſt he his ſlaves and cattle follows home,
'Lo! the ſad meſſengers from Jabes come,
'Implore his help (t), and weep, as if they meant
'That way, at leaſt, proud Nahas to prevent.
'Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his ſtrict command
'He iſſues forth t' aſſemble all the land (u).
'He threatens high, and diſobedient they,
'Wak'd by ſuch princely terrors, learnt t' obey.
'A mighty hoſt is rais'd (x); th' important cauſe
'Age from their reſt, youth from their pleaſure, draws;
'Arm'd as unfurniſh'd haſte could them provide;
'But conduct, courage, anger, that ſupply'd.
'All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
On Jabes' heath in three fair bodies drawn (y).

(q) 1 Sam. xi. 2. (r) ℣. 3. (s) ℣. 5. (t) ℣. 4. (u) ℣. 7. (x) ℣. 8. (y) ℣. 11.

'Saul did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
'His ſon the next, Abner the third, command:
'But pardon, Sir, if naming Saul's great ſon,
'I ſtop with him a while ere I go on.
'This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
'The beautifull'ſt and beſt of human race;
'That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain,
'All that kind mothers' wiſhes can contain.
'His courage ſuch, as it no ſtop can know,
'And vict'ry gains by' aſtoniſhing the foe:
'With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,
'And melts their hearts e'er it the boſom wounds:
'Yet he the conquer'd with ſuch ſweetneſs gains,
'As captive lovers find in beauty's chains.
'In war the adverſe troops he does aſſail
'Like an impetuous ſtorm of wind and hail:
'In peace, like gentleſt dew that does aſſwage
'The burning months, and temper Syrius' rage.
'Kind as the ſun's bleſs'd influence, and where'er
'He comes, plenty and joy attend him there.
'To help ſeems all his power; his wealth to give;
'To do much good his ſole prerogative:
'And yet this gen'ral bounty of his mind,
'That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
'Such artful prudence does to each divide,
'With diff'rent meaſures all are ſatisfy'd:
'Juſt as wiſe God his plenteous manna dealt,
'Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt (z).

(z) Exod. xvi. 17.

'To all relations their juſt rights he pays,
'And worth's reward above its claim does raiſe.
'The tend'reſt huſband, maſter, father, ſon,
'And thoſe parts by his friendſhip far outdone.
'His love to friends no bound or rule does know;
'What he to Heav'n, all that to him they owe.
'Keen as his ſword. and pointed, is his wit:
'His judgment, like beſt armour, ſtrong and fit:
'And ſuch an eloquence to both theſe does join,
'As makes in both beauty and uſe combine,
'Thro' which a noble tincture does appear
'By learning and choice books imprinted there.
'As well he knows all times and perſons gone,
'As he himſelf to the future ſhall be known:
'But his chief ſtudy is God's ſacred law,
'And all his life does comments on it draw.
'As never more by Heav'n to man was giv'n,
' So never more was paid by man to Heav'n:
'And all theſe virtues were to ripeneſs grown,
'Ere yet his flower of youth was fully blown.
'All autumn's ſtore did his rich ſpring adorn;
'Like trees in Paradiſe, he with fruit was born.
'Such is his ſoul; and if, as ſome men tell,
'Souls form and build thoſe manſions where they dwell,
'Whoe'er but ſees his body muſt confeſs
'The architect, no doubt, could be no leſs.
'From Saul his growth and manly ſtrength he took,
'Chaſtis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look (a).

(a) 1 Sam. xiv. 50.

‘ Not bright Ahinoam, Beauty's loudeſt name,
‘ Till ſhe to' her children loſt, with joy, her fame,
‘ Had ſweeter ſtrokes, colours more freſh and fair,
‘ More darting eyes, or lovelier auburne hair.
‘ Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
‘ And on this boundleſs ſubject ſtay ſo long,
‘ Where too much haſte e'er to end it would be,
‘ Did not his acts ſpeak what is untold by me.
‘ Tho' from the time his hands a ſword could wield,
‘ He ne'er miſs'd fame and danger in the field,
‘ Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
‘ Since Saul's bright crown gave luſtre to his worth;
‘ 'Twas the laſt morning whoſe uncheerful riſe
‘ Sad Jabes was to view with both their eyes.
‘ Secure proud Nabas ſlept, as in his court,
‘ And dream'd, vain Man! of that day's barb'rous [ſport,
‘ Till noiſe and dreadful tumults him awoke,
‘ Till into' his camp our vi'lent army broke.
‘ The careleſs guards, with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd,
‘ Slaughter the camp, and wild confuſion, fill'd.
‘ Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
‘ And marches boldly up to outface the ſtorm:
‘ Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he purſues
‘ Th' Arabian horſe, and a hot fight renews.
‘ 'Twas here your troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
‘ Till Uz and Jathan, their ſtout colonels, fell:
‘ 'Twas here our vict'ry ſtopp'd, and gave us cauſe
‘ Much to ſuſpect th' intention of her pauſe:

'But when our thund'ring prince Nahas eſpy'd,
'Who with a courage equal to his pride
'Broke thro' our troops, and tow'rds him boldly preſs'd,
'A gen'rous joy leap'd in his youthful breaſt.
'As when a wrathful dragon's diſmal light
'Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike eagle's ſight,
'The mighty foe pleaſes his fearleſs eyes,
'He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
'With vain, tho' vi'lent force, their darts they flung;
'In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
'And ſtopp'd there; Ammon did his helmet hit,
'And gliding off, bore the proud creſt from it. [came,
'Straight with their ſwords to the fierce ſhock they
'Their ſwords, their armour, and their eyes, ſhot flame:
'Blows ſtrong as thunder, thick as rain, they dealt,
'Which more than they th' engag'd ſpectators felt.
'In Ammon force, in Jonathan addreſs,
'(Tho' both were great in both to an exceſs)
'To the well-judging eye did moſt appear;
'Honour and anger in both equal were.
'Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon three,
'Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'ſham'd to ſee,
'Did his whole ſtrength into one blow collect;
'And as a ſpaniel, when we our aim direct
'To ſhoot ſome bird, impatiently ſtands by,
'Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
'Juſt as it drops upon the wounded prey,
'So waited Death itſelf to bear away

‘ The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy ſtand
‘ At ſight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.
‘ Our watchful Prince by bending ſav'd the wound,
‘ But Death in other coin his reck'ning found;
‘ For whilſt th' immod'rate ſtroke's miſcarrying force
‘ Had almoſt borne the ſtriker from his horſe,
‘ A nimble thruſt his active en'my made;
‘ 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
‘ And open'd wide thoſe ſecret veſſels, where
‘ Life's light goes out when firſt they let in air.
‘ He falls, his armour clanks againſt the ground;
‘ From his faint tongue imperfect curſes ſound.
‘ His amaz'd troops ſtraight caſt their arms away;
‘ Scarce fled his ſoul from thence more ſwift than they.
‘ As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom rage
‘ And thirſt of empire in fierce wars engage,
‘ Whilſt each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
‘ And ſeeks to uſurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
‘ Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
‘ I' th' air's wide plain diſpute their doubtful right,
‘ If by ſad chance of battle either king
‘ Fall wounded down, ſtrook with ſome fatal ſting,
‘ His army's hopes and courage with him die,
‘ They ſheath up their faint ſwords, and routed fly:
‘ On th' other's ſides at once, with like ſucceſs,
‘ Into the camp great Saul and Abner preſs;
‘ From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noiſe they hear,
‘ And, whatſoe'er it mean, long to be there.

'At the ſame inſtant from glad Jabes' town
'The haſty troops march loud and cheerful down.
'Some few at firſt with vain reſiſtance fall,
'The reſt is ſlaughter, and vaſt conqueſt all.
'The fate by which our hoſt thus far had gone,
'Our hoſt with noble heat drove farther on;
'Victorious arms thro' Ammon's land it bore,
'Ruin behind, and Terror march'd before.
'Where'er from Rabba's tow'rs they caſt their ſight,
'Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the night.
'This bright ſucceſs did Saul's firſt action bring;
'The oil, the lot, and crown, leſs crown'd him king.
'The happy all men judge for empire fit,
'And none withſtands where Fortune does ſubmit.
'Thoſe who before did God's fair choice withſtand,
'The exceſſive vulgar now to death demand (b);
'But wiſer Saul repeal'd their haſty doom (c),
'Conqueſt abroad with mercy crown'd at home;
'Nor ſtain'd with civil ſlaughter that day's pride,
'Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
'Again the crown th' aſſembled people give (d),
'With greater joy than Saul could it receive:
'Again th' old Judge reſigns his ſacred place (e),
'God glorify'd with wonders his diſgrace.
'With decent pride, ſuch as did well befit
'The name he kept, and that which he did quit,

(b) 1 Sam. xi. 12. (c) ℣. 13. (d) ℣. 15.
(e) 1 Sam. xii. 1. &c.

‘ The long-paſt row of happy years he ſhow'd,
‘ Which to his heav'nly government they ow'd;
‘ How the torn ſtate his juſt and prudent reign
‘ Reſtor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
‘ In war what conqu'ring miracles he wrought;
‘ God, then their King, was gen'ral when they fought,
‘ Whom they depos'd with him.’ “ And that,” ſaid he,
“ You may ſee God concern'd in it more than me,
“ Behold how ſtorms his angry preſence ſhrowd,
“ Hark! how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!”
‘ 'Twas now the ripen'd ſummer's higheſt rage,
‘ Which no faint cloud durſt mediate to aſſwage:
‘ Th' earth, hot with thirſt, and hot with luſt for rain,
‘ Gap'd and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
‘ Which ſtraight were ſcatter'd, or devour'd by th' ſun,
‘ When, lo! ere ſcarce the active ſpeech was done,
‘ A vi'lent wind roſe from his ſecret cave,
‘ And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
‘ Whilſt with rude haſte the confus'd tempeſt crowds,
‘ Swift dreadful flames ſhot thro' th' encount'ring clouds;
‘ From whoſe torn womb th' impriſon'd thunder broke,
‘ And in dire ſounds the Prophet's ſenſe it ſpoke.
‘ Such an impetuous ſhower it downwards ſent,
‘ As if the waters 'bove the firmament
‘ Were all let looſe; horror and fearful noiſe
‘ Fill'd the black ſcene, till the great Prophet's voice,
‘ Swift as the wings of Morn, reduc'd the day;
‘ Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once away.’

"Fear not," ſaid he, "God his fierce wrath removes (*f*),
"And tho' this ſtate my ſervice diſapproves,
"My prayers ſhall ſerve it conſtantly. No more,
"I hope a pardon for paſt ſins to implore,
"But juſt rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring
"On the good deeds of you and of our King.
"Behold him there! and as you ſee, rejoice
"In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
"Behold his beauty, courage, ſtrength, and wit!
"The honour Heav'n has cloath'd him with ſits fit
"And comely on him. Since you needs muſt be
"Rul'd by a king, you 're happy that 'tis he.
"Obey him gladly, and let him, too, know
"You were not made for him, but he for you,
"And both for God,
"Whoſe gentleſt yoke, if once you caſt away,
"In vain ſhall he command, and you obey;
"To foreign tyrants both ſhall ſlaves become (*g*),
"Inſtead of King and ſubjects here at home."
'The crown thus ſev'ral ways confirm'd to Saul,
'One way was wanting yet to crown them all;
'And that was force, which only can maintain
'The power that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.
'Three thouſand guards of big bold men he took (*h*),
'Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look;
'His ſacred perſon two, and throne, defend,
'The third on matchleſs Jonathan attend,

(*f*) 1 Sam. xii. 20. (*g*) Ÿ. 25. (*h*) 1 Sam. xiii. 2.

‘ O'er whoſe full thoughts honour and youthful heat
‘ Sate brooding to hatch actions good and great.
‘ On Geba firſt, where a Philiſtian band
‘ Lies (*i*), and around torments the fetter'd land,
‘ He falls, and ſlaughters all; his noble rage
‘ Mix'd with deſign, his nation to engage
‘ In that juſt war, which from them long in vain
‘ Honour and Freedom's voice had ſtrove t'obtain.
‘ Th' accurs'd Philiſtian rous'd with this bold blow,
‘ All the proud marks of enrag'd power does ſhow (*k*),
‘ Raiſes a vaſt, well-arm'd, and glitt'ring hoſt;
‘ If human ſtrength might authorize a boaſt,
‘ Their threats had reaſon here; for ne'er did we
‘ Ourſelves ſo weak, our foe ſo potent, ſee.
‘ Here we vaſt bodies of their foot eſpy,
‘ The rear outreaches far th' extended eye:
‘ Like fields of corn their armed ſquadrons ſtand;
‘ As thick and numberleſs they hide the land.
‘ Here with ſharp neighs the warlike horſes ſound,
‘ And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
‘ Here with worſe noiſe three thouſand chariots paſs,
‘ With plates of iron bound, or louder braſs:
‘ About it forks, axes, and ſithes, and ſpears,
‘ Whole magazines of death each chariot bears.
‘ Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
‘ And with lopp'd panting limbs the field beſtrows.
‘ Alike the valiant and the cowards die;
‘ Neither can they reſiſt, nor can theſe fly.

(*i*) 1 Sam. xiii. 3. (*k*) ℣. 5.

'In this proud equipage at Micmas they (*l*),
'Saul in much different ſtate at Gilgal, lay (*m*):
'His forces ſeem'd no army, but a crowd,
'Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and loud:
'The quick contagion, fear, ran ſwift thro' all,
'And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
'Saul and his ſon (for no ſuch faint diſeaſe
'Could on their ſtrong-complexion'd valour ſeize)
'In vain all parts of virtuous conduct ſhow'd,
'And on deaf Terror gen'rous words beſtow'd.
'Thouſands from thence fly ſcatter'd ev'ry day,
'Thick as the leaves that ſhake and drop away
'When they th' approach of ſtormy winter find,
'The noble tree all bare, expos'd to the wind.
'Some to ſad Jordan fly, and ſwim it for haſte,
'And from his farther bank look back at laſt:
'Some into woods and caves their cattle drive,
'There with their beaſts on equal terms they live,
'Nor deſerve better: ſome in rocks on high,
'The old retreats of ſtorks and ravens, lie;
'And, were they wing'd like them, ſcarce would they dare
'To ſtay, or truſt their frighted ſafety there.
'As th' hoſt with fear, ſo Saul, diſturb'd with care,
'T' avert theſe ills by ſacrifice and pray'r (*n*),
'And God's bleſs'd will t' inquire, for Samuel ſends,
'Whom he ſix days with troubled haſte attends,
'But ere the ſeventh unlucky day (the laſt
'By Samuel ſet for this great work) was paſt,

(*l*) 1 Sam. xiii. 5. (*m*) ✠. 7. (*n*) ✠. 9.

'Saul, alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
'Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know,
''Sham'd and enrag'd to ſee his troops decay,
'Jealous of an affront in Samuel's ſtay,
'Scorning that any's preſence ſhould appear
'Needful beſides, when he himſelf was there,
'And, with a pride too nat'ral, thinking Heav'n
'Had giv'n him all, becauſe much pow'r it had giv'n,
'Himſelf the ſacrifice and off'rings made,
'Himſelf did the high ſelected charge invade,
'Himſelf inquir'd of God, who then ſpake nought,
'But Samuel ſtraight his dreadful anſwer brought;
'For ſtraight he came, and with a virtue bold,
'As was Saul's ſin, the fatal meſſage told:
'His foul ingratitude to Heav'n he chid,
'To pluck that fruit which was alone forbid
'To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,
'Where all things elſe ſubmit to his command:
'And as fair Eden's violated tree
'To' immortal man brought in mortality,
"So ſhall that crown, which God eternal meant,
"From thee," ſaid he, "and thy great houſe, be rent (*o*).
"Thy crime ſhall death to all thine honours ſend,
"And give thy immortal royalty an end."
'Thus ſpoke the Prophet; but kind Heav'n, we hope,
'(Whoſe threats and anger know no other ſcope

(*o*) 1. Sam. xiii. xiv

'But man's amendment) does long ſince relent,
'And with repentant Saul itſelf repent.
'Howe'er (tho' none more pray for this than we,
'Whoſe wrongs and ſuff'rings might ſome colour be
'To do it leſs) this ſpeech we ſadly find
'Still extant, and ſtill active in his mind;
'But then a worſe effect of it appear'd;
'Our army, which before modeſtly fear'd,
'Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
'Diſbanded now, and fled in troops away;
'Baſe fear ſo bold and impudent does grow,
'When an excuſe and colour it can ſhow.
'Six hundred only (ſcarce a princely train)
'Of all his hoſt, with diſtreſs'd Saul remain (p):
'Of his whole hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'n thoſe
'(So did wiſe Heav'n for mighty ends diſpoſe,
'Nor would that uſeleſs multitudes ſhould ſhare
'In that great gift it did for one prepare)
'Arm'd not like ſoldiers marching in a war,
'But country-hinds alarmed from afar
'By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known ſound
'Raiſes the affrighted villages around.
'Some goads, flails, ploughſhares, forks, or axes, bore,
'Made for life's uſe and better ends before (q);
'Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
'I'th' fire, the firſt rude arts that Malice try'd,

(p) 1 Sam. xiii. 15. (q) V. 19, 20, 21.

'Ere man the ſins of too much knowledge knew,
'And Death by long experience witty grew.
'Such were the numbers, ſuch the arms, which we
'Had by Fate left us for a victory
'O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
'Uſeful itſelf, when Jonathan was there.
'Twas juſt the time when the new ebb of night
'Did the moiſt world unveil to human ſight:
'The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
'With a ſmall party, and no en'my met,
'(So proud and ſo ſecure the en'my lay,
'And drench'd in ſleep th' exceſſes of the day)
'With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
'With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
'The ſtrength and order of their camp to view;
'Abdon alone his gen'rous purpoſe knew;
'Abdon! a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
'Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd, and truth;
'Abdon! his faithful ſquire, whom much he lov'd,
'And oft' with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
'Abdon! whoſe love to his maſter did exceed
'What Nature's law or Paſſion's pow'r could breed;
'Abdon alone did on him now attend,
'His humbleſt ſervant, and his deareſt friend.
'They went, but ſacred fury as they went
'Chang'd ſwiftly, and exalted his intent (r).
"What may this be? (the Prince breaks forth) I find
"God or ſome pow'rful ſpirit invades my mind.

(r) 1 Sam. xiv. 1.

" From ought but Heav'n can never, ſure, be brought
" So high, ſo glorious, and ſo vaſt a thought:
" Nor would ill Fate, that meant me to ſurpriſe,
" Come cloath'd in ſo unlikely a diſguiſe.
" Yon' hoſt, which its proud Fiſhes ſpreads ſo wide
" O'er the whole land, like ſome ſwoll'n river's tide,
" Which terrible and numberleſs appears,
" As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears,
" Which lies ſo ſtrongly encamp'd, that one would
" The hill might be remov'd as ſoon as they, [ſay
" We two alone muſt fight with, and defeat:
" Thou'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a ſound ſo great;
" Yet we muſt do it; God our weak hands has choſe
" T' aſhame the boaſted numbers of our foes,
" Which to his ſtrength no more proportion'd be
" Than millions are of hours to his eternity.
" If when their careleſs guards eſpy us here,
" With ſportful ſcorn they call to us to come near(*s*),
" We'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
" Not they, but Iſrael's angel gives the call."
' He ſpoke, and as he ſpoke a light divine
' Did from his eyes, and round his temples, ſhine;
' Louder his voice, larger his limbs appear'd;
' Leſs ſeem'd the num'rous army to be fear'd.
' This ſaw, and heard with joy, the brave eſquire,
' As he with God's, fill'd with his maſter's fire:
" Forbid it, Heav'n," ſaid he, " I ſhould decline,
" Or wiſh, Sir, not to make your danger mine (*t*);

(*s*) 1 Sam. xiv. 9. (*t*) ℣. 7.

" The great example which I daily ſee,
" Of your high worth, is not ſo loſt on me :
" If wonder-ſtrook I at your words appear,
" My wonder yet is innocent of fear :
" Th' honour which does your princely breaſt inflame,
" Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's name.
" If in this act ill Fate our tempter be,
" May all the ill it means be aim'd at me.
" But ſure, I think, God leads, nor could you bring
" So high thoughts from a leſs exalted ſpring.
" Bright ſigns thro' all your words and looks are
" A riſing vict'ry dawns around your head." [ſpread,
' With ſuch diſcourſe blowing their ſacred flame,
' Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.
' Strongly encamp'd on a ſteep hill's large head,
' Like ſome vaſt wood the mighty hoſt was ſpread (*u*),
' Th' only acceſs on neighb'ring Gabaa's ſide,
' An hard and narrow way, which did divide
' Two cliffy rocks, Boſes and Senes nam'd,
' Much for themſelves and their big ſtrangeneſs fam'd,
' More for their fortune, and this ſtranger day ;
' On both their points Philiſtian out-guards lay,
' From whence the two bold ſpies they firſt eſpy'd ;'
" And, lo ! the Hebrews !" proud Elcanor cry'd,
" From Senes' top : lo ! from their hungry caves
" A quicker fate here ſends them to their graves.
" Come up, (aloud he cries to them below)
" Ye Egyptian Slaves ! and to our mercy owe

(*u*) 1 Sam. xiv. 4.

" The rebel lives long ſince to our juſtice due."
' Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
' When th' inſpir'd Prince did nimbly underſtand
' God, and his godlike virtues' high command.
' It call'd him up, and up the ſteep aſcent
' With pain and labour, haſte and joy, they went.
' Eleanor laugh'd to ſee them climb, and thought
' His mighty words th' affrighted ſuppliants brought,
' Did new affronts to the great Hebrew name,
' (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
' Short was his ſport; for ſwift as thunder's ſtroke
' Rives the frail trunk of ſome heav'n-threat'ning oak,
' The Prince's ſword did his proud head divide;
' The parted ſcull hung down on either ſide.
' Juſt as he fell, his vengeful ſteel he drew
' Half way; no more the trembling joints could do,
' Which Abdon ſnatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood
' Of an amazed wretch that next him ſtood.
' Some cloſe to earth ſhaking and grov'lling lie,
' Like larks when they the tyrant hobby ſpy;
' Some, wonder-ſtrook, ſtand fix'd; ſome fly, ſome arm
' Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm,
' Like the main channel of an high-ſwoll'n flood,
' In vain by dikes and broken works withſtood:
' So Jonathan, once climb'd th' oppoſing hill,
' Does all around with noiſe and ruin fill;
' Like ſome large arm of which, another way
' Abdon o'erflows; him, too, no bank can ſtay;

'With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
'Behind the following waters loudly roar:
'Twenty at leaſt ſlain on this out-guard lie (*x*),
'To th' adjoin'd camp the reſt diſtracted fly,
'And ill mix'd wonders tell, and into it bear
'Blind Terror, deaf Diſorder, helpleſs Fear.
'The conqu'rors, too, preſs boldly in behind,
'Doubling the wild confuſions which they find.
'Hamgar at firſt, the Prince of Aſhdod Town (*y*),
'Chief 'mongſt the Five in riches and renown,
'And General then by courſe, oppos'd their way,
'Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
'And curs'd the heav'ns for rage, and bit the ground;
'His life for ever ſpilt ſtain'd all the graſs around.
'His brother, too, who virtuous haſte did make
'His fortune to revenge or to partake,
'Falls grov'lling o'er his trunk on mother Earth;
'Death mix'd no leſs their bloods than did their birth.
'Mean-while the well-pleas'd Abdon's reſtleſs ſword
'Diſpatch'd the following train t' attend their lord.
'On ſtill o'er panting corpſe great Jonathan led,
'Hundreds before him fell, and thouſands fled.
'Prodigious Prince! which does moſt wondrous ſhow,
'Thy attempt, or thy ſucceſs? thy Fate, or thou?
'Who durſt alone that dreadful hoſt aſſail,
'With purpoſe not die, but to prevail!
'Infinite numbers thee no more affright
'Than God, whoſe unity is infinite.

(*x*) 1 Sam. xiv. 14. (*y*) 1 Sam. v. 6.

'If Heav'n to men such mighty thoughts would give,
'What breast but thine capacious to receive
'The vast infusion ? or what soul but thine
'Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine ?
'Thou follow'dst Heav'n in the design, and we
'Find in the act 'twas Heav'n that follow'd thee (z).
'Thou ledd'st on angels, and that sacred band
'(The Deity's great Lieutenant) didst command.
''Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say
'Angels themselves fought under him that day.
'Clouds with ripe thunder charg'd some thither drew,
'And some the dire materials brought for new.
'Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of death)
'The voice of storms and winged whirlwinds' breath,
'The flames shot forth from fighting dragons' eyes,
'The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' ovens rise,
'The reddest fires with which sad comets glow,
'And Sodom's neighb'ring lake did sp'rits bestow
'Of finest sulphur, amongst which they put
'Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut
'Into a cold moist cloud, t' enflame it more,
'And make th' enraged prisoner louder roar.
'Th' assembled clouds burst o'er their army's head;
'Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them spread.
'Another spirit, with a more potent wand
'Than that which Nature fear'd in Moses' hand,
'And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain strook;
'The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook.

(z) 1 Sam. xiv. 15.

'Thro' the wide air another angel flew
'About their hoſt, and thick amongſt them threw
'Diſcord, deſpair, confuſion, fear, miſtake,
'And all th' ingredients that ſwift ruin make.
'The fertile glebe requires no time to breed,
'It quickens and receives at once the ſeed.
'One would have thought, this diſmal day t' have ſeen,
'That Nature's ſelf in her death-pangs had been:
'Such will the face of that great hour appear,
'Such the diſtracted ſinner's conſcious fear.
'In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild flight to ſtay;
'In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray:
'Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,
'Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
'O'er their own foot trampled the vi'lent horſe;
'The guideleſs chariots with impetuous courſe
'Cut wide thro' both; and all their bloody way
'Horſes and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.
'Some from the rocks caſt themſelves down headlong;
'The faint weak paſſion grows ſo bold and ſtrong,
'To almoſt certain preſent death they fly,
'From a remote and cauſeleſs fear to die.
'Much diff'rent error did ſome troops poſſeſs,
'And madneſs that look'd better, tho' no leſs:
'Their fellow troops for th' enter'd foe they take(a),
'And Iſrael's war with mutual ſlaughter make.
'Mean-while the king from Gabaa's hill did view(b),
'And hear the thick'ning tumult as it grew

(a) 1 Sam. xiv. 20. (b) ℣. 16.

'Still great and loud; and tho' he knows not why
'They fled, no more than they themſelves that fly,
'Yet by the ſtorms and terrors of the air
'Gueſſes ſome vengeful ſpirits working there,
'Obeys the loud occaſion's ſacred call,
'And fiercely on the trembling hoſt does fall.
'At the ſame time their ſlaves and priſoners riſe (*c*),
'Nor does their much-wiſh'd liberty ſuffice
'Without revenge; the ſcatter'd arms they ſeize,
'And their proud vengeance with the memory pleaſe
'Of who ſo lately bore them. All about
'From rocks and caves the Hebrews iſſue out (*d*)
'At the glad noiſe, joy'd that their foes had ſhown
'A fear that drowns the ſcandal of their own.
'Still did the Prince 'midſt all this ſtorm appear,
'Still ſcatter'd deaths and terrors every where;
'Still did he break, ſtill blunt his wearied ſword;
'Still ſlaughter new ſupplies to his hands afford.
'Where troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
'And till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to purſue.
'All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
'Th' inſatiate conqu'ror was more ſwift to kill
'Than they to ſave their lives; till, lo! at laſt
'Nature, whoſe power he had ſo long ſurpaſs'd,
'Would yield no more, but to him ſtronger foes,
'Drought, faintneſs, and fierce hunger, did oppoſe.
'Reeking all o'er in duſt, and blood, and ſweat,
'Burnt with the ſun's and violent action's heat,

(*c*) 1 Sam. xiv. 21. (*d*) Ѷ. 22.

' 'Gainſt an old oak his trembling limbs he ſtaid
' For ſome ſhort eaſe; Fate in th' old oak had laid
' Proviſions up for his relief; and, lo!
' The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow (*e*).
' With timely food his decay'd ſpirits recruit,
' Strong he returns, and freſh to the purſuit;
' His ſtrength and ſpirits the honey did reſtore,
' But, oh! the bitter-ſweet ſtrange poiſon bore!
' Behold, Sir! and mark well the treach'rous fate
' That does ſo cloſe on human glories wait;
' Behold the ſtrong and yet fantaſtic net
' T' enſnare triumphant virtue darkly ſet!
' Could it before (ſcarce can it ſince) be thought
' The Prince, who had alone that morning fought
' A duel with an hoſt, had th' hoſt o'erthrown,
' And threeſcore thouſand hands diſarm'd with one,
' Waſh'd off his country's ſhame, and doubly dy'd
' In blood and bluſhes the Philiſtian pride;
' Had ſav'd and fix'd his father's tott'ring crown,
' And the bright gold new burniſh'd with renown,
' Should be ere night, by's king and father's breath,
' Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
' Deſtin'd the bloody ſacrifice to be
' Of thanks himſelf for his own victory?
' Alone with various fate like to become
' Fighting an hoſt, dying an hecatomb?
' Yet ſuch, Sir, was his caſe:

(*e*) 1 Sam. xiv. 27.

'For Saul, who fear'd leſt the full plenty might
'(In the abandon'd camp expos'd to ſight)
'His hungry men from the purſuit diſſuade,
'A raſh but ſolemn vow to Heav'n had made (*f*);
"Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curſed let him be,
"Who ſhall touch food this buſy day," ſaid he
"Whilſt the bleſs'd ſun does with his fav'ring light
"Aſſiſt our vengeful ſwords againſt their flight.
"Be he thrice curs'd; and if his life we ſpare,
"On us thoſe curſes fall that he ſhould bear."
'Such was the King's raſh vow, who little thought
'How near to him Fate th' application brought.
'The two-edg'd oath wounds deep; perform'd or
'Ev'n perjury its leaſt and blunteſt ſtroke. [broke,
''Twas his own ſon, whom God and mankind lov'd,
'His own victorious ſon, that he devov'd,
'On whoſe bright head the baleful curſes light;
'But Providence, his helmet in the fight,
'Forbids their entrance or their ſettling there;
'They with brute ſound diſſolv'd into the air.
'Him what religion or what vow could bind,
'Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
'Entangled in it? Whilſt wonders he did do,
'Muſt he die now for not being prophet too?
'To all but him this oath was meant and ſaid;
'He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made
'Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
'He grew half dead with toil of giving death.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xiv. 24.

‘ What could his crime in this condition be,
‘ Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?
‘ Yet the remorseless King, who did disdain
‘ That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
‘ Tho' 'gainst himself, or Fate a way should see
‘ By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;
‘ Who thought compassion female weakness here,
‘ And equity injustice would appear,
‘ In his own cause; who falsely fear'd, beside,
‘ The solemn curse on Jon'than did abide,
‘ And the infected limb not cut away,
‘ Would like a gangreen o'er all Israel stray,
‘ Prepar'd this godlike sacrifice to kill,
‘ And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.
‘ What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell
‘ Which on all Israel that sad moment fell?
‘ Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
‘ Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.
‘ Not Saul's proud heart could master his swoll'n eye;
‘ The Prince alone stood mild and patient by;
‘ So bright his suff'rings, so triumphant show'd,
‘ Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.
‘ A vict'ry now he o'er himself might boast;
‘ He conquer'd now that conqu'ror of an host:
‘ It charm'd thro' tears the sad spectators' sight,
‘ Did rev'rence, love, and gratitude, excite,
‘ And pious rage; with which inspir'd, they now
‘ Oppose to Saul's a better public vow:

'They all consent all Israel ought to be
'Accurs'd, and kill'd themselves, rather than he.
'Thus with kind force they the glad King withstood,
'And sav'd their wondrous saviour's sacred blood(*g*).'
  Thus David spoke, and much did yet remain
Behind, th' attentive Prince to entertain;
Edom and Zoba's war, for what befel
In that of Moab (*h*) was known there too well;
The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalec's land (*i*),
Where Heav'n itself did cruelty command,
And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did e'er
More punish innocent blood, than pity there (*k*).
But, lo! they arriv'd now at the appointed place,
Well chosen and well furnish'd for the chase.

(*g*) 1 Sam. xiv. 45. (*h*) ℣. 47. (*i*) 1 Sam. xv. 3.
(*k*) 1 Sam. xv. 23.

End of the Fourth Book.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. XXI.

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c.

If, deareſt Friend! it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happineſs could leiſure find,
And wand'ring Time into a method bind,
We ſhould not, ſure, the great men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the Court's thin diet, feed;
We ſhould not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatt'ries ſpoken there;
We ſhould not the lords' tables humbly uſe,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;
But books and wiſe diſcourſe, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmix'd Nature yields,
Thick ſummer-ſhades, where winter ſtill does lie,
Bright winter-fires, that ſummer's part ſupply,
Sleep not controll'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite;
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it quick and eaſy birth;
A few companions, which ourſelves ſhould chuſe,
A gentle miſtreſs, and a gentler Muſe;
Such, deareſt Friend! ſuch, without doubt, ſhould be
Our place, our bus'neſs, and our company:

Now to himſelf, alas! does neither live,
But ſees good ſuns, of which we are to give
A ſtrict account, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a man how to live, and does he ſtay?

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

Well, then, Sir, you ſhall know how far extend
The pray'rs and hopes of your poetic friend:
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would be no lord, but leſs a lord would have:
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heaven becauſe 'tis ſmall:
Let gay and toilſome greatneſs others pleaſe,
He loves of homely littleneſs the eaſe:
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble viſits ſpend,
When in the freſh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleaſures fill the day?
If there be man, ye Gods! I ought to hate,
Dependence and attendance be his fate;
Still let him buſy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a ſlave, and very proud:
Thus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow;
But let him peace and freedom never ſee;
Let him not love this life who loves not me.

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vis fieri liber? &c.

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wiſh, you ſay:
Come on; I'll ſhew thee, Friend! the certain way.
If to no feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whilſt bounteous God does bread at home beſtow;
If thou the goodneſs of thy clothes doſt prize,
By thine own uſe, and not by others' eyes;
(If, only ſafe from weathers) thou canſt dwell
In a ſmall houſe, but a convenient ſhell;
If thou, without a ſigh, or golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy beachen bowl and diſh;
If in thy mind ſuch pow'r and greatneſs be,
The Perſian king's a ſlave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Quod te nomine? &c.

That I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who lord and maſter cry'd erewhile,
Salute you in a new and different ſtyle,
By your own name, a ſcandal to you now,
Think not that I forgot myſelf or you;
By loſs of all things by all others ſought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.

A lord and maſter no man wants, but he
Who o'er himſelf has no authority;
Who does for honours and for riches ſtrive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune doſt no ſervant crave,
Believe it thou no maſter need'ſt to have.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. XC.

Wonder not, Sir, (you who inſtruct the town
In the true wiſdom of the ſacred gown)
That I make haſte to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old:
Life for delays and doubts no time does give;
None ever yet made haſte enough to live:
Let him defer it whoſe prepoſt'rous care
Omits himſelf and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded ſtores deſpiſe,
And whom his own, too, never can ſuffice.
My humble thoughts no glitt'ring roofs require,
Or rooms that ſhine with ought but conſtant fire:
I well content the av'rice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleaſures abroad the ſport of Nature yields,
Her living fountains and her ſmiling fields;
And then at home what pleaſure is it to ſee
A little cleanly cheerful family?
Which, if a chaſte wife crown, no leſs in her
Than Fortune I the the golden mean prefer:

Too noble nor too wise she should not be;
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. LIX.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XLVII.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

Since, dearest Friend! 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me,
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call:
Let this estate from parents' care descend;
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry:
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchens be a Vestal flame:

Thee to the Town let never ſuit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, buſineſs, draw:
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undiſturbed peace, yet not in ſleep:
Let exerciſe a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain.
In the ſame weight prudence and innocence take;
And of each does the juſt mixture make:
But a few friendſhips wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee:
Inſtead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good:
If any cares into thy day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them ſleep:
Let reſt, which Nature does to Darkneſs wed,
And not luſt, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be ſatisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part:
Enjoy the preſent hour, be thankful for the paſt,
And neither fear nor wiſh th' approaches of the laſt.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XCVI.

Me who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat ſo diſtant, as may ſhow
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote ſoe'er,
Where happineſs a mod'rate rate does bear,

Where poverty itſelf in plenty flows,
And all the ſolid uſe of riches knows:
The ground about the houſe maintains it there;
The houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the lord.
The land itſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The land itſelf muſt here to market go.
Three or four ſuits one winter here does waſte,
One ſuit does there three or four winters laſt.
Here ev'ry frugal man muſt oft' be cold,
And little luke warm fires are to you ſold.
There fire's an element, as cheap and free
Almoſt as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their ſports, and at their tables eat:
When all the bounties here of men you ſcore,
The place's bounty there ſhall give me more.

HORAT. EPODON.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

Happy the man whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough!
Like the firſt golden mortals, happy he,
From buſineſs and the cares of money free!
No human ſtorms break off at land his ſleep,
No loud alarms of Nature on the deep;

From all the cheats of law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
He to the luſty bridegroom Elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he ſhears his flock, and ſometimes he
Stores up the golden treaſures of the bee:
He ſees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilſt neighb'ring hills low back to them again;
And when the ſeaſon rich, as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does diſplay,
How is he pleas'd th' increaſing uſe to ſee
Of his well-truſted labours bend the tree?
Of which large ſhares, on the glad ſacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays:
With how much joy does he beneath ſome ſhade,
By aged trees' rev'rend embraces made,
His careleſs head on the freſh green recline,
His head, uncharg'd with fear or with deſign?
By him a river conſtantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various ſtrains,
And in the ſolemn ſcene their orgies keep,
Like dreams mix'd with the gravity of ſleep;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within againſt it ſhuts the gate.
Nor does the rougheſt ſeaſon of the ſky,
Or ſullen Jove, all ſports to him deny;

He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar:
Here flies the hawk t' aſſault, and there the net
To intercept the travelling fowl is ſet:
And all his malice, all his craft, is ſhown
In innocent wars on beaſts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee the great one, tyrant Love! from thee;
And if a chaſte and clean, tho' homely wife,
Be added to the bleſſings of this life,
Such as the ancient ſun-burnt Sabines were,
Such as Apulia, frugal ſtill, does bear,
Who makes her children and the houſe her care,
And joyfully the work of life does ſhare,
Nor thinks herſelf too noble, or too fine,
To pin the ſheepfold, or to milch the kine,
Who waits at door againſt her huſband come,
From rural duties, late, and weary'd home,
Where ſhe receives him with a kind embrace,
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face,
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domeſtic plenty loads the board;
Not all the luſtful ſhellfiſh of the ſea,
Dreſs'd by the wanton hand of Luxury,
Nor ortolans, nor godwits, nor the reſt
Of coſtly names that glorify a feaſt,

Are at the princely tables better cheer
Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

A paraphraſe upon the

TENTH EPISTLE OF HORACE, BOOK I.

Horace to Fuſcus Ariſtius.

Health from the lover of the country, me;
Health to the lover of the city, thee:
A diff'rence in our ſouls this only proves;
In all things elſe we agree like marry'd doves.
But the warm neſt, and crowded dovehouſe, thou
Doſt like; I looſely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the ſhining day
Upon fair trees or moſſy rocks I play:
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at laſt from the prieſt's ſervice fled,
Loathing the honey'd cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a houſe for happineſs erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the architect:
She'd build it more convenient than great,
And, doubtleſs, in the country chuſe her ſeat.
Is there a place doth better helps ſupply
Againſt the wounds of Winter's cruelty?
Is there an air that gentler does aſſwage
The mad celeſtial Dog's or Lion's rage?
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within, does fear?

Does art thro' pipes a purer water bring,
Than that which Nature ſtrains into a ſpring?
Can all your tap'ſtries, or your pictures, ſhow
More beauties than in herbs and flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and trees our weary'd pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded palaces;
And in your towns that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our ſight.
Men to the good from which they raſhly fly
Return at laſt, and their wild luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joys contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burniſh'd braſs,
Or ſmall right gems for larger ones of glaſs,
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he who ſells a ſolid good, to buy
The painted goods of pride and vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chuſe,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to loſe;
For when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear untainted pleaſures do afford
Than all the tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
The horned deer, by Nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the horſe in common paſture dwell,

And when they fought the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horſe begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear:
That they might pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel maſters they themſelves enſlave;
For gold their liberty exchang'd we ſee,
That faireſt flow'r which crowns humanity;
And all this miſchief does upon them light,
Only becauſe they know not how, aright,
That great but ſecret happineſs to prize,
That's laid up in a little for the wiſe.
That is the beſt and eaſieſt eſtate
Which to a man ſits cloſe, but not too ſtrait:
'Tis like a ſhoe; it pinches and it burns
Too narrow, and too large it overturns.
My deareſt Friend! ſtop thy deſires at laſt,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou haſt;
And if me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Money was made not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleaſures to fulfil.
Shame and woe to us if we our wealth obey;
The horſe does with the horſeman run away.

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. II.

O fortunatos nimium, &c.

A tranſlation out of Virgil.

Oh happy (if his happineſs he knows)
The country ſwain on whom kind Heav'n beſtows
At home all riches that wiſe Nature needs,
Whom the juſt earth with eaſy plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning-tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they paſs,
In tap'ſtry wrought, or cut in living braſs;
Nor is his wool ſuperfluouſly dy'd
With the dear poiſon of Aſſyrian pride;
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly ſpoil
The native uſe and ſweetneſs of his oil:
Inſtead of theſe, his calm and harmleſs life,
Free from th' alarms of fear and ſtorms of ſtrife,
Does with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft wings of peace cover him round:
Thro' artleſs grots the murm'ring waters glide,
Thick trees both againſt heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds ſalute him, and his ground
With lowing herds and bleating ſheep does ſound;
And all the rivers and the foreſts nigh,
Both food, and game, and exercife, ſupply.

Here a well-harden'd active youth we fee,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty;
Here, in this place alone, there ftill do fhine
Some ftreaks of love both human and divine:
From hence Aftræa took her flight, and here
Still her laft footfteps upon earth appear.
'Tis true, the firft defire which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my foul,
Is that the Mufe me her high prieft would make,
Into her holieft fcenes of myft'ry take,
And open there, to my mind's purged eye,
Thofe wonders which to fenfe the gods deny;
How in the moon fuch change of fhapes is found,
The moon, the changing world's eternal bound:
What fhakes the folid earth, what ftrong difeafe
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient eafe;
What makes the fea retreat, and what advance,
Varieties too regular for Chance;
What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And ftops the lazy waggon of the Night:
But if my dull and frozen blood deny
To fend forth fpirits that raife a foul fo high,
In the next place let woods and rivers be
My quiet tho' inglorious deftiny:
In life's cool vale let my low fcene be laid,
Cover me, gods! with Tempe' thickeft fhade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can thro' grofs effects their caufes fee,

Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things,
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Thro' all the alarms of death and hell below.
Happy! but next ſuch conqu'rors happy they,
Whoſe humble life lies not in Fortune's way;
They, unconcern'd, from their ſafe diſtant ſeat,
Behold the rods and ſceptres of the great;
The quarrels of the mighty, without fear,
And the deſcent of foreign troops, they hear;
Nor can ev'n Rome their ſteddy courſe miſguide,
With all the luſtre of her periſhing pride.
Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
Into the noiſy markets of the law,
The camps of gowned war; nor do they live
By rules or forms that many madmen give:
Duty for Nature's bounty they repay,
And her ſole laws religiouſly obey.
Some with bold labour plough the faithleſs main,
Some rougher ſtorms in princes' courts ſuſtain
Some ſwell up their ſlight ſails with pop'lar fame,
Charm'd with the fooliſh whiſtlings of a name:
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
With endleſs cares ſome brooding o'er it ſit:
Country and friends are by ſome wretches ſold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
No price too high for profit can be ſhown;
Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own:

Around the world in ſearch of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their antipodes their home:
Mean-while the prudent huſbandman is found
In mutual duties ſtriving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make:
Each fertile month does ſome new gifts preſent,
And with new work his induſtry content:
This the young lamb, that the ſoft fleece, doth yield;
This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field:
All ſorts of fruit crown the rich Autumn's pride,
And on a ſwelling hill's warm ſtony ſide,
The pow'rful princely purple of the vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled ſun, does ſhine:
In th' evening to a fair enſuing day,
With joy he ſees his flocks and kids to play,
And loaded kine about his cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the milker's hand;
And when from wholeſome labour he doth come,
With wiſhes to be there, and wiſh'd-for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt human bliſſes,
His chaſte wife's welcome, and dear children's kiſſes.
When any rural holydays invite
His genius forth to innocent delight,
On earth's fair bed, beneath ſome ſacred ſhade,
Amidſt his equal friends careleſly laid,
He ſings thee, Bacchus! patron of the vine,
The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,

Not to the loſs of reaſon or of ſtrength:
To active games and manly ſport, at length,
Their mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee
Who can the beſt at better trials be.
Such was the life the prudent Sabines choſe;
From ſuch the old Hetrurian virtue roſe;
Such Remus and the god his brother led;
From ſuch firm footing Rome grew the world's head:
Such was the life that ev'n till now does raiſe
The honour of poor Saturn's golden days,
Before men born of earth, and bury'd there,
Let in the ſea their mortal fate to ſhare,
Before new ways of periſhing were ſought,
Before unſkilful Death on anvils wrought,
Before thoſe beaſts which human life ſuſtain,
By men, unleſs to the gods' uſe, were ſlain.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

UPON the ſlippery tops of human ſtate,
The gilded pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly ſtand, and, for a while,
The giddy danger to beguile,
With joy and with diſdain look down on all,
Till their heads turn, and down they fall;
Me, O ye Gods! on earth, or elſe ſo near
That I no fall to earth may fear,

And, O ye Gods! at a good diſtance, ſeat
From the long ruins of the great:
Here wrapt in th' arms of Quiet let me lie;
Quiet! companion of Obſcurity:
Here let my life with as much ſilence ſlide,
As Time, that meaſures it, does glide:
Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame,
From town to town echo about my name:
Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
With ſcutcheon or with elegy.
An old plebeian let me die,
Alas! all then are ſuch as well as I.
To him, alas! to him, I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear,
Who in his life flatt'ring his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he his dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he is to go.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' incloſure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the ſame humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his firſt riſing infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gently bending down,
With natural propenſion to that earth
Which both preſerv'd his life and gave him birth:

Him no falſe diſtant lights, by Fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wand'rings get;
He never dangers either ſaw or fear'd;
The dreadful ſtorms at ſea he never heard:
He never heard the ſhrill alarms of war,
Or the worſe noiſes of the lawyers' bar:
No change of Conſuls marks to him the year;
The change of ſeaſons is his calendar:
The cold and heat winter and ſummer ſhows,
Autumn by fruits, and ſpring by flow'rs, he knows:
He meaſures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground:
A neighb'ring wood, born with himſelf, he ſees,
And loves his old contemporary trees:
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red ſea, and of Benacus' lake:
Thus health and ſtrength he to' a third age enjoys,
And ſees a long poſterity of boys.
About the ſpacious world let others roam,
The voyage life is longeſt made at home.

FRAGMENTS.

In the Discourse, by way of vision, concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell.

I.

Ah! happy Isle! how art thou chang'd and curs'd
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When Peace, which had forsook the world around,
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halycon nest;
No wind durst stir abroad the air to discompose.

II.

When all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd in to thee with ev'ry tide;
When all that Nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry,
When all the proud and dreadful sea
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames.

III.

When Plenty in each village did appear,
And Bounty was its steward there;
When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
Ere it one conqu'ring party's pris'ner grew;

When the religion of our ſtate
Had face and ſubſtance with her voice,
Ere ſhe by' her fooliſh loves of late
Like Echo (once a nymph) turn'd only into noiſe.

IV.

When men to men reſpect and friendſhip bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon earth no kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his ſubjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

V.

Thou doſt a chaos and confuſion now,
A Babel, and a Bedlam grow,
And like a frantic perſon thou doſt tear
The ornaments and clothes which thou ſhouldſt wear
And cut thy limbs: and if we ſee
(Juſt as thy barb'rous Britons did)
Thy body with hyporciſy
Painted all o'er, thou think'ſt thy naked ſhame is hid.

VI.

The nations which envy'd thee erewhile
Now laugh, (too little 'tis to ſmile)
They laugh, and would have pity'd thee, alas!
But that thy faults all pity do ſurpaſs.

Art thou the country which didſt hate,
And mock the French inconſtancy?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſs change of habits there than governments in thee?

VII.

Unhappy Iſle! no ſhip of thine at ſea
Was ever toſs'd and torn like thee;
Thy naked hulk looſe on the waves does beat,
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy fooliſh pilots ail,
To lay the compaſs quite aſide?
Without a law or rule to ſail,
And rather take the winds than heav'ns to be their [guide?

VIII.

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floting Iſle from ſhipwreck ſave;
And tho' to waſh that blood which does it ſtain,
It well deſerves to ſink into the main,
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
(The Royal Martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, periſhing, veſſel ſpare;
Hear but his ſoul above, and not his blood below.

'Ουχ' ὅσιον κταμένοισιν ἐπ' ἄνδρασιν εὐχετάασθαι.

'Tis wicked, with inſulting feet to tread
Upon the monuments of the dead.

I.

CURS'D be the man (what do I wiſh ? as tho'
The wretch already were not ſo;
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great his country to enſlave;
Who ſeeks to over-poiſe alone
The balance of a nation :
Againſt the whole, but naked ſtate,
Who in his own light ſcale makes up with arms the weight.

II.

Who of his nation loves to be the firſt,
Tho' at the rate of being worſt;
Who would be rather a great monſter, than
A well-proportion'd man,
The ſon of Earth, with hundred hands,
Upon his three-pil'd mountain ſtands,
Till thunder ſtrikes him from the ſky;
The ſon of Earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

III.

What blood, confuſion, ruin, to obtain
A ſhort and miſerable reign ?
In what oblique and humble creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous ſerpent riſe?
But ev'n his forked tongue ſtrikes dead,
When he 'as rear'd up his wicked head;
He murders with his mortal frown;
A baſiliſk he grows if once he get a crown

IV.

But no guards can oppoſe aſſaulting ears,
Or undermining tears;
No more than doors or cloſe-drawn curtains keep
The ſwarming dreams out when we ſleep:
That bloody conſcience, too, of his,
(For, oh! a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin;
He ſees his ſlaves without, his tyrant feels within.

V.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod againſt our land:
A tyrant is a rod and ſerpent too,
And brings worſe plagues than Egypt knew.
What rivers ſtain'd with blood have been?
What ſtorm and hailſhot have we ſeen?
What ſores deform'd the ulcerous ſtate?
What darkneſs to be felt has bury'd us of late?

VI.

How has it ſnatch'd our flocks and herds away!
And made even of our ſons a prey!
What croaking ſects and vermin has it ſent
The reſtleſs nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locuſts, to devour
The land, which ev'ry where they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it ſtill.

VII.

Come the eleventh plague rather than this ſhould be;
Come ſink us rather in the ſea :
Come rather Peſtilence, and reap us down;
Come God's ſword rather than our own :
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore
We griev'd, we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſh'd before.

VIII.

If by our ſins the divine vengeance be
Call'd to this laſt extremity,
Let ſome denouncing Jonas firſt be ſent
To try if England can repent :
Methinks at leaſt ſome prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes' deaths, ſo of a tyrant's birth.

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell:
There needs no noiſe at all to awaken ſin ;
Th' adult'rer and the thief his larum has within.

It is a truth ſo certain and ſo clear,
That to the firſt-born man it did appear :
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the freſh laws of Nature taught, diſdain

That (tho' a brother) any one ſhould be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He ſtrook him down, and ſo, ſaid he, ſo fell
The ſheep which thou didſt ſacrifice ſo well.
Since all the fulleſt ſheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blaſted in the offering,
Leſt God ſhould my next victim, too, deſpiſe,
The acceptable prieſt I'll ſacrifice.
Hence coward Fears; for the firſt blood ſo ſpilt,
As a reward, he the firſt city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grandchild of the Deity:
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he ſtaid;
One ſtep of glory more he ſhould have made,
And to the utmoſt bounds of greatneſs gone; [alone.
Had Adam, too, been kill'd, he might have reign'd
One brother's death what do I mean to name,
A ſmall oblation to Revenge and Fame?
The mighty-ſoul'd Abimelec, to ſhew
What for high place a higher ſp'rit can do,
A hecatomb almoſt of brethren ſlew,
And ſeventy times in neareſt blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown ſhe cuts her ſacred way,
All that oppoſe with manlike courage ſlay.

So Athaliah, when ſhe ſaw her ſon,
And with his life her dearer greatneſs gone,
With a majeſtic fury ſlaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her power ſuſtain'd,
Reſolv'd to reign alone; reſolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her ſex, in vain the laws, withſtood,
In vain the ſacred plea of David's blood.
A noble and a bold contention ſhe
(One woman) undertook with Deſtiny:
She to pluck down, Deſtiny to uphold,
(Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
The great Jeſſæan race on Juda's throne,
Till 'twas at laſt an equal wager grown;
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
Tell me not ſhe herſelf at laſt was ſlain;
Did ſhe not firſt ſev'n years (a lifetime) reign?
Sev'n royal years, to a public ſpirit, will ſeem
More than the private life of a Methuſalem.
'Tis godlike to be great; and as they ſay
A thouſand years to God are but a day,
So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
The coronation-day is more than a thouſand years.

When, lo! ere the laſt words were fully ſpoke,
From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
A flaſh of light, rather than lightning, came
So ſwift, and yet ſo gentle was the flame:

Upon it rode, and in his full career
Seem'd to my eyes no ſooner there than here,
The comelieſt youth of all th' angelic race,
Lovely his ſhape, ineffable his face.
The frowns with which he ſtrook the trembling fiend,
All ſmiles of human beauty did tranſcend;
His beams of locks fell part diſhevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral crown,
Such as the Britiſh monarchs us'd to wear,
If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair:
His coat and flowing mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven ſilver light:
Acroſs his breaſt an azure ribband went,
At which a medal hung, that did preſent,
In wondrous living figures, to the ſight,
The myſtic Champions and old Dragon's fight;
And from his mantle's ſide there ſhone afar
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real ſtar.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No arms but th' Engliſh bloody Croſs he bore,
Which when he tow'rds the affrighted tyrant bent,
And ſome few words pronounc'd, (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd Jeſus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away,
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,
(Robb'd, as he thinks, unjuſtly of his prize)

Whom unawares the ſhepherd ſpies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his rav'nous jaws;
The ſhepherd fain himſelf would he aſſail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail:
He knows his foe too ſtrong, and muſt be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

In ſeveral diſcourſes by way of eſſays in verſe and proſe.

I. *Of Liberty.*

WHO governs his own courſe with ſteddy hand,
Who does himſelf with ſov'reign pow'r command;
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright,
Who ſtands not awkwardly in his own light
Againſt the truth; who can, when pleaſures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
Who can, tho' Honour at his gate ſhould ſtay
In all her maſking clothes, ſend her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

MAGNE Deus; quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà
Sollicitas effundo preces, ſiquid datur ultrà
Accipiam gratus; ſi non, contentus abibo.

FOR the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me, great God! but bread and liberty,
I'll beg no more; if more thou 'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely ſent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

II. *Of Solitude.*

Sic ego ſecretis poſſum benè vivere ſilvis
Quà nulla humano ſit via trita pedé,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu noɖe vel atrâ
Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could reſt,
Where never human foot the ground has preſs'd;
Thou from all ſhades the darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a deſert baniſh ſolitude.

Odi et amo, quanám id faciam ratione requiris?
Neſcio, ſed fieri ſentio, et excrutior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that ſo it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis ſo.

O vita! ſtulto longa, ſapienti brevis!

O life! long to the fool, ſhort to the wiſe!

I.

Hail old Patrician Trees, ſo great and good!
Hail, ye Plebeian Underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet neſts and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

II.

Hail the poor Muſes' richeſt Manor-ſeat!
Ye country Houſes and retreat,
Which all the happy gods ſo love,
That for you oft' they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

III.

Here Nature does a houſe for me erect,
Nature! the faireſt architect,
Who thoſe fond artiſts does deſpiſe
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

IV.

Here let me, careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the ſoft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs diſpute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myſelf, too, mute.

V.

A ſilver ſtream ſhall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the ſunbeams here and there,
On whoſe enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And ſee how prettily they ſmile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah! wretched, and too ſolitary he,
Who loves not his own company!

He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unlefs he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear it away.

VII.

Oh, Solitude! firft ftate of human-kind!
Which blefs'd remain'd till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company:
As foon as two, alas! together join'd,
The ferpent made up three.

VIII.

Tho' God himfelf, thro' countlefs ages, thee
His fole companion chofe to be,
Thee, facred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy head of Number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one;

IX.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
Doft break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which elfe would know no fettled pace,
Making it move, well manag'd by thy art,
With fwiftnefs and with grace.

X.

Thou the faint beams of Reafon's fcatter'd light
Doft, like a burning-glafs, unite,
Doft multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the ftrength, till thou doft bright
And noble fires beget.

XI.

Whilſt this hard truth I teach, methinks I ſee
The monſter London laugh at me;
I ſhould at thee too, fooliſh City!
If it were fit to laugh at miſery;
But thy eſtate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee ſo,
Ev'n thou, who doſt thy millions boaſt,
A village leſs than Iſlington wilt grow,
A ſolitude almoſt.

III. *Of Obſcurity.*

Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus morienſque fefellit.
Hor. Epiſt. l. i. 18.

God made not pleaſures only for the rich;
Nor have thoſe men without their ſhare, too, liv'd,
Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

IV. *Of Agriculture.*

Nescio qua natale ſolum dulcedine Muſas
Ducit, et immemores non ſinit eſſe ſui.

The Muſes ſtill love their own native place,
It has ſecret charms which nothing can deface.

As well might corn as verſe in cities grow;
In vain the thankleſs glebe we plough and ſow,
Againſt the unnatural ſoil in vain we ſtrive;
'Tis not a ground in which theſe plants will thrive.

Νήπιοι, ὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν Ἥμισυ Παντὸς,
'Ουδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε ϗ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι Θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to' whom God has not reveal'd,
By a ſtrong light which muſt their ſenſe control,
That half a great eſtate's more than the whole;
Unhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholeſome luxury.

——Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit,
Aude, Hoſpes! contemnere opes, et te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper egenis.

This humble roof, this ruſtic court, ſaid he,
Receiv'd Alcides crown'd with victory:
Scorn not, great Gueſt! the ſteps where has he trod,
But contemn wealth, and imitate a god.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

Bless'd be the man (and bleſs'd he is) whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)

A little field and little garden feeds;
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
The wealthy garden lib'rally beſtows
All ſhe can aſk, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious inconveniencies that wait
Upon a life of bus'neſs and of ſtate,
He ſees (nor does the ſight diſturb his reſt)
By fools deſir'd, by wicked men poſſeſs'd.
Thus, thus (and this deſerv'd great Virgil's praiſe
The old Corycian yeoman paſs'd his days:
Thus his wiſe life Abdolonymus ſpent:
Th' ambaſſadors, which the great emp'ror ſent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend gard'ner hoeing of his ground:
Unwillingly, and ſlow, and diſcontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft' he ſtopp'd in his triumphant way,
And oft' look'd back, and oft' was heard to ſay,
Not without ſighs, Alas! I there forſake
A happier kingdom than I go to take.
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now conſign'd t' eternal fame:
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphic ſeat,
Preſum'd to aſk, oh! thou, the whole world's eye,
Seeſt thou a man that happier is than I?

The god, who ſcorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?
We 'ave heard as yet of no ſuch king as he.
And true it was, thro' the whole earth around
No king of ſuch a name was to be found.
Is ſome old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it ſome man of endleſs wealth? ſaid he.
None, none of theſe. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long ſearch and vain inquiries paſt,
In an obſcure Arcadian vale at laſt,
(Th' Arcadian life has always ſhady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had ſeen)
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whoſe happineſs the gods ſtood witneſs to,
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
  So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be
Among thoſe fooliſh gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on ſuch a private ſtage,
The laſt dull ſcenes of my declining age:
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toſs'd veſſel gain:
Of heav'nly reſt this earneſt to me lend;
Let my life ſleep, and learn to love her end.

V. *The Garden.*

And there (with no deſign beyond my wall) whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive eaſe, and no unglorious poverty.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bleſs
With the full choice of thine own happineſs;
And happier yet, becauſe thou 'rt bleſs'd
With prudence how to chuſe the beſt.
In books and gardens thou haſt plac'd aright
(Things which thou well doſt underſtand,
And both doſt make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again doſt meet
Both pleaſures more refin'd and ſweet;
The faireſt garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wiſeſt books.
Oh! who would change theſe ſoft yet ſolid joys
For empty ſhows and ſenſeleſs noiſe,
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which ſeem ſuch beauteous flow'rs, and are ſuch pois'nous weeds?

II.

When God did man to his own likeneſs make,
As much as clay, tho' of the pureſt kind,
By the great Potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impreſſion take,

He thought it fit to place him where
A kind of heav'n, too, did appear.
As far as earth could ſuch a likeneſs bear,
That man no happineſs might want
Which earth to her firſt maſter could afford,
He did a garden for him plant,
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the firſt gift firſt, ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the univerſal architect,
It had been as eaſy to erect
A Louvre, or Eſcurial, or a Tower,
That might with heav'n communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the ſkill or power;
In the world's fabric thoſe were ſhown,
And the materials were all his own;
But well he knew what place would beſt agree
With innocence and with felicity;
And we elſewhere ſtill ſeek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the ſearch direct,
God the firſt garden made, and the firſt city Cain.

IV.

Oh! bleſſed Shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat
In which the frantic world does burn and ſweat!

This does the Lion-ſtar, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dogſtar's thriſt, aſſwage:
Ev'ry where elſe their fatal pow'r we ſee,
They make and rule man's wretched deſtiny:
They neither ſet nor diſappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year,
Whilſt we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And ſing above in ev'ry tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we who lie, or ſit, or walk, below,
And ſhould by right be ſingers too.
What prince's quire of muſic can excel
That which within this ſhade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They like all other poets live,
Without reward or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well if they become not prey:
The whiſtling winds add their leſs artful ſtrains,
And a grave baſs the murm'ring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony beſtow;
But to our plants art's muſic too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;
The lute itſelf, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus ſtrook th' inſpired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and underſtood,
By ſympathy, the voice of wood.

V.

Theſe are the ſpells that to kind ſleep invite,
And nothing does within reſiſtance make,
Which yet we moderately take:
Who would not chuſe to be awake
While he's encompaſs'd round with ſuch delight
To th' ear, the noſe, the touch, the taſte, and ſight?
When Venus would her dear Aſcanius keep
A pris'ner in the downy bands of ſleep,
She od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him ſpread,
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt bed;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
Who that has reaſon and has ſmell
Would not among roſes and jaſmine dwell,
Rather than all his ſpirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and ſmoke?
And all th' uncleanneſs which does drown,
In peſtilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itſelf breathes better perfumes here
Than all the female men or women there,
Not without cauſe, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleaſure was the chiefeſt good,
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly underſtood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's ſhade that ſov'reign pleaſure ſought.

Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius his table, which did hold
As many creatures as the Ark of old;
That fiſcal table, to which ev'ry day
All countries did a conſtant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and induſtry,
Allows the meaneſt gard'ner's board.
The wanton taſte no fiſh or fowl can chuſe,
For which the grape or melon he would loſe.
Tho' all th' inhabitants of ſea and air
Be liſted in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet ſtill the fruits of earth we ſee
Plac'd the third ſtory high in all her luxury.

VII.

But with no ſenſe the garden does comply;
None courts or flatters, as it does, the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almoſt ſtrain
The wondrous treaſures of his wealth and brain,
His royal ſouthern gueſt to entertain;
Tho' ſhe on ſilver floors did tread,
With bright Aſſyrian carpets on them ſpread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Tho' ſhe look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But ſilk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonian tapeſtry,

And wealthy Hiram's princely die;
Tho' Ophir's ſtarry ſtones met ev'ry where her eye;
Tho' ſhe herſelf, and her gay hoſt, were dreſs'd
With all the ſhining glories of the Eaſt;
When laviſh Art her coſtly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won,
And ev'ry roſe and lily there did ſtand,
Better attir'd by Nature's hand.
The caſe thus judg'd againſt the king we ſee,
By one that would not be ſo rich, tho' wiſer far than he.

VIII.

Nor does this happy place only diſpenſe
Such various pleaſures to the ſenſe;
Here Health itſelf does live,
That ſalt of life which does to all a reliſh give;
Its ſtanding pleaſure and intrinſic wealth,
The body's virtue, and the ſoul's good fortune, health.
The tree of Life, when it in Eden ſtood,
Did its immortal head to heaven rear,
It laſted a tall cedar till the flood,
Now a ſmall thorny ſhrub it does appear,
Nor will it thrive, too, ev'ry where;
It always here is freſheſt ſeen,
'Tis only here an ever-green.
If thro' the ſtrong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholeſome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diſeaſes paſſage find,

They muſt not think here to aſſail
A land unarm'd, or without a guard;
They muſt fight for it, and diſpute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here
Which againſt death ſome weapon does not bear.
Let cities boaſt that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field
That furniſh it with ſtaff and ſhield.

IX.

Where does the wiſdom and the pow'r divine
In a more bright and ſweet reflection ſhine?
Where do we finer ſtrokes and colours ſee
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moſes, ſhould eſpy
Ev'n in a buſh, the radiant Deity:
But we deſpiſe theſe his inferior ways,
(Tho' no leſs full of miracle and praiſe)
Upon the flow'rs of heav'n we gaze;
The ſtars of earth no wonder in us raiſe,
Tho' theſe, perhaps, do more than they
The life of mankind ſway:
Altho' no part of mighty Nature be
More ſtor'd with beauty, pow'r, and myſtery,

Yet, to encourage human induſtry,
God has ſo order'd, that no other part
Such ſpace and ſuch dominion leaves for art.

X.

We no where Art do ſo triumphant ſee,
As when it grafts or buds the tree:
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile ſcholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her maſter here:
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her ſometimes, and ſometimes does refine.
It does, like grace, the fallen tree reſtore
To its bleſs'd ſtate of Paradiſe before.
Who would not joy to ſee his conqu'ring hand
O'er all the vegetable world command,
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he is pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiſs:
He does the ſavage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the ruſtic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach;
Ev'n Daphne's coyneſs he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her ſtock,

Tho' ſhe refus'd Apollo's ſuit;
Ev'n ſhe, that chaſte and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herſelf, to ſee
That ſhe is a mother made, and bluſhes in her fruit.

XI.

Methinks I ſee great Diocleſian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble ſhade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambaſſadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my Friends! (ſaid he) ſhould to you ſhow
All the delights which in theſe gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you ſhould with me ſtay,
Than 'tis that you ſhould carry me away:
And truſt me not, my Friends! if ev'ry day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the moſt happy fight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myſelf almoſt a god.

VI. *Of Greatneſs.*

If ever I more riches did deſire
Than cleanlineſs and quiet do require;
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wiſh ſo mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n! ſtill from me to remove
The humble bleſſings of that life I love.

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition strove
To equal Cæsar first, and after Jove?
Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
Her merchandise, I fear, is all in toys;
She could not else, sure, so uncivil be
To treat his universal majesty,
His new-created deity,
With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

——Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up tow'rds heav'n the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

And what a noble plot was cross'd,
And what a brave design was lost!

VII. *Of Avarice.*

And, oh! what man's condition can be worse
Than his whom plenty starves and blessings curse?
The beggars but a common fate deplore;
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I admire, Mecænas! how it comes to pass
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his Fate.

Happy the merchant, the old foldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempeftuous fkies,
Happy the foldier; one half hour to thee
Gives fpeedy death or glorious victory.
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his reft
By reftlefs clients, calls the peafant blefs'd;
The peafant, when his labours ill fucceed,
Envies the mouth which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll fay) that I want ftore
Of inftances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach at leaft a mile
Beyond long Orator Fabius his ftyle.
But, hold, you whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, male-contents, and mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove fo often cruel call,
Behold Jove's now refolv'd to pleafe you all.
Thou, foldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou
A foldier be; and, lawyer, to the plough.
Change all their ftations ftraight; why do they ftay?
The devil a man will change now when he may.
Were I in General Jove's abufed cafe,
By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good. Be all then as you were,
However, make the beft of what you are,
And in that ftate be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate or was your choice.
No; they muft labour yet, and fweat, and toil,
And very miferable be a while;

But 'tis with a deſign only to gain
What may their age with plenteous eaſe maintain.
The prudent piſmire does this leſſon teach,
And induſtry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and ſweat,
Nor does he ſtraight devour all he can get,
But in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,
A ſtock for winter, which he knows muſt come;
And when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong ſide of the year,
And ſhuts him in with ſtorms, and cold, and wet,
He cheerfully does his paſt labours eat.
O, does he ſo? your wiſe example, th' ant,
Does not at all times reſt and plenty want;
But weighing juſtly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor ſtorms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can with-hold:
To th' Indies thou wouldſt run, rather than ſee
Another, tho' a friend, richer than thee.
Fond Man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treaſure bury'd under ground?
Which rather than diminiſh'd e'er to ſee,
Thou wouldſt thyſelf, too, bury'd with them be.
And what's the diff'rence? Is it not quite as bad
Never to uſe, as never to have had?
In thy vaſt barns millions of quarters ſtore,
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more

Than mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much bread;
What then? he's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the bounds of nature live,
And to augment your own you need not ſtrive.
One hundred acres will no leſs for you
Your life's whole bus'neſs than ten thouſand do.
But pleaſant 'tis to take from a great ſtore.
What, Man! tho' you 're reſolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a ſmall one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
To ſome great river for it muſt you go,
When a clear ſpring juſt at your feet does flow?
Give me the ſpring which does to human uſe
Safe, eaſy, and untroubled ſtores produce:
He who ſcorns theſe, and needs will drink at Nile,
Muſt run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid ſtream itſelf, which may
At unawares bear him, perhaps, away.
In a full flood Tantalus ſtands, his ſkin
Waſh'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the ſtream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torment ſlips.
You laugh, now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely ſaid, but what's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy ſtory;
Thou in a flood of uſeleſs wealth doſt glory,
Which thou canſt only touch, but never taſte;
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want, does laſt.

The treaſures of the gods thou wouldſt not ſpare,
But when they 're made thine own they ſacred are,
And muſt be kept with rev'rence, as if thou
No other uſe of precious gold didſt know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair ſtamp, thy virtuoſo ſight.
The only true and genuine uſe is this,
To buy the things which Nature cannot miſs
Without diſcomfort: oil, and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,
And all thoſe few things elſe by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,
If a new poverty grow out of ſtore,
The old plain way, ye Gods! let me be poor.

VIII. *The dangers of an honeſt man in much company.*

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What has thee, Fabian! to the City brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canſt play,
Nor with falſe whiſpers th' innocent betray;
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy induſtry and ſweat;
Nor with vain promiſes nor projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.

But you 're a man of learning, prudent, juſt;
A man of courage firm, and fit for truſt.
Why, you may ſtay, and live unenvy'd here;
But, faith, go back, and keep you where you were.

IX. *The ſhortneſs of life, and uncertainty of riches.*

Insere nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites.

Go, Melibæus! now,
Go graff thy orchards and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

I.

Why doſt thou heap up wealth, which thou muſt quit,
Or, what is worſe, be left by it?
Why doſt thou load thyſelf when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh, Man! ordain'd to die?

II.

Why doſt thou build up ſtately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou ſow'ſt and planteſt, but no fruit muſt ſee,
For Death, alas! is ſowing thee.

III.

Suppoſe thou Fortune couldſt to tameneſs bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppoſe thou couldſt on Fate ſo far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

IV.

Yet Death at all that ſubtilty will laugh ;
Death will that fooliſh gard'ner mock,
Who does a ſlight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a laſting ſtock.

V.

Thou doſt thyſelf wiſe and induſtrious deem ;
A mighty huſband thou wouldſt ſeem :
Fond Man ! like a bought ſlave thou all the while
Doſt but for others ſweat and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool ! that needs muſt meddling be
In bus'neſs that concerns not thee ;
For when to future years thou' extend'ſt thy cares,
Thou deal'ſt in other men's affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare ;
Proviſions for long travel they deſign,
In the laſt point of their ſhort line.

VIII.

Wiſely the ant againſt poor Winter hoards
The ſtock which Summer's wealth affords ;
In graſhoppers, that muſt at autumn die,
How vain were ſuch an induſtry ?

IX.

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuſe our cheated ſight,

If it of life the whole ſmall time would ſtay,
And be our ſunſhine all the day.

X.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
(Tho' ſhining bright and ſpeaking loud)
Whilſt it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds it wounds the place.

XI.

Oh, ſcene of Fortune! which doſt fair appear
Only to men that ſtand not near:
Proud Poverty that tinſel brav'ry wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

XII.

Be prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep;
In a weak boat truſt not the deep:
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying riſe;
Pity great men, great things deſpiſe.

XIII.

The wiſe example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud muſic ſound,
Thy humble neſt build on the ground.

X. *The danger of procraſtination.*

——Sapere aude,
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopp'd him, ſhould be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus, ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos.

Our yeſterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And ſtill a new to-morrow does come on.
We by to-morrows draw up all our ſtore,
Till the exhauſted well can yield no more.

XI. *Of Myſelf.*

——Nec vos dulciſſima mundi
Nomina, vos Muſæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique ſylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er ſhall you,
You of all names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,
You Muſes, books, and liberty, and reſt;
You gardens, fields, and woods, forſaken be,
As long as life itſelf forſakes not me.

EPITAPHIUM

VIVI AUTORIS.

Hic, ô Viator! sub lare parvulo
Couleius hîc est conditus, Hîc jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanôq; dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis:

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curus, Viator,
Terra sit illa bevis, precare.

Hîc sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH

Upon himſelf yet alive, but withdrawn from the buſy world to a country life; to be ſuppoſed written on his houſe.

HERE, Paſſenger! beneath this ſhed
Lies Cowley, tho' entomb'd not dead,
Yet freed from human toil and ſtrife,
And all the impertinence of life:

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great.
With gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endleſs war and enmity.

Can you not ſay he has reſign'd
His breath, to this ſmall cell confin'd?
With this ſmall manſion let him have
The reſt and ſilence of the grave.

Strew roſes here as on his herſe,
And reckon this his funeral verſe:
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet ſurviving Poet's urn.

Latin Epitaph on the Author's tomb in Westminster-A

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS,
Anglorum, Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,
Hic juxtà situs est.

Aurea dum volitant latè tua scripta per orbem,
Et Famâ æternùm vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentq; perenni lampade Musæ,
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilega turbare manu Venerabile Bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula dulcis
Couleij *cineres serventq; immobile saxum.*
Sic Vovet
Votumq; suum apud Posteros sacratum esse vo
Qui Viro Incomparabili posuit sepulchrale mar
GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIÆ.

Excessit è vita Anno Æts 49, *et honorifica pompa elat*
Ædibus Buckingamianis, viris illustribus omnium ord
exsequias celebrantibus. Sepultus est Die 3° M. *Au*
A. D. 1667.

THE EPITAPH

Tranſcribed from the Author's tomb in Weſtminſter-Abbey attempted in Engliſh.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

THE PINDAR, HORACE, AND VIRGIL,

Of the Engliſh nation.

WHILE thro' the world thy labours ſhine
Bright as thyſelf, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be
A partner with eternity.

Here in ſoft peace for ever reſt,
(Soft as the love that fill'd thy breaſt:)
Let hoary Faith around thy urn,
And all the watchful Muſes, mourn.

For ever ſacred be this room,
May no rude hand diſturb thy tomb;
Or ſacrilegious rage and luſt
Affront thy venerable duſt.

Sweet Cowley's duſt let none profane;
Here may it undiſturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this ſtone for ever live.

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THE END.